IT CAN HAPPEN AGAIN—DISCLOSURES FROM FORMER KAISER'S LETTERS

APR. 17,
1937

Liberty

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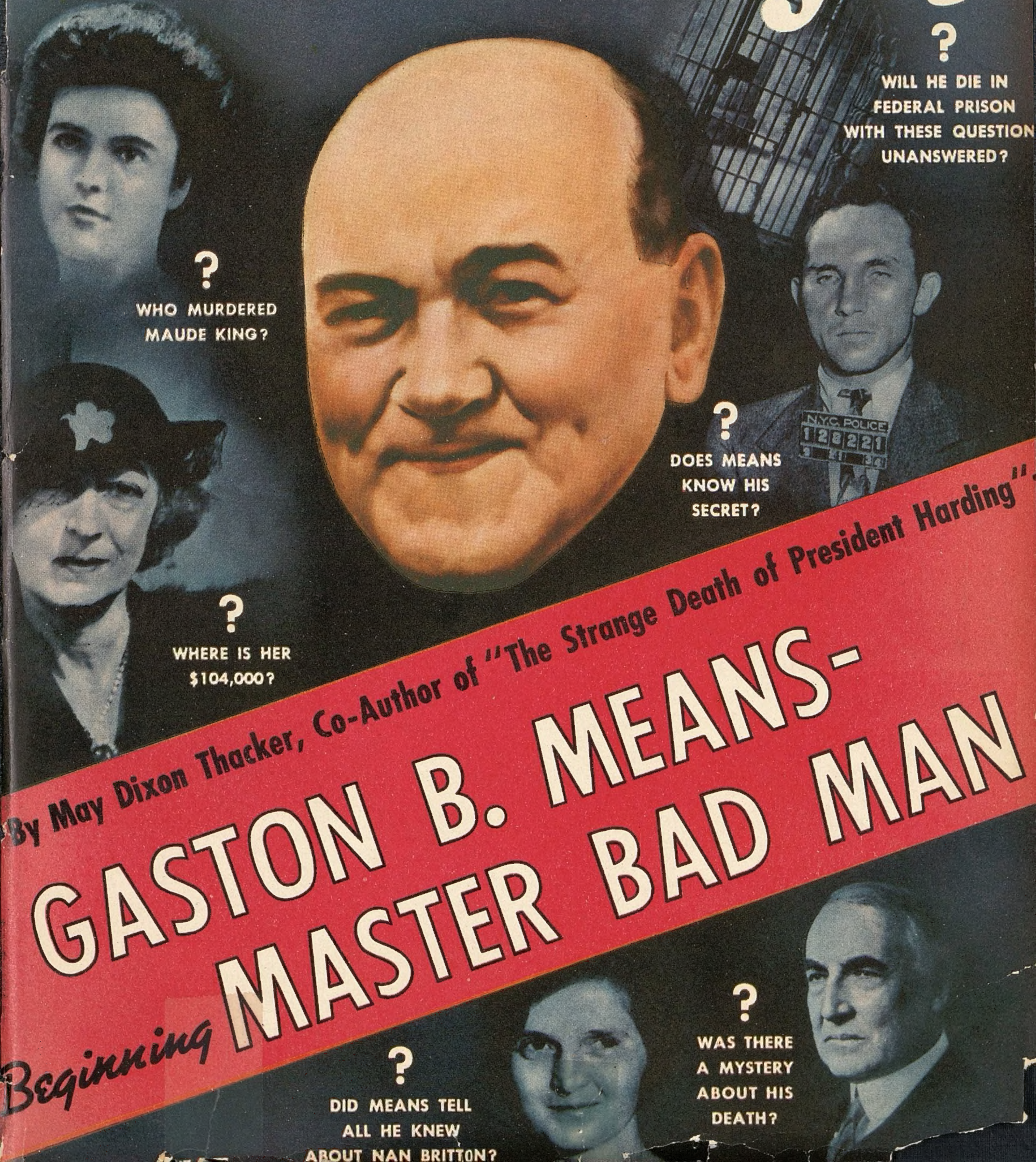


?
WILL HE DIE IN
FEDERAL PRISON
WITH THESE QUESTION
UNANSWERED?

?
WHO MURDERED
MAUDE KING?

?
DOES MEANS
KNOW HIS
SECRET?

?
WHERE IS HER
$104,000?

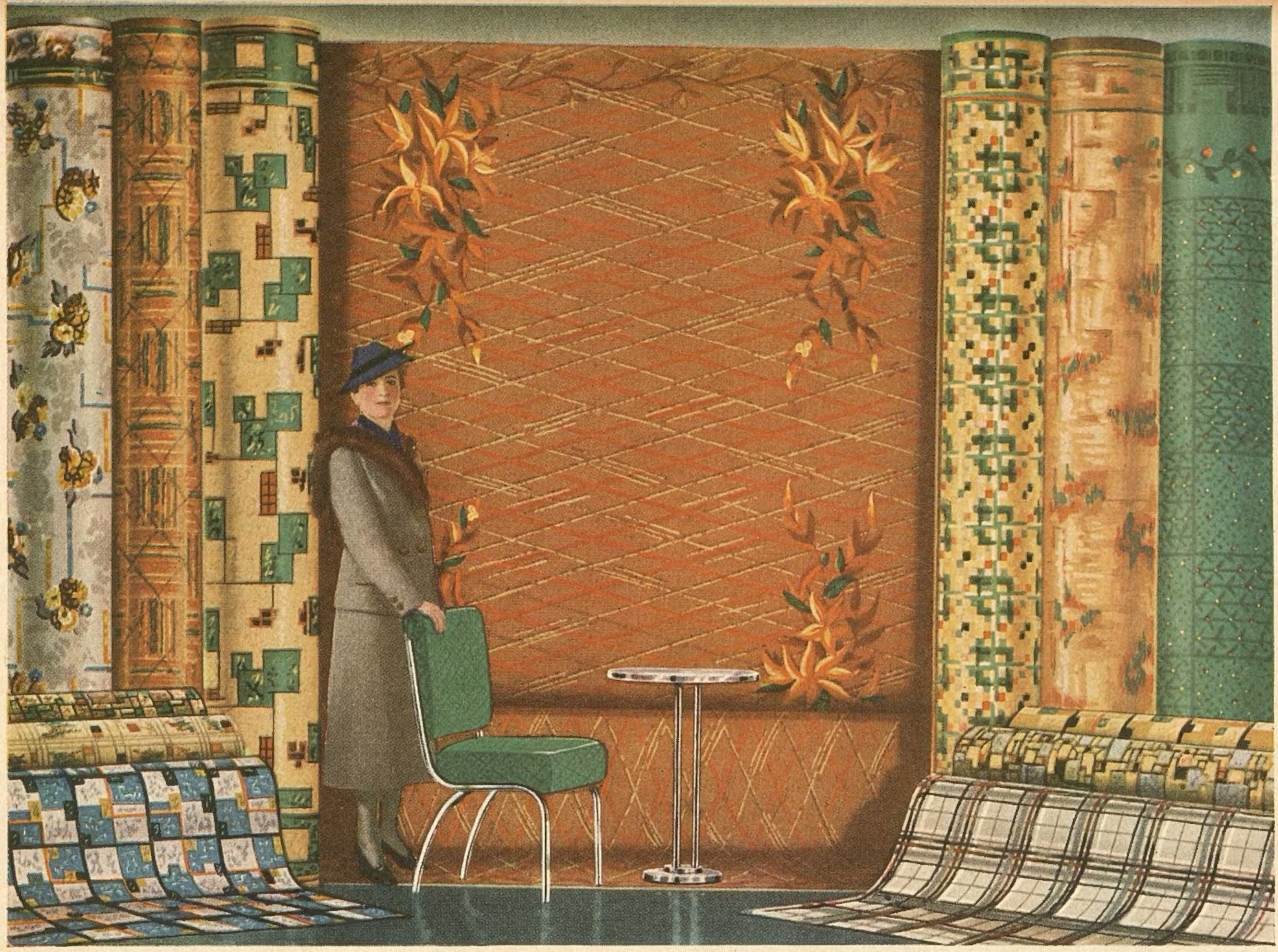
By May Dixon Thacker, Co-Author of "The Strange Death of President Harding".

Beginning

GASTON B. MEANS-MASTER BAD MAN

?
WAS THERE
A MYSTERY
ABOUT HIS
DEATH?

?
DID MEANS TELL
ALL HE KNEW
ABOUT NAN BRITTON?



Spring HOLLYWOOD *designs*

chosen by a woman who knows what other women like

Introducing Lois Palmer famous New York interior decoration consultant, author and lecturer on home furnishings . . . who has represented you in the creation of these radiant new spring floor coverings—as "Guest Consultant" to Pabco designers.

You'll love the soft textured effects in PABCO "Hollywood" Rugs . . . the sparkling tile patterns in Pabco Warranty Yard Goods. Surprisingly inexpensive, they will bring new charm and color . . . new radiance and a new joy of living . . . to any room in your home; and within the limits of the most modest budget!

Pabco Floor Coverings will save you many hours of housework . . . give you extra time for other more enjoyable activities. The smooth, durable enamel surface is *so easy* to keep spotlessly clean . . . dust-free . . . germproof!

Miss Palmer has prepared an informal brochure showing several of her favorite Pabco Rugs . . . with sketches of furniture and notes as to the type of room to which each rug is best suited. You'll find it tremendously interesting!

The new Pabco Floor Coverings are now on display. See them . . . and ask your dealer for a copy of the helpful brochure containing Lois Palmer's color schemes.

THE PARAFFINE COMPANIES, INC. - New York - San Francisco

Rugs shown in background (left to right), Numbers 9680, 9660, 9710, 9670, 9701, 9650, 9721. Yard Goods patterns at left (front to rear), Numbers 3701, 3640, 3711 . . . at right, 3622, 3710, 3700.

Pabco FLOORCOVERINGS

THE PARAFFINE COMPANIES INC.

TRADE MARK PABCO PRODUCTS

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The Most Important Announcement We Have Ever Made

DANDRUFF can be Cured with LISTERINE!

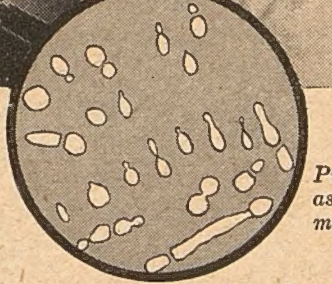
Ten years' research discloses, for the first time, that a queer bottle-shaped germ called Pityrosporum ovale causes dandruff. 76% of Jersey Clinic patients show marked relief.

THE TREATMENT

Once or twice a day, use full-strength Listerine on the scalp, spreading it with the fingers or parting the hair and applying Listerine with cotton.

Once the solution is spread, begin massage with the fingertips, using a rotary motion. See that the massage is vigorous and persistent; the active stimulation of the scalp is highly important in dandruff treatment. After massaging, the hair may be rinsed free of Listerine although better results are obtained if Listerine is occasionally allowed to remain on the scalp till dry. This promotes healing.

If the scalp or hair is excessively dry, use a little castor or olive oil in conjunction with Listerine. Listerine will not bleach the hair.



Pityrosporum ovale, the cause of dandruff, as it looks under the microscope, magnified many times.

Stripped of its mystery at last, dandruff stands revealed for what it really is—a stubborn germ disease calling for persistent treatment with Listerine Antiseptic.

How great bacteriologists and dermatologists, working independently of each other, established these simple truths, is one of the fascinating chapters in the history of research. We ask every dandruff sufferer to read what follows, slowly and carefully.

Isolating the Germ

First, these patient scientists found that Pityrosporum ovale, a queer-looking, bottle-shaped germ was *always* present on the scalp and hair, in cases of dandruff.

Then they isolated Pityrosporum ovale, a difficult task, and kept it alive in a strength sufficient for experimental purposes—an almost super-human one.

Next they used this savage little bug to inoculate guinea pigs, rabbits, and man. *All* developed dandruff.

From this artificially created dandruff, Pityrosporum ovale was re-isolated. Again, by inoculation, it produced dandruff.

With this mass of evidence there could be no doubt: Pityrosporum ovale was the specific cause.

Cure Rabbits of Dandruff

Now followed extended laboratory and clinical study of the treatment of the condition itself. Dandruff as typical as that in man and woman was produced in rabbits by inoculation with Pityrosporum ovale. The rabbits were then divided into groups.

In Group 1, no treatment whatsoever was given. The rabbits in Group 2 were treated *on one side only* with Listerine Antiseptic once a day. Now, note the results:

1. Group 1 showed practically no improvement. At the end of twenty-one days, both scales and Pityrosporum ovale were still present.
2. The rabbits in Group 2 showed improvement within four days. And at the end of fourteen days, on the average, dandruff scales, eruptions, itching, had completely disappeared on the area which had been treated with Listerine Antiseptic. In other words, a complete *cure* was effected on the treated sides. The untreated sides of the animals showed ample *evidence of dandruff nearly a month later.*

Could these encouraging results be duplicated on men and women? Soon we were to see.

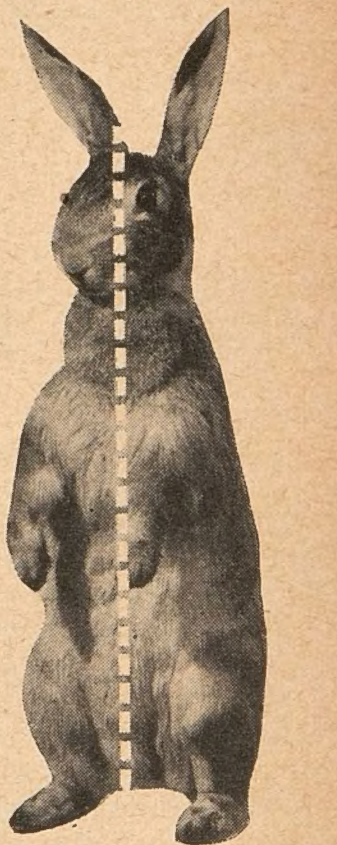
Relief in 14 Days

Men and women dandruff patients in a great midwestern skin clinic were chosen for the test. A majority were instructed to massage the scalp *once a day* with Listerine Antiseptic. The rest of the group used a non-antiseptic solution. We ask you to carefully note the convincing results again achieved:

A substantial number of the users of Listerine Antiseptic obtained marked relief in the first two weeks. In many other cases, scalps were found to be clear and free of dandruff in from three to eight weeks—itching was stopped, dandruff scales eliminated, and in some cases falling hair terminated. *Virtually none of the persons using a non-antiseptic solution showed any improvement.*

76% Get Relief

Meanwhile in a New Jersey clinic, other dermatologists were cross-checking the results of the midwestern clinic. Fifty men and women, all with definitely established cases of dandruff, were undergoing treatment twice a day with Listerine Antiseptic.



Rabbits with dandruff were cured of the disease only on the sides which were treated with Listerine Antiseptic.

At the end of three weeks, 76% showed either complete disappearance of, or marked improvement in the symptoms of dandruff, i.e., itching, scaling. Only three failed to respond to the Listerine treatment, possibly due, as a research report suggests, to irregularity in treatment.

Treat It Scientifically

If you have any evidence of dandruff, do not put your faith in remedies which never have been put to test.

Start today with Listerine which as you have seen has a proved record of success on both mild and severe cases of dandruff. Do not expect Listerine to get results overnight; dandruff is a stubborn disease calling for persistent and some times prolonged treatment. Even with Listerine, we cannot guarantee that such treatment will always bring about a cure. But the chances are that it will.

Listerine's marked curative properties are due to certain ingredients in a unique combination shared by no other antiseptic. Start with Listerine today and see how quickly and how delightfully this safe antiseptic improves the condition of your scalp and hair, how promptly it checks itching and burning.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

LISTERINE

for the prompt relief of itching, burning scalp, and dandruff

APRIL 17, 1937

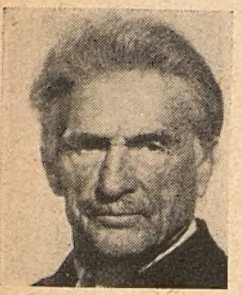
Liberty

VOL. 14, NO. 16

BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

THE WORLD'S MOST



BERNARR MACFADDEN

DUE almost entirely to a mental defect termed prudery, we have tried to hide from the youth of the land the most horrible evil that ever ravaged the human race. Thank God we can come out in the open at last and warn innocent victims of these heretofore unmentionable diseases without risking a jail sentence.

At last, indeed, the United States government has been forced to look the facts in the face. Because the government has requested it, you can now read those two dreadful words today in any household journal. From the staid columns of the most squeamish publications you can learn the death-toll figures of these venereal scourges. More deadly than the carnage of traffic accidents, infinitely worse than our casualties in the war, these twin monsters, syphilis and gonorrhea, stalk their death-infested way through every village and seek entrance at every home.

It is small pleasure to come forward at such a time and say "I told you so." The people of the United States know that I *have* been telling them all this for more than forty years. Many of them have not forgotten how long ago I was threatened even with imprisonment because I tried to dramatize this evil to an indifferent public in a story called Wild Oats. They may remember, too, that in spite of persecution from Anthony Comstock and other prurient prudes of those days, I published Eugène Brieux's Damaged Goods in Physical Culture Magazine, and thus introduced that useful masterpiece to this country.

And there should be many more who remember that twelve years ago I published a memorable article by Dr. Royal S. Copeland, United States Senator from the State of New York, under the title Abolish Prudery or We Perish. It was in that contribution that Dr. Copeland made the astounding declaration that eighty-five per cent of all the operations performed upon women were due to venereal disease innocently acquired.

Now, God be praised, the government has got around to doing something about it. It is not a time for sad memories of one who has suffered in this cause. Instead, it is an occasion for hosannas.

But it *is* all a little bewildering.

It is certainly a new thing to find the word "syphilis" used in a headline of the austere New York Times. And it comes as a shock to find the fearsome word in an editorial in our always proper contemporary Collier's Weekly.

But there is nothing new about this crusade in the Macfadden publications. Over long and discouraging years we have published such material in an earnest desire to educate the people of the United States, and especially the young people, against this greatest of all plagues. Thousands upon thousands—hundreds of thousands—of letters have poured into our office telling of the effects of this curse—blind babies, hunchbacked sons, daughters whose whole bodies were living sores, men and women writhing in unendurable pain, fine minds suddenly pitched into the goggle-eyed idiocy of paresis.

And mark you this one point well:

There is no injustice so great as that sleek self-righteousness which would avert its eyes from all this tragedy and say:

" They got what was coming to them because they committed a sin."

THAT IS A FOUL AND ABOMINABLE LIE.

Syphilis does not come only from sexual intercourse. Its contamination is spread in apparently harmless secondary ways—the brim of a cup of cold water given by a friend may carry with it the germs of hell on earth.

Dr. Copeland was right: Abolish prudery or we perish! And with it, let us abolish, as far as we can, smugness and hypocrisy.

We talk about war, pestilence, and other death-dealing calamities with which humanity is afflicted; but standing out above everything else is venereal disease. There is absolutely nothing which has ever attacked the human race that can compare with this devastating scourge.

I want to bow in reverent admiration to the President of the United States for his audacity and fearlessness in endorsing the recent conference called in Washington by Surgeon General Parran for the particular purpose of focusing public attention on the frightful dangers of these diseases and on the necessity of publicizing the measures by which one can be protected from them.

Surgeon General Parran stated that the laboratory facilities of the country also need to be considered. He stated we need more assistance from public health departments. He furthermore indicated that the conference was for the purpose of promoting actual accomplishments that would not end with mere discussion.

Let us hope that this outstanding effort to bring these death-dealing diseases into the sunlight of searching publicity will help not only to make known the antiseptic measures—which can effectively prevent contagion in practically every case—but that the simple measures of treatment now recommended by many physicians be presented so clearly and effectively that even the victims of these complaints who are minus the price of treatment can be healed.

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Frightful SCOURGE

Complications upon complications do much to confuse medical experts. The simplification of the cure of disease has been one of my outstanding objectives. More than a quarter of a century has elapsed since my interest was centered on remedying venereal disease.

Numerous instances of the cure of syphilis have been published in Physical Culture Magazine through a fast of two or more weeks on water alone, followed by a full raw-milk diet. Hydropathic experts maintain that it can be cured by their treatments associated with a cleansing diet. Bathing in and drinking the water at Hot Springs and other similar measures are said to be effective. They all go back to the cleansing of the blood stream.

One type of venereal complaint turns into an eating sore which rapidly destroys human tissue, although a very strict dietetic regime stops its inroads. In connection with this treatment many doctors recommend "black wash" as an application said to be effective in nearly every instance if it is associated with a strict cleansing diet.

Gonorrhea, which has been classed as incurable, is now treated with an artificial fever machine, and it is claimed that if the fever is raised to 106° the gonococcus, which is the cause of this ailment, is effectively destroyed, and naturally the disease quickly disappears.

The more complicated scientific measures adopted by many physicians may be an improvement over these simple measures, but no progressive up-to-date physician who has tested them will deny their value.

Ignorance of a most besotted character, connected with the fear on the part of the victim that his plight may become known, has done much to spread the frightful destruction of the venereal scourge. The hidden archives of the physician's office hold secrets that would astound the general public if they were to become known. Some of the best families, our most highly respected citizens, carry venereal skeletons in their family closets. And that is the ghastly price we have paid for our disgraceful attitude toward the human body and its vital functions.

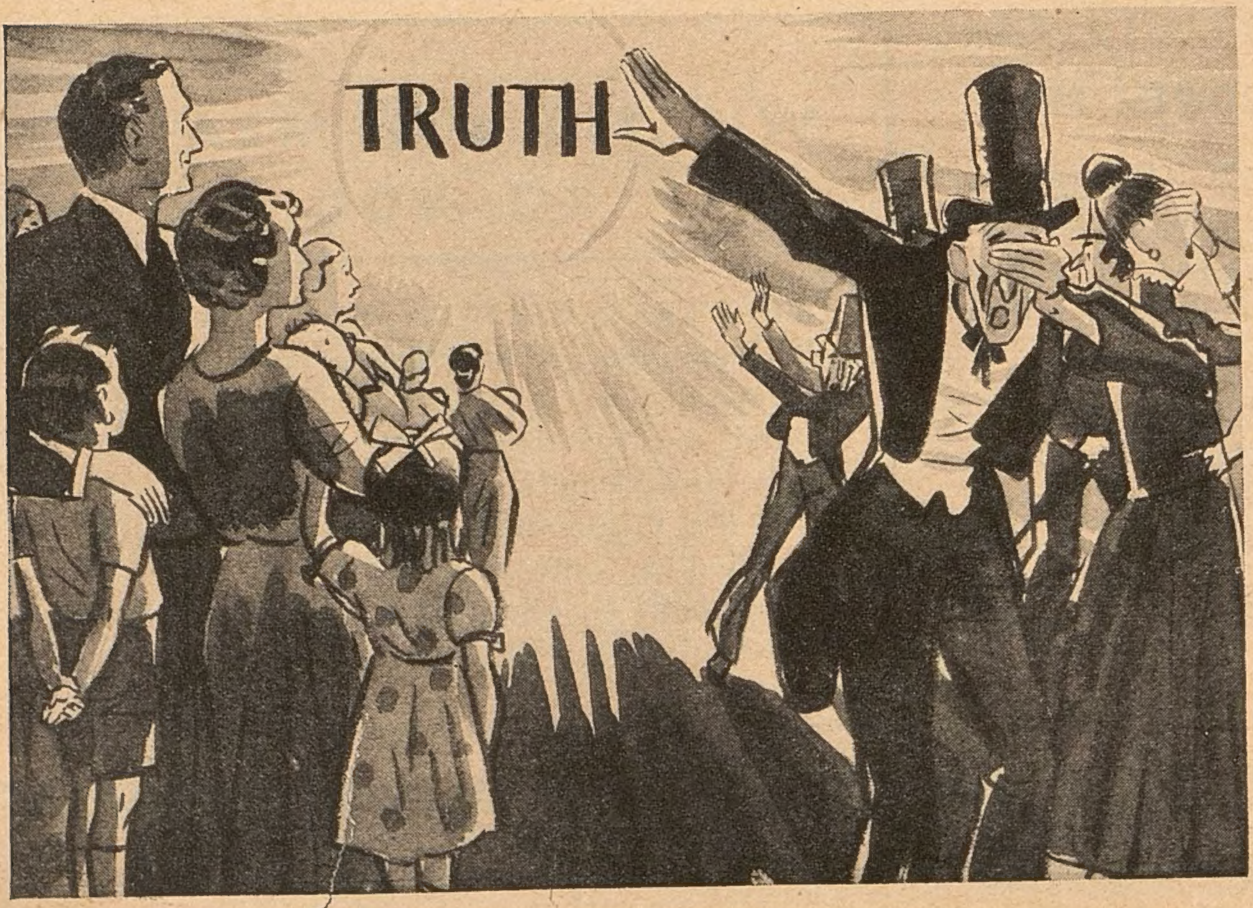
The body is shameful and obscene—that was the hideous teaching for generations—and now that we are stamping out this serpent, this vile monster, from under our feet, let us at least demand proper protection for the youth of this country.

When my critics desire to express their uttermost contempt for physical-culture teachings their favorite expression is "body love" Macfadden, and I must admit I look upon the body with respect and even reverence. Affection and even love might easily and correctly be used in describing my attitude toward the marvels of the human organism. The body is the house in which we live and is the means by which we function as human beings. It encompasses our personality, our very souls.

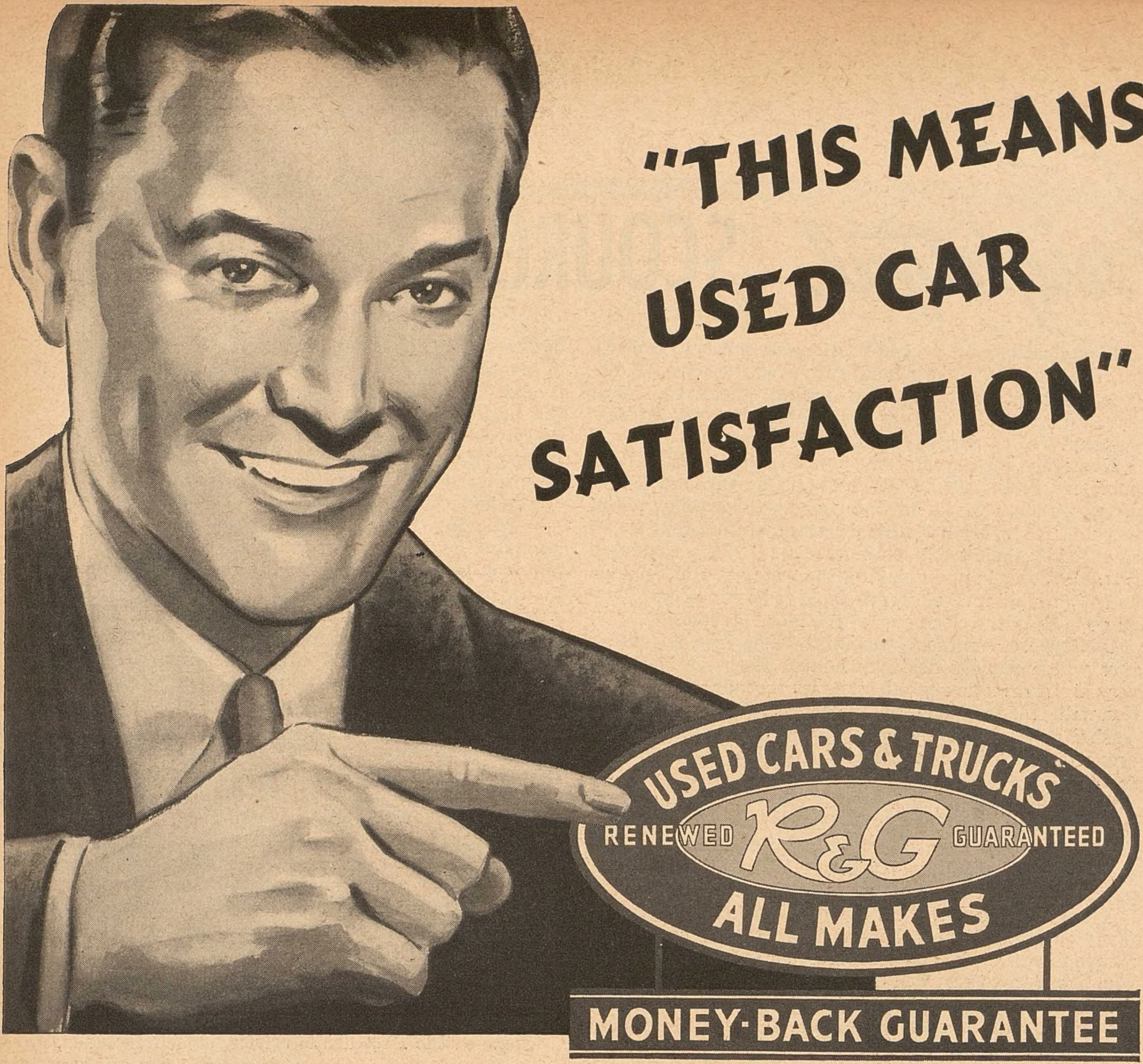
During the World War, when the life of the nation itself was at stake, the health of our young men was considered of sufficient importance to be worth protecting. Motion pictures were shown throughout the nation presenting not only the horrible effects of the scourge, but showing in detail how antiseptic measures could protect the men from its frightful ravages. But when the lives of soldiers were no longer valuable in warfare, these pictures were branded as obscene and the invaluable knowledge they presented was suppressed.

Some of the President's critics, myself included, have objected to some of his activities, but we should thank the Almighty on bended knees that we have an Executive with the courage to bring to public attention this Gorgon horror.

Of course the fight is not yet won. Far from it. The war has only begun. See that you tell your own children; arm them with knowledge. Demand that schools co-operate. Insist that this knowledge be made wide and free so that we may have a manhood and womanhood clean-limbed and clean-bodied—the fathers and mothers of a finer race to come.



Bernarr Macfadden



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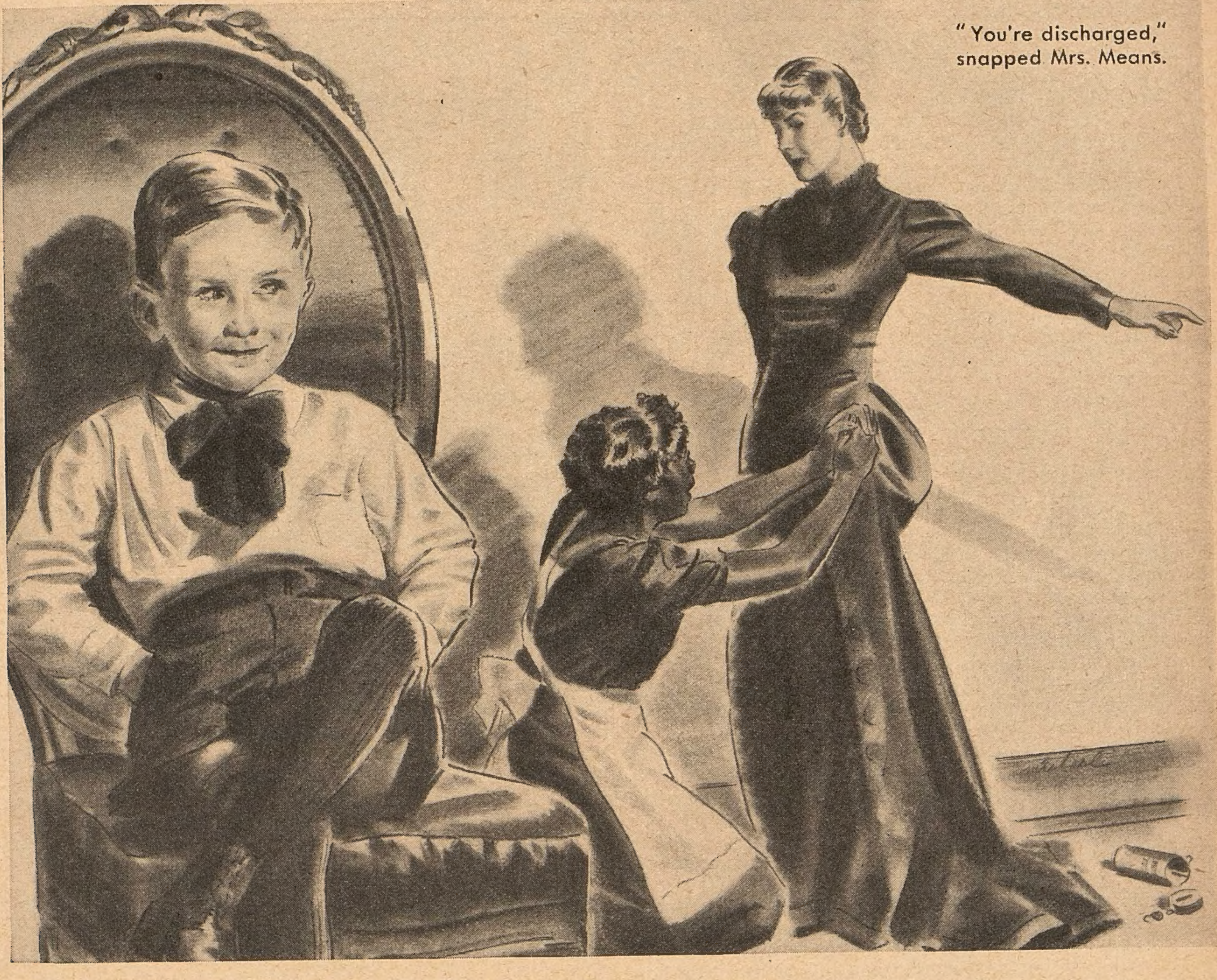
ONLY FORD DEALERS OFFER R & G BARGAINS

Gaston B. Means— MASTER BAD MAN

BY MAY DIXON THACKER, Co-Author of "The Strange Death of President Harding"



"You're discharged," snapped Mrs. Means.

PART ONE—SKELETONS OUT OF THE PAST . . . WHAT BECAME OF MRS. McLEAN'S $104,000?

READING TIME ● 24 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

IS Gaston B. Means dying?

Last August, on an afternoon heavy with heat, Gaston Means let drop from nerveless fingers a spittoon he was cleaning and crumpled down upon it in a sudden paroxysm of pain. They lifted him—this man who once had spent hundred-dollar bills as you spend quarters—from floor and ignoble spittoon, and as they carried him off across the prison yard to Leavenworth's two-story hospital building guards and prisoners alike wondered whether the most convincing faker of the twentieth century might not again be shouting wolf.

I wondered the same thing myself as I read the meager press reports of Means' "critical illness" that trickled out of Kansas' federal penitentiary.

I knew that Gaston B. Means was not above "faking" illness—even insanity. He'd done both in the past. But

☆ **Answers to questions the world has been asking—now for the first time revealed . . . the whole inside story of America's most bizarre and baffling career of crime** he wasn't faking this time. He was stricken—and desperately stricken—with an attack of gallstones. That same ailment, incidentally, had killed his father.

Prison doctors examined him, told him that an emergency operation was indicated. And Gaston Means, suffering excruciating pain, shook his head.

They sent for his wife, Julie. She talked with him briefly, but it did not change the situation. Gaston B. Means fears death. But even more he fears to submit his nimble mind to anesthetics, his huge body to the scalpels of surgeons. Utterly untrustworthy himself, he trusts no one. He has flatly refused to permit the operation which might prolong his fifty-eight years of fantastically misspent life.

Less than a week ago—as this is put on paper—I talked with Julie Means. Though her husband survived the attack of last summer, there is little likelihood that he can continue to survive attacks which inevitably will become more frequent, more severe.

The hands of the doctors are tied. Surgery is the *only* cure for his ailment. And the Department of Justice obviously believes that Gaston B. Means is dying.

What, one wonders, will the great pretender say when those last feverish moments are at hand? What ghastly secrets will he tell?

Out of the dark closet of his incredible past may dance a score of skeletons. For in that past—and no living man possesses one more spectacular—Gaston B. Means has been charged with or indicted for breach of promise, espionage, forgery, violation of the national Prohibition Act, use of the mails to defraud, bribery, theft, embezzlement, conspiracy, grand larceny, and murder.

There is one great secret that the world—and the Department of Justice—hopes Means will tell. It is the answer to this question:

What became of Mrs. Evalyn Walsh McLean's $104,000?

It has never been found. That the Department of Justice hopes to wring this secret from Means became evident when capable J. Edgar Hoover announced recently:

". . . The Federal Bureau of Investigation will work ceaselessly to outwit him. Gaston Means was sentenced to fifteen years for the Lindbergh hoax. This bureau has searched diligently for the money and will continue to do so throughout the years. We have hopes of finding it."

I believe that I know what became of Mrs. McLean's $104,000. And I believe that the readers of this story, when they have finished, will know.

The answer—the only possible answer—lies, clearly and obviously enough, in a between-the-lines study of Gaston B. Means' whole life and career.

And, to further simplify the problem, I suggest that the reader keep constantly in mind this invaluable fact:

Gaston B. Means has been consistently repeating himself since the time he was seven years old.

. . . .

THE little cardboard missionary box stood on the bureau of the rear upstairs bedroom. Just that morning, while showing the new housemaid her duties, Mrs. Means had taken the box up, hefted it thoughtfully, and decided that another quarter would surely make up her customary monthly quota. She had dropped the quarter through the slot in the top of the box and replaced it on the bureau.

In that year—1886—a missionary box was to be found somewhere in the home of every faithful Protestant family in Concord, North Carolina. The little "savings banks," distributed at church, were collected at the end of each month by members of the Women's Missionary Society.

It was on the last day of the month that this episode occurred. A lady church member punctually appeared, that noon, at the front door of the handsome Southern-style Means home in Concord. Mrs. Means went upstairs to get the missionary box.

When she returned, her face was placid, her spirit grimly perturbed. Somehow the box seemed to have been "misplaced." Would it be all right if she simply gave her the money in bills now?

After the woman had gone, Mrs. Means went out into the kitchen, where the new maid was at work.

"Lizzie," she said, "I want to speak to you upstairs. At once, please!"

When they were alone in the upstairs bedroom, Mrs. Means pointed to the rifled missionary box. It still stood upon the bureau, its top cleverly cut open.

"You saw this box here this morning when you were cleaning, Lizzie?"

The young colored girl nodded.

"Yes, ma'am."

"It had nearly three dollars in it."

Lizzie proceeded cautiously.

"I dunno how much it had in it, ma'am . . ."

"That money's gone. Did you steal it?"

The new girl was emphatic as she sensed impending trouble. "No, ma'am," she protested; "I sure didn't!"

Not a day passed that he did not manage to see her

"Stay here," Mrs. Means ordered. "We'll soon see."

She went out into the hall, called down the stairway: "Gaston! Come upstairs, son."

The lad that came into that room, hands boyishly buried deep in the side pockets of short pants, was a well developed, stocky youngster. He had large innocent eyes and an ingratiating smile that revealed his chief claim to charm—a pair of deep, cheerful dimples.

"Yes, mama?" he said, in a polite, high-pitched voice.

His mother came over and leaned down, quite close, that she might watch his face.

"Son," she said quietly, "you know that it is wrong to lie, don't you?"

"Yes, mama."

"You must tell mother the truth now. Did you take the money from the missionary box?"

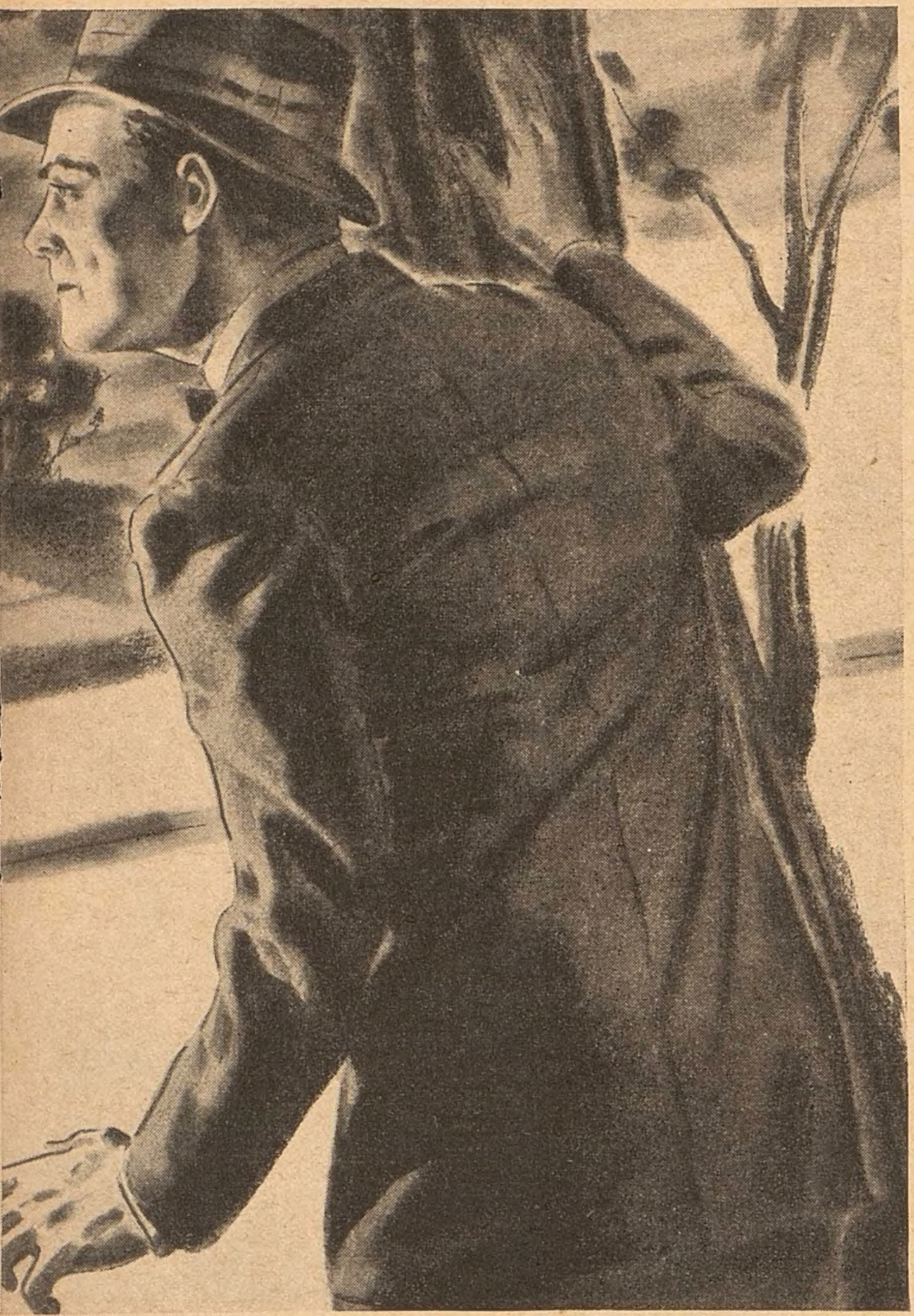
Quite calmly he replied:

"No, mama." And added thoughtfully: "It never happened before."

That was exactly what Mrs. Means was thinking as she straightened, her face severe. From across the room came the sudden wail of the young Negro girl who found herself in a rather ugly dilemma. To exonerate herself she must imply that Master Gaston was a thief, for there was no one else in the house who could have taken the money.

The scene that followed was not pleasant. The young colored girl, her dark cheeks wet with tears, her voice a plaintive whining thing atremble with either fear or guilt, begged not to be discharged. Perhaps burglars had taken the money.

"Burglars. In broad daylight!" snapped Mrs. Means. "The very idea! Now I know you're lying, Lizzie."



Trembling, half hysterical, the girl got down on her knees, pleaded until her wails filled the room. Couldn't she have another chance? If she went home, if her folks found she had been fired for thieving, she'd be "whupped."

"If you lie and steal," declared Mrs. Means, "you deserve to be whipped. You're discharged. Get your things—and get out of here at once."

When they had both gone, Master Gaston Means stood beside the open window. He was still standing there, looking out, when the sobbing girl shuffled dejectedly across the Means big yard and out the gate.

The boy at the window looked after her, his eyes hard with contempt. He spoke to himself, finally, through curled, disdainful lips. His first whispered words were a blunt epithet he had heard field hands use; his next, the utterance—at the age of seven—of a philosophy that was to serve him for the remainder of his life.

"The damn fool!" he said. "Let her look out for herself. I look out for myself."

The sneer went away from his face, to be replaced by a happy, contented smile. His right hand, so tightly clutched in his pocket that it was sticky with sweat, loosened for the first time since his mother had called him, and he let the precious coins stream tinkling to the bottom of his pocket.

Gaston Means told me, in detail, that story of his first crime forty-two years later. And, as he told it, his face wore again that dimpled cherubic smile, and in his eyes was rapt, happy reminiscence, as though he were again living that moment.

"I think," he admitted, "the sound of those coins in my pocket was the sweetest music I've ever heard."

From that day back in 1886, when Means was a youngster of seven, money remained not only music but the supreme motivating power of a black and sinister future.

GASTON MEANS' poisonous talents were flowering even then. To that incident of childhood—his first crime—may be traced vicious characteristics that were equally apparent in his last crime—the cruel hoax of Mrs. McLean.

Let me demonstrate briefly:

Gaston Means, the child, looked directly into his mother's eyes and lied blandly to conceal his theft.

Gaston Means, the man—years later—looked squarely into the eyes of Evalyn McLean and, in the serious tone of a man taking an oath, assured her: "I can get the Lindbergh baby back."

Coupled with his almost incredible ability to utter a calm, barefaced lie was the further ability to make that lie credible. As a child he had remarked innocently of the looted missionary box: "It never happened before." With but four words he threw the onus of guilt from himself on to the new servant girl.

Later, this knack of making any self-created situation plausible grew to tremendous proportions. He not only convinced Mrs. McLean that he could and would return the Lindbergh infant, but he kept her firmly believing that for days on end.

He was utterly callous. Callous at seven, when his theft of a few dollars hurt his mother, smashed the reputation of an innocent Negress—callous when his last theft of many thousands of dollars crushed the hopes of a woman whose motives had been fine, warm, and sincere.

Always Gaston Means justified his crimes to himself.

That day in Concord, he had said of little Lizzie:

"Let her look out for herself. I look out for myself."

He had a far more specific justification for his crime against Evalyn Walsh McLean. Gaston Means had a deep-seated grudge of long standing; a grudge that went far back to the days when the "Ohio Gang" was busy in Washington.

Gaston Means never forgot what he deemed an injustice. And, years before, something had occurred that still rankled, made him angrily eager to "get even."

That incident by which Gaston Means "justified" his vicious hoax will be revealed in its proper sequence in this story.

The full truth of the McLean story still is unknown. I know that story, I believe, better than anybody; for I have been as fortunate in having the friendship of Evalyn McLean as I have been unfortunate in having had years of acquaintance with that inimitable scoundrel, Gaston B. Means.

I know the man as no person, his wife and son excepted, has ever known him.

Once I too was under the spell of his seeming sincerity. I took my place in the long procession of Gaston Means' "damn fools" that began with the little colored maid in his mother's home.

I wrote, for Gaston B. Means, that horrible narrative, The Strange Death of President Harding.

I wrote it, at the time, in entire good faith. When, later, I learned it was false, I publicly repudiated the entire book—and Gaston B. Means.

I saw him often after that. The repudiation did not excite his anger. If anything, he respected me for it. Often he told me:

"There are only two people on earth to whom I would confess the truth. One is William J. Burns and the other is yourself."

And—confess he did.

Sometimes he would be in the mellow mood of a man who wants to talk; more often in the irresistible desire of a born braggart to strut. But, bit by bit, he did lay bare before me the heinous untold truths of his infamous career.

And now they shall be told, those stories that actually constitute the inside of the Maude King murder, the real facts of the strange death of Jess Smith, the . . .

They are secrets that belong in subsequent installments.

These revelations will make this story more his than mine.

Though the Dixon family lived in the same general locality as the Means family—the foothills of the Blue Ridge Mountains of North Carolina—and though I had heard of Gaston Means all of my life, I never met the man until my husband and I, on a Bible and inspirational lecture tour, visited Atlanta Penitentiary in the course of our prison work. Means was serving a sentence there (1925-28) at the time.

Gaston Bullock Means came from an excellent family. He was a son of Colonel and Mrs. W. G. Means. The Meanses long had been prominent, respected landowners in the vicinity of Concord.

Gaston's bloodhound strain, apparently, came from his father's side of the family. He had an uncle who once was an investigator for the United States Treasury Department and later became Chief of Police of Concord at a time when Gaston's father, an excellent attorney, was mayor.

On the Bullock side he was related to President Theodore Roosevelt. A great-grandfather had been a governor.

Comb the background of Gaston B. Means as finely as you wish. You will find in it only breeding and respectability—nothing to explain the man himself. Such common excuses as poverty, heredity, environment become impotent. For Gaston B. Means plunged into a career of evil for no reason that any man can, to this day, name.

He is an enigma. A confidence man will swindle you but not harm you physically. It is not in his nature. Yet Gaston Means, greatest con man in the history of crime, could kill without moving a muscle of his genial face. Of that I feel sure.

I can't explain the man. I can only record in this and following chapters what I saw with my own eyes and learned, and what Gaston Means told me with his own lips of a career that has no parallel in crime.

AS a child he lived an ordinary enough life. He attended grammar school in Concord, and during vacation days and after school hung about the Concord mills of J. W. Cannon, multimillionaire cotton manufacturer, where he picked up ten or fifteen cents a day running errands, and—according to his version—an excellent technical knowledge of cotton and its uses.

While still a youngster, according to Gaston Means' own account to me, he traveled about with his police-chief uncle and witnessed many lynchings. Possibly this throws some light upon a sadistic streak in his strange make-up that first made itself apparent when he was a broad-shouldered, bull-necked, nearly mature lad.

Following his grammar-school education, he had been privately tutored for a while and then sent to Chapel Hill to take a law course at the University of North Carolina.

It was around this period of his life that the incident occurred. A lady related to the distinguished Walter Hines Page family told me of it.

Means, though unpopular with his fellows, had somehow managed to become invited to a party of young folks at the home of one of them.

In the spacious living room, the floor had been cleared for dancing. At one end of the room an orchestra played. At the other end a fire blazed cheerily in a huge open fireplace.

It was a scene rich with youth, warm with the soft liquid drawl of the South. The graceful progress of first one pair of dancers, then another, became suddenly interrupted in a series of jerky halts. A little dog was darting about the dance floor, nipping heartily and indiscriminately at such ankles as moved its way.

There were laughing protests and the annoyed voice of its feminine owner:

"Blackie, get out of here!"

And then Blackie spied the thick ankles of Gaston B. Means. He had hardly begun his playful attack when Means dropped his arms from the waist of his dance partner, stooped, and scooped the dog up between big hands.

So swiftly that it became one continuous movement, Gaston Means hurled the dog with unerring accuracy into the glowing fireplace.

The orchestra came to a startled, sour stop. A girl screamed. Above her scream rose the frantic yapping of the dog, one leg caught between two glowing logs. The smell of burning hair floated out. Some one managed to yank the dog from the fireplace.

The woman who attended the party that night told me:

"I'll never forget how Gaston Means stood there, above that writhing little dog, watching it die. Every moment of that time he was grinning. He thought it was all very funny."

Following his graduation from the University of North Carolina, Means had a brief and innocuous career teaching school, and actually became a superintendent, for two years, at Albemarle, North Carolina.

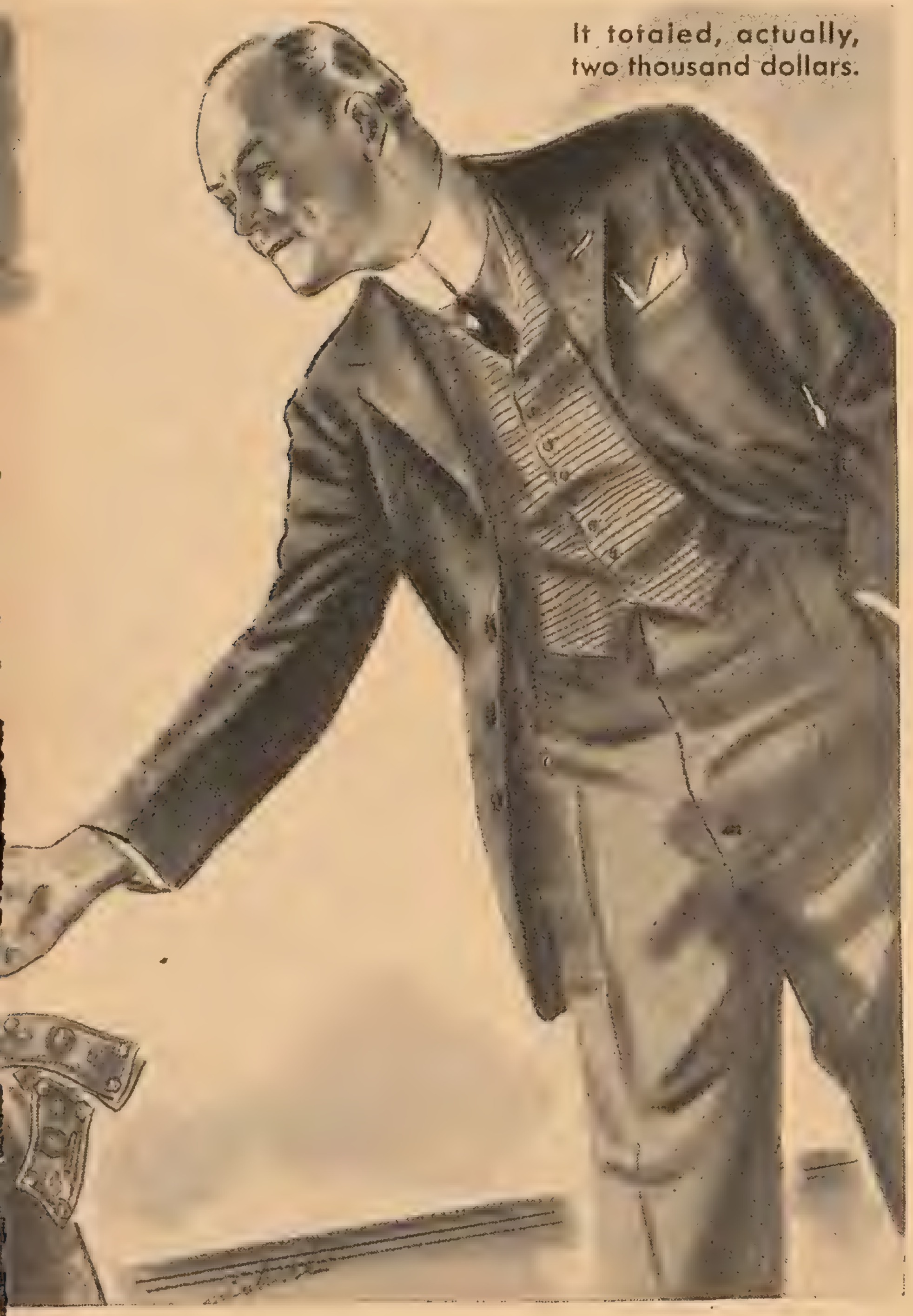
To this day Gaston Means—in physical appearance and drawling Southern accent—reminds me of nothing so much as a genial country-church Sunday-school superintendent. It is this mild appearance of friendly and complete candor that has been one of his most valuable assets.

He abandoned his teaching career to accept a position as traveling salesman with the Cannon Mills, for which his father had acted as attorney.

It was at this period that his adventures actually started.

Apparently he found time to apply his dimpled charms to more than customers, for a convent-bred young lady sued him for breach of promise.

He wriggled out of this legal tangle long enough to plunge into one of his own making. In this particular scrape—his public debut—Means swore that the chain holding the upper berth of a Pullman car in which he was traveling gave way, dropping him out on his head.


It totaled, actually, two thousand dollars.

The insurance company investigated the accident; discovered that the berth chain had been filed half through. They could not establish who had filed the chain, however, and Gaston B. Means, in an out-of-court settlement, earned himself a little money on the side.

Of one thing we may be reasonably certain. Gaston Means' tumble from the Pullman berth did his head no serious injury, for, in the fantastic future that lay ahead of him, he was to plan more craftily than ever.

Soon he became—as he tells it—Western manager for Cannon Mills, with an office in Chicago.

It was in that city that he met Julie Patterson, the girl who became his wife.

The world knows very little of Julie Means. In all of her husband's front-page exploits, there has been scarcely a word written about her. Few persons have ever seen her; fewer know her.

There is a very definite reason for this. Gaston Means loved Julie. Their romance of more than twenty years is a love story more weird than any of the incredible melodramas foisted profitably by her husband upon a startled public. And, because Gaston Means loved her, he built up this protective wall of obscurity about her.

Give him that. You can search the black recesses of his soul for a tiny shining deed of good. The nearest thing you will find is his constant protection of the woman who shared his thoughts, his roof, his bed. He did protect Julie!

I believe I know Julie Means as few persons have known her. A few days ago, I sat with her and talked of old times. In the long months when I was in continual contact with Gaston and Julie Means—almost a member of their very household—and in later years, when both freely told me of escapades humorous and sinister, I grew to know her even better than her notorious husband.

In many ways she is an even more clever person.

JULIE PATTERSON was born in the little town of Morrison, Illinois. Her mother died when she was five years old. Following her education in a Catholic convent school in St. Joseph, Missouri, she came to Chicago to work for an uncle who had a prosperous little business there.

She was a beautiful girl, with a demure round face and a quiet, self-contained nature. Only the eager sparkle in her dark flashing eyes betrayed the excitement with which she responded eagerly to the quick-paced life of huge, boisterous Chicago.

She enjoyed working in her uncle's store, which stocked hotel supplies.

Pleased with his new helper, Julie's uncle decided to take a trip to Europe, leaving his niece in charge. Before sailing, he had a talk with her.

"I want to add a new department to the business, Julie," he told her. "I think we can make a lot of money if we stock linens, as well as china and glassware, for the hotels. I'm going to let you see what you can do to build up this new department."

Her uncle sailed for Europe, and Julie Patterson, thrilled by this sudden responsibility, began shopping about for a bargain line of hotel linens.

Into the store of her uncle and into the life of Julie Patterson, the next day, swaggered the representative and self-proclaimed Western manager of the Cannon Mills—Gaston Bullock Means.

The big swashbuckling man from the South took one look at petite Julie Patterson, and decided then and there that he must have her.

Nor did he make the slightest effort to conceal his instantaneous unbounded admiration. He turned on charm, smile, dimples, courtly Southern compliment and persuasive drawl in one gigantic stream.

Unsophisticated little Julie Patterson was not in the least impressed by Gaston B. Means. He was a big, powerfully built man, not unhandsome, despite the fact that even then his hair was thinning on top. But he was ten or eleven years older than she, and in his efforts to impress her—she thought—almost ridiculous.

Though she had dismissed him politely that first day, he did not long remain dismissed. From the very hour he met her, not a day passed that he did not manage to see her. He haunted the store and her home.

And always he would have a present for her. Sometimes it was candy; at other times flowers. He spent money lavishly on her, and made life a reckless, exciting thing it had never been before. And, behind her demure little baby face, Julie loved it.

Within a few months they were engaged.

Julie cabled her uncle in Europe. A lifelong association with traveling salesmen and a genuine feeling of responsibility for his attractive little niece made him wary.

He immediately sent a cable—but not to Julie.

That cable set in motion a series of events that was to result, a few years later, in high tragedy; a series of events that was to have, forever after, tremendous effect upon the lives of Julie Patterson and Gaston Means.

The cable was directed to Mrs. Mary C. (Maisie) Melvin. Mrs. Melvin and Julie Patterson's mother had been close friends. Since Mrs. Patterson's death, Maisie Melvin had kept a watchful, if unofficial, maternal eye upon Julie.

The cable from Julie's uncle asked Mrs. Melvin to engage some good detective agency to look into the background of this whirlwind Romeo, Gaston B. Means. Mrs. Melvin obligingly complied.

The detective in whose hands Maisie Melvin placed the case was William J. Burns. In later years Burns was to become Director of the Department of Justice and to appoint Gaston Means an investigator under him.

MAY DIXON THACKER

the author of this series, was born in Shelby, North Carolina. She was graduated from Western College, Oxford, Ohio, and had her first novel published in 1910. Since then she has divided her time, writing at her home near Montrea in the hills of her native state and traveling with her husband giving Bible lctures.

And Mrs. Maisie Melvin was the sister of that pretty widow, Maude King, for whose murder Gaston Means soon was to be placed on trial.

The late Detective Burns reported a full investigation into the life of Gaston Means. Gaston Means had fine family connections and no noticeable flaws of a personal nature. Mr. Burns even talked to Means and reported himself satisfied that the young man had a good future ahead. How good, not even he could have guessed.

And so they were married. Means called his 110-pound bride "Sweetheart"; and she called him "Bud."

They moved into a small apartment and began the first-year tilt with a budget that seemed always too small. Means continued selling for the Cannon Mills. Julie burned her quota of biscuits. They had a son and he was stillborn. Julie cried at times because she knew nothing of domestic management and cordially detested the routine and monotony of housework. But payday came once a week, and Bud brought her his money and gave it to her, and they spent it swiftly and recklessly. Life somehow managed to be exciting—constantly exciting—with Bud.

I asked her, once, if she had been happy during that first year.

"Yes," she told me. "I was very much in love, you see. Bud dominated me. He was so jealous he would scarcely let me out of his sight. I realized, from the first, that I had married a peculiar person whose god was money. But . . . I liked money, too. And I loved him. We understood each other."

Whatever else may be said of Gaston B. Means, he did not hoard the money he loved so much. He was constantly broke, from reckless spending.

By now, Means had enlivened the dull task of selling cotton towels through the simple device of posing as the son of his multimillionaire employer. It did not take him long to learn that this pose made it possible for him to borrow money from many customers.

His impersonation—more bold than clever—ran its rapid inevitable course. He was exposed and fired.

ANTHONY ABBOT

Crime Commentator for Liberty, says:

I shall never forget my first meeting with the archvillain of American crime—Gaston B. Means. He was brought to my study by Mrs. Thacker, the author of this new Liberty serial. In a long journalistic career I have met spies, murderers, and men of a thousand hypocrisies, but I have yet to look into any other face quite as evil as the round, moonlike face of Gaston B. Means. He had the smile of an innocent child, and the eyes of wickedness itself. His palm was moist, his voice milky sweet, and there was a dimple in his right cheek that seemed like a dark and bottomless hole in his face.

Means had come to tell me his gruesome gossip about what he called "the strange death of President Harding." It is one of my happy memories that I refused to have anything to do with that infamous lie. I was instrumental, moreover, in inducing Mrs. Thacker to publish her repudiation of that book in the pages of Liberty four years ago. I am delighted that Mrs. Thacker is carrying on this work and telling all she knows about this singular man.

Anthony Abbot's famous Police Commissioner Thatcher Colt is on the N. B. C. Red Network every Sunday from 2.30 to 3.00 P. M., E. S. T.

"That taught me a lesson," Means explained to me once, in telling of those early days. "I made up my mind, right then and there, that I'd lay plans to work out my ideas more deliberately in the future. There we were, just about flat broke." He paused and looked at me, as he spoke, and his next words voiced a self-justification theme that has run throughout his whole checkered life.

"I had to do something about that, didn't I?"

And so, that afternoon, when he had overcome his shock over being stone broke for the first time in his life, Gastons Means did do "something" about it.

What he did was quite illegal but rather ingenious. All that afternoon it kept him busy. By nightfall, tired but happy, he trudged home to his young bride.

He broke the bad news first. Not in the desolate, immemorial fashion of fired bridegrooms. Not Gaston Means. He grinned at her buoyantly. "Probably the best thing in the world that it happened now. I can find something really worth while."

He looked about scornfully at their tiny apartment.

"This place isn't good enough for you, anyway. We'll go to a hotel. Hurry up, Sweetheart; let's get packed and get out of here."

Julie found her tongue.

"But, Bud," she protested, unconsciously absorbing some of his high excitement, "we haven't any money."

"We've got enough," he said. "Plenty to carry us along like kings until I find the kind of opportunity I deserve."

There was a sudden silence. That silence hung about them and between them, unbroken, as Means took from his pocket the reward of his day's work—a tremendous roll of bills.

Julie's dark eyes fell upon those bills. There were more there than she had ever seen before at one time. Two thousand dollars. Her eyes went wide, and a tiny perplexed frown creased her white forehead.

Julie Means—whether she knew it or not—stood at the crossroads of her life.

Gaston Means knew it—and waited.

Theirs had been, until this moment, the conventional compact of man and woman. Now, tacitly, he held out to her a new partnership—and a strong and clever hand. Means knew, even then, that he would travel the dark, exciting paths of evil. Would she walk in the darkness with him, her hand in his?

"Where on earth, Bud, did you . . ."

Again he waited. And after he had waited, and the silence grew about them once more, his blank face relaxed. The dimples—the right one was the deeper—came into his cheeks and grew merry, and he bent over her. His lips, touching hers, answered the unfinished question.

Instinctively she reached out for his hand. But he did not put his hand in hers. In Julie's hand he put—two thousand dollars.

And that was the beginning.

What sinister duplicities and evil developments were to follow that villainous beginning! Vicious deeds that went unchecked even when they echoed with whisperings of murder—the murder of Maude King. Gaston Means' relation to that sensational case will be disclosed in next week's installment.

HALF A LOAF IS BETTER THAN NONE

An answer to Dr. John Erskine, who freed his mind on the war debts and "these debt-settling foreigners" in Liberty for March 6

By

RAYMOND LESLIE BUELL

FRESIDENT OF THE FOREIGN POLICY ASSOCIATION, NEW YORK

and ROBERT M. FIELD

OF THE COUNCIL ON FOREIGN RELATIONS

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

THERE are some Americans who hate foreigners so much that they do not want the inter-Allied debts paid at all. But there are others who would like to collect as much of this debt as they can. During the past five depression years thousands of debtors inside the United States have not been able to pay the sums they owe. Wise creditors have said, "We will take as much as we think you can pay." Why should we not treat international debtors in the same spirit? Negotiations will quickly reveal whether their intentions are honest. And the intentions, too, of American states, which are in default to foreign countries to the tune of about one billion dollars.

After America declared war against Germany it loaned over ten billion dollars to the Allied governments as the quickest means of winning the war. We could not get as many men to the front as could England and France, but we could mobilize our financial resources. But we saw to it that the eleven billion dollars we loaned was spent in the United States upon munitions, cotton, tobacco, and other articles, for which Americans were paid in full. These goods were shipped to the Allies, but the profits went to our people.

Beginning in 1923, a commission authorized by Congress made debt agreements with fifteen European governments. In each case we reduced the 5-per-cent interest originally charged, in accordance with 'capacity to pay.' In the case of nine governments, including Britain, the interest rate was fixed at an average of 3.3 per cent for the 62-year period during which interest and principal were to be paid; but in the case of France it was only 1.6 per cent; and for Italy it was .4 of 1 per cent.

When the Allies promised to make these payments to the United States, Germany had promised to pay reparations to the Allies, who intended to transfer part of these sums to the United States. In June, 1931, President Hoover proposed a world-wide suspension of these debt payments for one year. But at the end of this period world conditions were worse than ever. Payments could not be resumed. At the Lausanne Conference of 1932 the Allies canceled all German reparation payments. "Under these conditions," they said, "we cannot pay the United States." Their mistake was in refusing to continue the token payments which President Roosevelt had agreed to accept.

International debts must be paid in gold, goods, or services. It was impossible for European governments to pay the twenty-two billion dollars which they owed in principal and interest to the United States in gold, for they did not have this much gold. Moreover, too much gold here increases the danger of inflation.

On the other hand, it is possible for Europe to pay the debt to a certain extent in services, largely through American tourist trade on European ships. But during the depression the tourist trade fell off, and it never was large enough to meet the debt service.

The only remaining way of paying was for the European countries to ship goods into the United States. But our business men said that this meant competition from cheap European labor. So we raised the tariff in 1920, 1922, and 1930. It was partly by means of loans from our banks that the European countries found it possible to pay what they did. Then the 1929 crash came, and the American people had no more money to lend.

Some people say that the money spent by European governments on rearmaments should come to America for debts. But it is difficult to transfer money to a foreign country. How many American dollars can be bought with French francs? The answer depends on the willingness of America to accept French goods which will create dollar exchange. Which brings us back to the tariff.

Second, no European government threatened by invasion will forego rearmament in favor of foreign debt payments that are impossibly large.

If we wish to salvage anything from foreign debtors we should negotiate a new settlement. To insist upon 100 per cent payment means that we will get nothing. Half a loaf, or even a quarter of a loaf, is better than none.

When we negotiate a new debt settlement it may be possible to work out an arrangement whereby foreign governments will pay part of the debt by granting scholarships to American students. They might also create accommodations to American tourists, like the travel mark now in vogue. Likewise, it should be possible for us to import raw materials to be stored for use by our army.

A few nationalistic Americans oppose any revision of the debt settlements, and even any debt repayment, on the ground that such a settlement may involve the United States in Europe and get us into a new world war. If America wishes to be really "neutral" it must give up all foreign trade, establish censorship over newspapers and public speakers, and suppress the great aviation and radio companies which are "involving" America. From the standpoint of our economic welfare, about nine million Americans are dependent on international trade. At the present time this country is spending about a billion dollars on its navy, air force, and army. This force is far greater than is necessary to defend us from attack.

The moral is plain: America does not intend to withdraw from the world or give up her beliefs or sacrifice major economic interests. There is grave danger that we may become involved in a new war should it break out. Consequently those Americans who appreciate the peril of the situation should support any effort to cooperate with other nations to remove the causes now leading toward war.

One of the causes which prevent the co-operation of America with the outside world is an unreasoning attitude on the war-debt question. Today, for example, France is in bad economic shape and is even in danger of Communism. This danger would be overcome if America, Britain, and France adopted a common economic policy in favor of lowered tariffs and increased international trade. The Allied governments have made many mistakes, and they made matters worse by calling us "Uncle Shylock." But the world is now ripe for an international New Deal. Let us negotiate a new debt agreement as part of a peace conference which will prevent the outbreak of a new war.

THE END

The Open Heart

BY ADELA

READING TIME ● 27 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

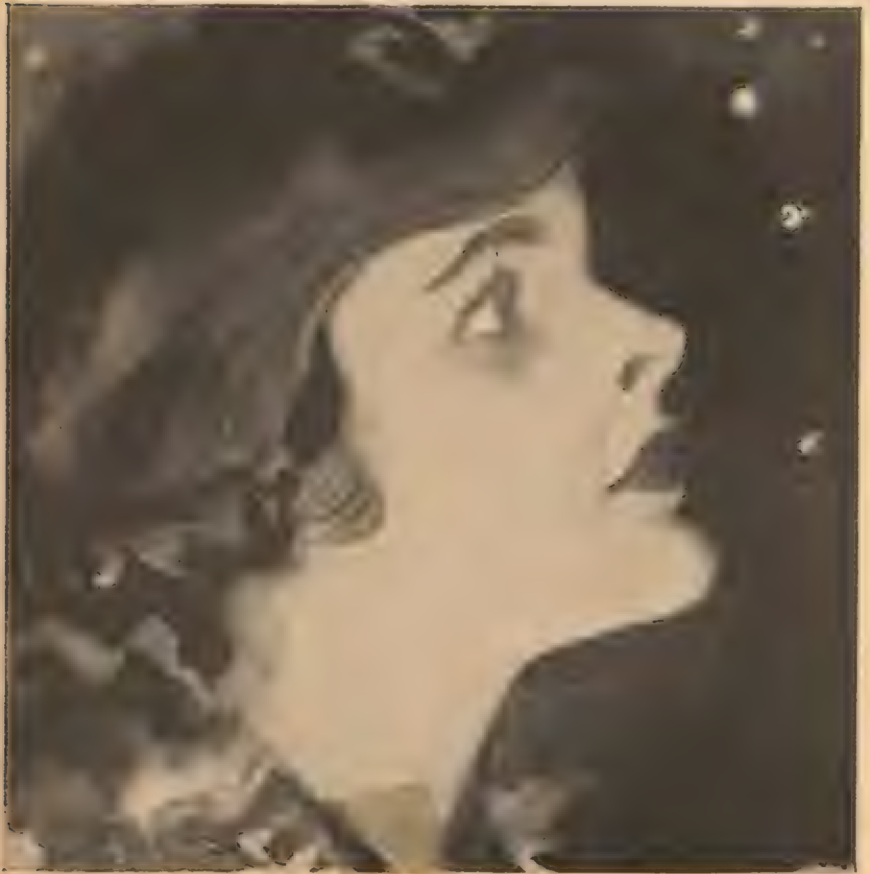
ILLUSTRATIONS BY

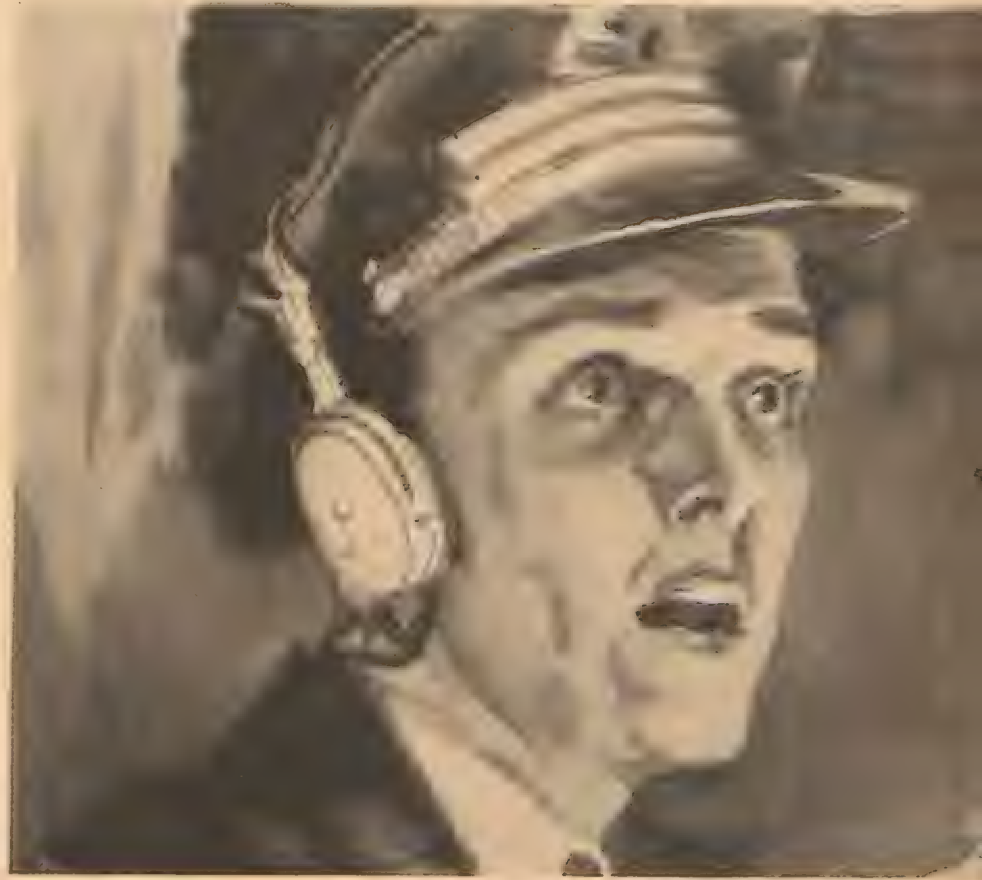
NICKY swung the closed roadster into the lane behind the airport station and got out, picking up his bag and his earphones and his overcoat in one movement. Fleur watched him and then slid over into the driver's seat, her face framed in the window.

At six thirty on a spring evening it was not dark, but her face in shadow had a mysterious quality that startled him. Sometimes, at first, he had wondered why he loved her so much, with that ache that was such agony when he was away from her and such bliss when he was with her. She wasn't, actually, at all his sort. He didn't understand half the music that filled her life, the music that filled her to the brim and overflowed from her lips and from her fingers. Once in a while it caught him, held him in a breathless moment of beauty. More often it was simply a background for her loveliness.

And she didn't really understand anything about aviation. He realized that, even when she listened eagerly while he explained about wind drifts and r. p. ms. and the synchronization of motors and controls. Sometimes it caught her, as her music caught him. This afternoon, for instance, when he had been telling her about the artificial horizon which was on the instrument board of the transport plane he flew and which gave him always the true horizon, no matter how the earth and sky might cover it. That, she said, matched something she was trying to get at. All you had to do was keep your own true horizon, and if you clung to that nothing and nobody could deceive you.

Things like that interested her. Blind flying. The pitch and bend. That always made her laugh a little. "What does it mean?" she asked him the first time he told her that he had come up all the way on the pitch and bend. He explained that it meant he'd been on instruments, flying blind all the way, without ever seeing the ground. Her face flamed in answer and the glow he loved to see came into her eyes. "Yes," she said. "Yes. How wonderful! We are getting closer to God all the time. Learning to use the power in the universe—filling in the gaps. It's new and it's wonderful, Nicky."





Before he could move, his earphones shouted at him:

That same glow came into her eyes when she sang on the radio. He didn't quite understand that either, but he knew that to her there was something spiritual about the waves that carried music through space, spread melody all over the world. Well, maybe he did understand a little. In the air, he'd felt a thrill when things were a little tight and the ground spoke to him.

He knew people wondered what they saw in each other, the slim sensitive girl musician and the dark arrogant young pilot. You couldn't explain love; you didn't have to. But Nicky knew that things like that bound them together.

The song she had written—that she had sung this afternoon—about flying among the stars. It wasn't the kind of music Nicky had ever gone in for—personally he preferred Eddy Duchin and Guy Lombardo—but it did things to him.

"I like to think of you flying among the stars," she said shyly.

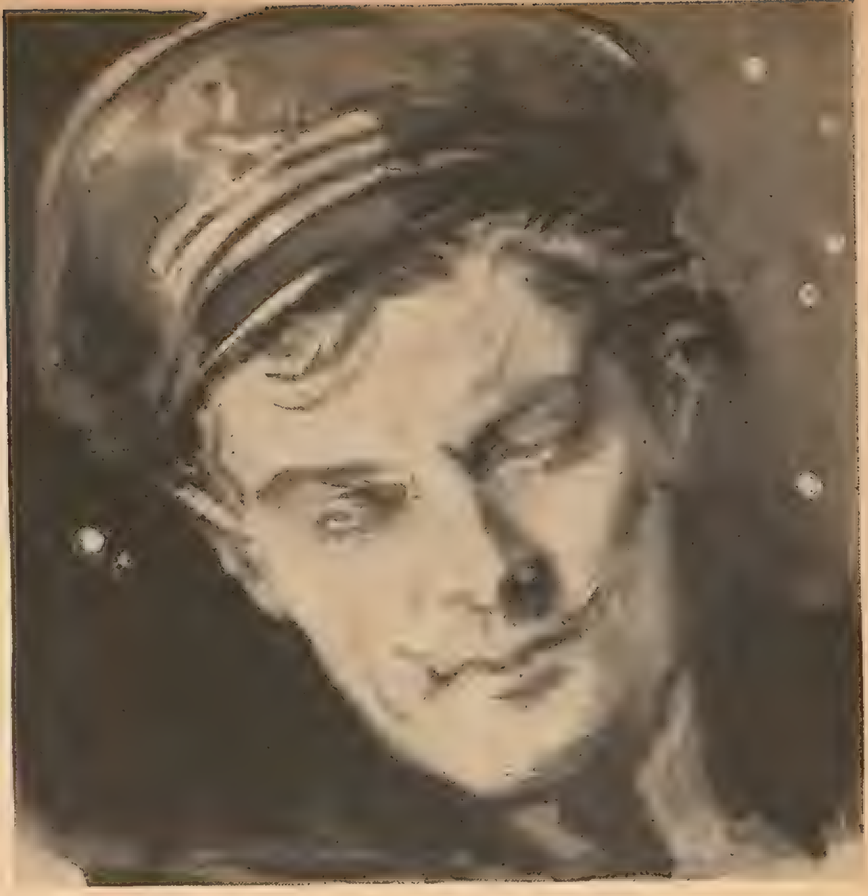
Then he had kissed her. He didn't kiss her often. That surprised him. Nicky had usually kissed girls often and thoroughly, and they'd liked it. Kissing Fleur was different. Timeless and precious and too soon ended. When they were married—desperately his hope that she would marry him had grown with time. Only, she said, she wanted to be sure. Had to be sure. Marriage to her meant eternity. He never thought of their marriage without a throb that was pain and fear and glory mingled. Pain of waiting, fear of those things about her that seemed unattainable, glory in the love that must dissolve all that.

ROGERS ST. JOHNS

JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

None of these things had he ever said to Fleur. It would have amazed the air line, which knew Nicky Balsoff as the cockiest, freshest, most arrogant brat of a pilot who ever took a ship off the ground, to know that he even thought them. In fact they wouldn't have believed it. But though he never spoke them—though he kidded her and laughed at her and sometimes behaved in exact accordance with the air line's opinion of him—Fleur knew his thoughts.

Sometimes she would answer his thoughts, unspoken.



" Pull her up out of there, Nicky! Pull her nose up! "

" Anybody would think you could read my mind, toots," he said.

" Why not? " said Fleur. " We love each other."

" You don't expect me to believe any such horsefeathers as that, do you? " Nicky said.

Fleur smiled at him. " No? " she said impudently. " And with all the miracles you see every night—flying among the stars."

Of course that was all very pretty. Made strange soft little songs for a girl like Fleur to sing, sitting very small and straight at her gleaming piano in the candlelit room. But flying a transport passenger plane over a commercial air line on schedule, good weather and bad, wasn't all flying among the stars by a long ways. Hard, tough, concentrated work—that's what it meant. Keeping your eyes on seventy-two instruments on that instrument board in front of you, on beacons on the ground, on every cloud in the sky; your ears strained on the radio; your hands and feet on the controls. Taking off and landing, navigating, absorbing meteorology, making decisions with the responsibility of all those people and the mail on your shoulders alone. Not all flying among the stars.

When he heard Fleur say things like that it made him think of the night six months ago when he had taken Stub Matthewson to meet Fleur for the first time.

He had dreaded that meeting.

By that time he loved Fleur—with the sort of love he'd imagined as a boy and given up among a world of women where he had sought love and found only its substitutes. Still, it had been good hunting and he had enjoyed himself. Then he had met Fleur at a broadcasting station and it had been all over.

He wasn't ashamed of Stub. He never exactly thought about loving Stub, but Stub was the most important thing in his life except aviation. At that, Stub was part of his passion for aviation. Stub was the greatest pilot on the Western Division. Stub had flown the first night mail from Salt Lake to the Coast. Stub had taught Nicky transport flying. There wasn't any question about Stub Matthewson. He was definitely tops.

BUT Stub belonged to a different generation of pilots. Nicky had had two years at Stanford and a year at the Boeing school. He'd gone into the army and been trained at Kelly and Selfridge. He was an officer—a reserve officer now, of course.

Stub had been a trick motorcycle rider at fifteen, had flown crates with the old flying circuses, and barnstormed over every state between the Rockies and the Alleghenies. There wasn't, Stub sometimes said, a cow pasture in Illinois, Iowa, Ohio, or Kansas in which he hadn't sat down. Talk about traveling salesmen, Stub would say, and then tell a new one—or an old one with an aviation background—about the farmer's daughter.

He was short and bowlegged and he wore his mustache turned up at the ends and waxed, and his very light blue eyes were surrounded by tiny wrinkles, " from looking for emergency landing fields," Stub always said.

His uniform never fitted him, and even when he put it on fresh from the tailor it looked as though he had slept in it. " And drunk, at that," Stub would remark, looking at himself sardonically in the mirror—Stub, who never took a drink and had once beaten hell out of Nicky for taking a glass of beer with his wings on. That was when

☆ A breathless tale of a bright and shining love, an adventure in the sky, and lives touched by a mystery no man could explain

Nicky was his co-pilot, when they first flew the San Francisco-Los Angeles run together.

There was nothing ornamental about Stub except his smile.

When he settled into his seat behind the controls and lifted that plane off the ground, smoother than any other pilot who ever flew, there didn't need to be anything ornamental about him. When he set it down against a forty-mile cross wind on a rough airport so that it felt like a baby carriage, he got to looking sort of like part of his plane. When he flew around rough air and adjusted to a choppy sky so that the passengers went right on reading their magazines or dozing in their comfortable chairs, he looked plenty good to Nicky, who had sat in the co-pilot's seat next to him for two years.

When they made Nicky Balsoff a first pilot, Stub was gruff and blasphemous and as proud as a young mother whose baby has taken first prize at a baby show.

Stub was thirty-eight and sometimes looked eighty.

Nicky was twenty-four and looked younger.

"If looks was all," Stub remarked in his dry voice, "you'd be the greatest pilot in the world. You're what those Hollywood guys call 'perfect casting.'"

Stub looked like a horse trainer. Nicky, to his profound disgust, looked like an illustrator's dream.

Until Fleur came along, they were never five feet apart unless they were flying or asleep. The air line called them the Siamese twins.

No, it hadn't been that he was ashamed of Stub nor of his new-found love for Fleur. It was just that he was afraid he couldn't make Fleur understand Stub, and he was damn sure he couldn't make Stub understand Fleur.

As far as Stub Matthewson was concerned, women were strictly a matter of relaxation and never at any time to be allowed to interfere with a man's real business, which was to fly airplanes. "Women," said Stub over his famous cigar, on intimate occasions when he and Nicky had stopped talking airplanes for a moment—"women are toys." As such, he had no objection to them.

"But," he said to Nicky, breaking off a heated argument about the new equipment they were going to start flying in the spring, "but don't you ever let one of them hook you for keeps. You remember that poem somebody wrote about the white man's burden. He wrote it before aviation, or he'd have said he *flies* fastest who flies alone. Don't have any woman on your mind to come back to."

The fact that half the pilots on the line were married didn't shake him. And he was positively rude to wives who came out to the airport to meet their husbands.

"Ain't they got any brains *at all?*" he said. "Don't they know a man's hardly human for half an hour after he gets back on the ground after he's had a tough trip? Can't they leave a man alone a *minute?* I'd murder a woman who'd come out to the airport to meet me when I was coming in from a trip."

HE had known there was something up when Fleur came into Nicky's life. He and Nicky lived together in an apartment high above the Golden Gate and they were working, on their off days, on a shielded antenna for the radio. It was bound to come, and Stub and Nicky had ideas of their own. Then, suddenly, Nicky began to disappear evenings. Their dates had usually been together, or at least Nicky had been talkative about his when he came in. There was never much to tell about Stub's. They ran true to form and Stub had no time to waste.

For a month Stub said nothing. But his light blue eyes upon Nicky's dark arched profile were speculative and deeply troubled.

Fleur forced Nicky's hand. She wanted to meet Stub. You couldn't, probably, have listened long to Nicky without wanting to meet Stub.

Nicky had been apprehensive. Stub would know that Fleur couldn't be a toy for spare moments between airplanes. The fineness of her shone too plainly. Probably Stub wouldn't understand why Nicky loved her. Stub's taste in women was flamboyant. "I like redheads myself," he said. Fleur was small and fragile and, until you saw her eyes, almost colorless. Stub would see marriage in the offing and he would raise hell. And Fleur would be shocked by the squat blunt man with his funny clothes and his big cigar.

To Nicky's amazement they liked each other on sight.

"In his way, he is great," Fleur said. "He understands things—many things—he doesn't know he understands. He has lived so long in the sky."

Stub waited two days and then he said, "That girl—that girl—if every man met a woman like that, the world'd be different. I guess there aren't enough of them to go around. It's a cinch I never met any."

Nicky gave him a quick look. There was a lump in his throat. He couldn't help it. Three things made up his life: aviation, and Fleur, and Stub. He felt he couldn't have borne it if they hadn't liked each other, if the only way he could see Stub was to leave Fleur. Instead they became—they actually became—pals. There was a sort of harmony between them. Fleur sat for hours listening to them while they talked about planes and flights and pilots and Stub told tales of the old days. Sometimes she seemed to understand Stub better than she understood Nicky himself.

He'd never forget the night when Stub had said something quite casually about "flying by the seat of his pants." Nicky's startled eyes went to Fleur, but her mouth had turned up at the corners in a way it had when she was specially pleased.

"What does that mean?" she said.

STUB smiled at her. He said, "Well, honey, that means what we old-timers used to fly by in the days when it was all we had—before we got all these gadgets that a young fellow like Nicky has always learned to fly by—gyro-compasses and radio beams and direction finders and beacons and Dalton slide rules and all those gadgets."

Fleur said, "I see. You mean you just—knew. By instinct. Well," she gave him one of her rare gay laughs, "that is a funny name. The Chinese say your soul is in your stomach, but I never before heard anybody say it was in the seat of your pants."

"It's somewhere," said Stub. "Doesn't matter where."

"Don't you believe in—gadgets?" said Fleur.

"Instruments?" said Stub, slowly chewing on his cigar. "Oh, sure. I'm not one of those birds that thinks nobody's ever going to discover any more than what I knew in the first place. I'm all for it. Sure, sure. You couldn't fly like they do now—all the time, safe as any kind of transportation there is—without instruments. It'll flabbergast you, what they've got on to in just a few years. But—you got to have them both. A—a real pilot's got to have them both. Knowing his instruments and—call it whatever you want to. I call it the seat of my pants."

"If," said Fleur—and Nicky, watching them, was amazed at the earnestness of both of them, at the equality of them, the slim fair girl with her delicate face and the squat man with the cold light blue eyes—"if you had to choose sometime—in a crisis—if the two were at war—what would you do?"

The pilot who had flown nearly two million miles looked at her a long time, and then he said with peculiar gentleness, "I guess maybe I'd fly with the seat of my pants."

Fleur turned her glowing eyes on Nicky. "And you?" she said.

Nicky felt hot and excited. He said, "You've got to stick to your instruments. That's what they're for."

Then Fleur said something unexpected. She said, "It doesn't matter, as long as you believe. They all come from the same source. It just matters how good they are and how clear your connection is."

Stub puffed a big blue cloud of smoke. "You're right, at that," he said, and Nicky stared at him, kept staring at him, while Fleur went to the piano and began to play a thing that Stub particularly liked—he didn't know that it was a Beethoven sonata. He liked it, he said, because he could hear wings.

When she stopped, Stub said, as though he had been thinking all the time, "That's right—it's the connection. You've got to keep the connection. Well, maybe it's a good thing all pilots are wacky. You kids get your hats and we'll go eat some sukiyaki."

Those things, or the sum of them, went through Nicky Balsoff's mind as he stood that night at the airport, looking down at Fleur. His happiness engulfed him. Youth was wine in him.

"Want to wait?" he said. "I'll take a look around and check my weather and be back. I've got an hour."

It was a rule, of course, that every pilot checked in at the operations office an hour before the time of his scheduled flight. Stub had taken out Trip 2 that afternoon at four o'clock. Nicky was due out on the next southbound at seven twenty. Nicky liked that. Gave him a sense of flying the same trail, and Stub was always waiting for him at the airport in Burbank, sitting in the café over a cup of coffee, chewing a cigar, and waiting to go into town.

Nicky swaggered through the waiting room, his cap over one eye. The moment he set foot on the airport he always felt that he owned the earth. He looked arrogant, sure of himself, and very young. His uniform was perfection. He hadn't any idea that there was a little something of Peter Pan about him, something of the boy who wouldn't grow up. It had its magnificence because it was backed by the fact that he was unquestionably the best of the youngsters, and today the youngsters were the best. Nothing to unlearn.

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In the weather room Nicky strolled over to the great map on the wall and said to the dispatcher, "How are all the little highs and lows this evening?"

The dispatcher said, "Mullins wants to see you."

Mullins was the operations manager at the field. Nicky lifted a left eyebrow, grinned, and went up a flight of stairs. His conscience was clear. Couldn't cancel out tonight; weather looked O. K.; little sour around Burbank.

Mullins was a short round man with pop eyes. He said, "We haven't heard from Stub."

Nicky said, "Since when?"

Mullins fiddled with a paperweight on his desk. It was made from the bottom of a German shell. Mullins had been with the Ninety-second Squadron during the war. "About an hour. Not since he left Bakersfield."

Nicky said, "You give me a pain. Stub could fly that in his sleep through a tornado on one motor. Maybe he's giving the passengers a look at some new scenery."

"Stub's not often late," Mullins said.

Nicky looked at his wrist watch. "He's only ten minutes late now," he said.

"I know," Mullins said. "Only Burbank's kind of upset not hearing from him."

"Burbank gets upset," said Nicky. "It's the climate. They've got two thousand and a mile. Stub could land the Hindenburg at Burbank with two thousand and a mile. I'll be back. I've got to make out my chart. How many passengers have I got?"

"Full up," said Mullins.

NICKY ran down the stairs. He wondered what was delaying Stub but he wasn't worried. Might have hit some head winds upstairs that cut down his speed. Or maybe he had a lame motor and was loafing along. Nothing really important could go wrong with those motors. Only thing, Stub was an awful old maid. Acted like he was disgraced if he was two minutes and a half late or used a gallon more gas than he'd charted.

He read the weather sequence and made out his chart. Time—altitudes—gas consumption. Everything was O. K. His co-pilot said something to him, but Nicky didn't answer. He had the funniest feeling that he must see Fleur immediately.

Fleur was sitting very still, her hands over her eyes. When she looked up, her eyes were very bright and far away. "What is it, Nicky?" she said.

Nicky laughed. "They've got the wind up because Stub's ten minutes late into Burbank."

She didn't say anything. Her face was white, but her hands were warm and strong and firm around his.

Suddenly she said, "Are you going to fly?"

"Sure. Everything's O. K. Little fog around Burbank—"

Her breath flowed out in a sound he could hear.

"What's wrong, sweet?" he said. "Say, don't you worry. You know me. Old safety first. I wouldn't ever fly if it wasn't O. K. Not me."

For a moment she didn't answer. She seemed to be listening, waiting, and then she flung back her head and took a deep breath, drawing it down deep into her.

"I know," she said.

"I'll go back," Nicky said. "Maybe they've heard from Stub. Probably have."

She started to say something, changed her mind, and nodded.

They hadn't heard from Stub. At five minutes after seven they still hadn't heard from him. He hadn't answered the radio calls. He was an hour late now. Nicky and Mullins stood in the radio room. There was a white line around Nicky's mouth but he was still casual.

"We going to fly?" he said.

"What d'you think?" Mullins asked him.

They had to agree, the pilot and the operations manager. If either of them said no, the plane wouldn't fly.

THE ring in Nicky's voice was pure defiance. "Sure. Why not? We've got a C A V U as far as the Ridge. We got a little light fog over the foothills. Burbank's clear. Why shouldn't we fly? We always would."

It was as though he wouldn't for a moment admit that Stub was missing, that there was any reason why they shouldn't fly.

"We'll fly," he said, and went out.

The stewardess said, "We've got a movie star on board."

"See if I care," said Nicky.

Fleur was standing in front of the car, looking up. On her face was that listening look that he had sometimes seen when he took her to symphony concerts. She turned to him. Their kiss held, long and yearning.

Fleur said, in a low voice, "I love you, Nicky. I have been wrong to wait. I am sure now—sure forever. Come back to me. I will marry you when you come back."

His heart swelled in him. He held her close and touched ecstasy.

"I'll be back," he said. He didn't want to leave her. He could hear the hum of the motors as the co-pilot turned them over. The sooner he left her the sooner he could return to that fulfillment she had at last promised him. "I've got to go now," he said. "I'll be back."

When he had gone five steps she called to him. "Nicky," she said in a clear strong voice, "keep your heart open, darling. Keep your receiving set open, my darling. We love you."

Nicky climbed into the plane and went forward to the pilot's cabin, his bright brown eyes noting the full load, the passengers already at their ease in the big comfortable chairs. He hooked up his earphones and called for a radio check. "Balsoff, on the ramp. One-two-three-four-five-six." The answer came back instantly: "Ramp. O. K., Balsoff. One-two-three-four-five-six." The dispatcher waved and he taxied easily down to the northeast runway, heading into the wind. As he ran up his motors in succession, he thought violently of Stub. Stub had taught him always to be careful in running up his motors, in checking his instruments, in every smallest detail.

As he gave the great plane full throttle and the terrific speed lifted her so easily off the ground and into the air that the miracle seemed commonplace, he had a warm feeling, remembering that old Stub had taken off at exactly that same spot only three hours ago, and that flying by another miracle he would follow him through the trackless air as simply as though his footsteps marked the way.

Why had Fleur said, "*We* love you"? Funny, it seemed all right when Fleur said something to him about—what was it?—keeping his heart open. If anybody else talked like that he'd think they were nuts. That was because with Fleur it was true. When he got back they would be married and Fleur and her music would belong to him. The way she had said, "sure, sure forever!" As though at last she couldn't live without him, had need of him.

At Bakersfield the weather was still clear and bright. The co-pilot said, "Want me to take it a while?" But Nicky shook his head. He was flying this trip himself. When he talked to the ground the next time they told him the fog was shifting back and forth a little over the mountains. Everything was open at Burbank. He wanted to ask about Stub but he didn't. He hadn't heard any calls. That must mean that Stub was down all right, sitting in the café with that famous cigar in his mouth, the same kind of cigar he'd always had in his mouth when he flew the mail through anything, climbed over the side of the open cockpit and said, "There's your mail, boys."

But he was conscious that his heart was hammering just a little with the desire to see Stub. To see him and get that big funny smile that was always waiting for Nicky at the end of the trip. "Keep your receiving set open," Fleur had said. Well, he was wide open for that smile, and then would he give Stub hell for scaring people to death! Probably been flying around with the seat of his pants and taken a short cut that cost him an hour.

There was fog on the mountains now and plenty of it. Fog shifting around, whipping in and out, showing mountain peaks reaching out of a flapping curtain of mist. Then it settled down to real stuff and Nicky was flying blind, on the pitch and bend. The beam was clear as a bugle. He was right on the beam. You didn't have to see. You rode a trail of sound through the darkness.

Suddenly Nicky heard the sound of another motor. His brows drew down. There oughtn't to be any other ship around there. He pressed his face against the glass and peered out. Nothing but darkness met his narrowed eyes. Then, as he peered, there was a great rift in the curtain and just for a moment he saw a big silver plane, shining with light, winging upward toward the stars. The curtain of darkness dropped again. There was nothing but darkness and silence.

Nicky said, "What the hell?" The co-pilot looked at him. "Did you see anything?" Nicky said. The co-pilot peered too, and shook his head.

Nicky relaxed and grinned sheepishly. One of those optical illusions. Cloud formations did unbelievable things. There were pilots flying between Kansas City and Chicago who swore they'd seen a black-and-silver ship before them in the night. They used to talk about it, secretly, in the pilots' rooms. Now it had been explained that it was some kind of electricity just in that section.

WHEN he was twenty minutes out of Burbank, still flying blind, Nicky began to let down. The beam was guiding him perfectly through the mountains and he followed it, letting down slowly and easily. Then, without warning, every drop of blood in his body ran cold and the hair stood up on the back of his neck. The scent of danger almost smothered him and the seat of his pants crawled. In the darkness ahead something was rushing at him.

Before he could move, his earphones shouted at him: "Pull her up out of there, Nicky! Pull her nose up! Pull her up, I tell you!"

Why, that was Stub! Nicky acted like lightning, without thought. He pulled the stick back, back, and the plane shot up faster, sharper than any plane Nicky had ever ridden. He righted it just in time to keep it from turning over on its back, and kept on climbing, his breath coming in gasps.

"Keep her climbing, boy," the voice in his earphones said. And there was a chuckle. Why, that was Stub! Exactly the way he'd said it when he was teaching Nicky to fly transports. Nicky's hands on the controls were steady but his heart was trying to break out of his chest. The voice said, broken now, by static or something, "There's a false beam there—maybe it's those ore deposits—I should have *known*—should have *felt*—"

The radio crackled like mad, the voice faded as though the connection had been cut. There was sweat on Nicky's face and the co-pilot said, staring at him in incredulous terror, "What's wrong with you, Nick? Where you going, for godsake?" But Nicky kept climbing. They were at six thousand. The thing that had been rushing at them in the dark was far below. At eight thousand they broke out of the fog into clear night.

He listened—listened with his ears, with his heart. "Keep your heart open, darling." The voice spoke again, gently, faintly; it was faint now: "That mountain sure was reaching for you, Nicky. I bet you got scrub-oak leaves in your undercarriage. Get on your compass and fly her in, boy. You're three miles east of your course. Use the seat of your pants, kid."

Nicky hollered, "I suppose a compass isn't an instrument, you big lug."

Stub's chuckle came back at him. Nicky shouted again, "I'm O. K. now. See you when I get in."

THERE was no beam now. Utter silence. Nicky bent his eyes on the compass and flew. The fog fell away. Well under him were the mountains. He could see a strip of black where the fog filled the pass. Lights flickered below. He picked up the beacons. Burbank lay below him. The ship glided down and Nicky chuckled. The old boy himself couldn't have beat that one.

He took off his earphones and grinned at the pilot, whose face was still a mask of bewilderment. "It's all right," he said. "But we were awful close to it that time. Damn near hit a fool mountain. Would have, if it hadn't been for Stub. He'd just been over it. He must have got on the radio to tell me."

Coming out with his cap over one eye and his coat slung over one shoulder, Nicky was surprised, after what had happened, not to see Stub standing around to watch him come in.

Nicky strode through the waiting room and peered into the café. Stub wasn't at his usual table. Funny, the whole place looked deserted. Nicky went along the corridor to the weather room. Before he could speak the dispatcher said, "It's tough, Nicky. Go up and see the boss. He's looking for you. He's—we're awful glad you made it."

A cold finger touched Nicky's heart. The boss sat alone in his office. His face was shrunken. To Nicky it seemed that he had aged a hundred years.

Nicky said, "Jake, where's Stub?"

Jake said, "He didn't make it."

"You're crazy," said Nicky furiously. "I talked to him half an hour ago. He's lost, then—he's—I tell you, I *talked* to him half an hour ago."

Jake rubbed a hand across his eyes. "You talked to Stub half an hour ago?"

"Sure," said Nicky. "I was letting down—at two thousand—I was three miles off my course. He told me—he said there was a false beam there—"

Jake said slowly, "Stub cracked up on that big mountain peak just off the highway—before you left Oakland. They just—found him. It's a washout."

Nicky sat down as though he crumpled.

Jake said, "You couldn't have—what'd he mean—a false beam?"

"Something about ore deposits—"

Jake said, "It *couldn't* have been Stub—you just imagined—somebody else on a short wave—but—" His face blazed. "A false beam! At that, that might be it. Why, we can take care of that. New identification signals—" and went out. Nicky heard his feet in the hall, running.

Before he left Oakland. Was that what Fleur had been listening to? He felt a sharp terrible longing for Fleur—Fleur who had said, "Keep your heart open, darling"—Fleur who was all he had left.

He put his head down in his hands on the desk and said, "Stub, we love you. Keep on the old pitch and bend, kid, wherever you are, and—happy landings."

THE END

HOW SMART ARE THE QUINTUPLETS?

Do you care? Well, you can't escape hearing — Here is the distressing case of one hapless listener-in

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

DEAR Mr. Editor: I've just arrived in Los Angeles. You sent me here. Why you sent me I've forgotten. It'll come to me presently, but right now I'm full of Dionnes and can't function properly.

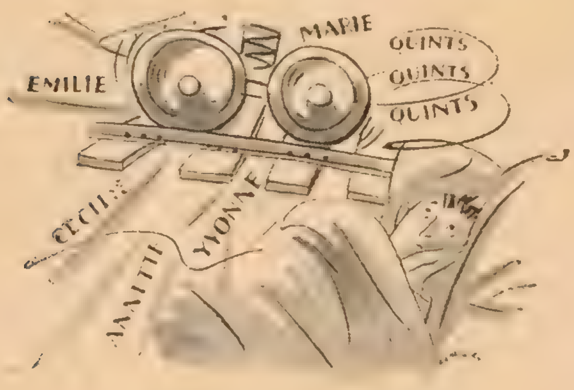
It's a tough break to get the Dionnes. Worse than getting the jitters. Jitters wear off. Maybe a little exercise on the typewriter will help. If it doesn't—

It began as the train was pulling out of Albany. And it kept up all across the country. I could no more avoid its insidiousness than I can help writing this piece. Before we reached El Paso, seven hours late, I was already under its influence.

I went into one of the smoking rooms after dinner. This was in Albany. There were half a dozen men there—serious, earnest, red-faced, puzzled business men.

"Put it this way," one of them was saying. "You have five problems that keep you working day and night trying to make an honest dollar. Real problems, too. All right. Now, out of the sky, as you might say, come five more problems. Now you've got ten. See what I mean?

"All right. The government takes over five of those problems; nurtures them, fosters them, turns them into assets. By this procedure it solves not only those five problems but all ten—no, I understand it's eleven now. Is that right? These eleven problems, and all other problems that may eventuate in the future, are taken care of in a decent, scientific, modern way. See what I mean?"



Jitters wear off; Dionnes don't.

It was some time before light came to me. He was speaking of the five little Dionnes—Emilie, Cécile, Annette, Yvonne, and Marie.

Yes, Mr. Editor, that's where it began. And from there on, the whole trip smelled of talcum powder, baby's breath, warm milk, and tenderness.

"Five dolls! I'd have fainted!"

Especially tenderness. I didn't hear one rough-toss story in 2,500 miles of travel. I didn't hear a new story. All the way across the continent those passengers who talked to me talked of little but the five diminutive Canadian queens.

Men and women talked of the quintuplets intimately, lovingly, wisely, and foolishly. They discussed them before they spoke of their own darlings. To hear some of them talk you'd think they were aunts or uncles of the famous babies. Most of them offered free and abundant advice to the Canadian government.

"It's only right that Canada should look after them," one woman said. She spoke fiercely, as though she felt I would contradict her. There was something in her eyes that warned me not to.

"Those little miracle workers," she went on, "first made a humble backwoods doctor world-famous. Then they made Canada famous as a place to bring up children. Look what they've done for the doll industry. Do you know that last Christmas they put five dolls in a million homes? Five, mind you; not just one doll, but five. If Santa'd ever given me five dolls for Christmas, I'd have fainted with joy."

The lady's eyes softened, perhaps with memories of her distant childhood; but they hardened again, and she continued in her challenging voice:

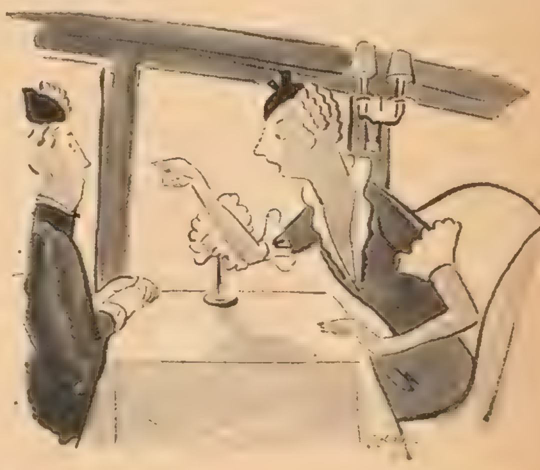
"And look how they've strengthened the bond between Canada and the United States. Why, every woman I talk to loves those little Canadian darlings as though they were her own little girls, born right here in the United States. I tell you it's"—she delved deep for the right word, and found it—"it's sublime."

I didn't say anything. I felt sort of numbed.

"Don't you just adore them?" another woman asked. She'd been waiting patiently for the chance to agree with her dominant neighbor.

"I think their pictures are adorable. So cute. And they're so smart and cunning. I just adore them. Did you see them in the movies? Weren't they just divine? We were planning on a trip to Canada last year, to Callander—isn't that the name of the place? I would have given anything—anything—to see them!"

"They'll be three years old soon," a third woman said. "I think children are wonderful at that age, so cuddly and everything, and their necks are so sweet! Don't you love to kiss a baby's neck? It's the next thing to heaven! Five chubby little necks! I think it's a shame you had the chance to see them, actually see them and talk to them, and didn't take advantage of it. They say millions of people go to see them every year—ex-



"No government would take mine!"

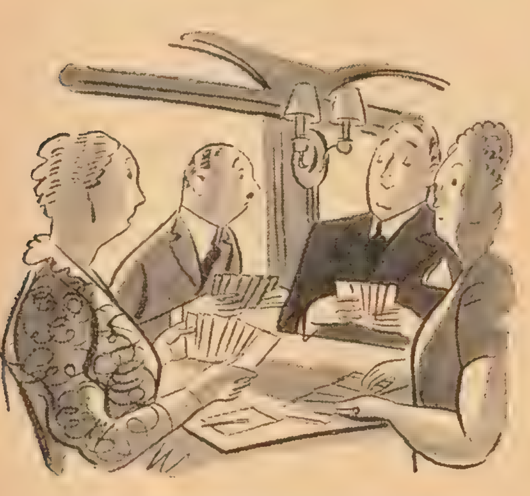
BY EDWARD DOHERTY

ILLUSTRATED BY ROESE

cept, of course, when it's too cold and there's too much snow. But even in winter I'd go, if I had the opportunity."

New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, Illinois—Emilie, Yvonne, Marie, Annette, and Cécile. Missouri, Kansas, Oklahoma, Texas, New Mexico, Arizona, California—Dionne, Dionne, Dionne, Dionne, Dionne.

"But think of the parents," a woman said. This was at breakfast. We were stalled somewhere in New Mexico. The engine had broken down and we were just waiting there. The woman sat four tables away, but I could hear every word distinctly.


"Five Dionnes," bid the player.

"No government would take my babies away from me! Not under any circumstances. How that mother and father must feel—bringing up five children one way—"

"Six," said the woman sitting next to her.

"Oh, is it six now?"

"Oh, yes. Don't you remember? A boy, born after the quintuplets. There was a big piece in the paper about it. His name is—dear, dear, what was his name? Well, anyway, six at home. I'm sure of that."

"Six, then," the other woman said. "Six at home, and the others shut up away from them. I'd fight. I'd fight the government and everybody else."

"But they're poor, Jessie. They couldn't afford to bring up those children. And they were so tiny and so weak when they were born! Everybody thought they'd die. If the government hadn't stepped in they might have died. Wouldn't that have been terrible?"

Breakfast, lunch, dinner, highballs and cocktails in the observation car later, bridge, Russian bank, a little covert poker played without chips—and talk of the Dionnes.

"They'll never need a fourth," a woman laughed as she dealt the cards.

"Five Dionnes," said a man at another table, meaning to bid five diamonds.

"Six," his partner said. She smiled, and put her cards face up on the table without waiting to hear another bid. She hadn't a diamond in her hand.

"They've already entered their social life," she said, "endorsing this, that, and the other. Five little Social Register misses. Five little movie stars. Don't you wonder what they'll be when they grow up?"

"They'll be the most famous actresses in the world," said the woman on her right—Mrs. West, the bridge sharks might call her.

"I don't agree with you," the dummy, or Mrs. North, answered. "They'll be the greatest belles in the world. They won't have to go on the stage or into pictures. They won't even have to go on the air. By the time they're eighteen they'll have so much money they won't have to do anything. They must be worth millions of dollars right now, and not yet three years old."

"Wonder whom they'll marry," piped up an elderly lady kibitzer. "My, my, suppose they all stand up together before the altar. Five brides all in white!"

"They'd have to have five ministers, wouldn't they?" asked the man who was trying to play six diamonds.

"No," the kibitzer answered. "But they would have to have five bridegrooms. And of course that might spoil it, they all being shorter or taller than each other, and none of them looking at all alike."

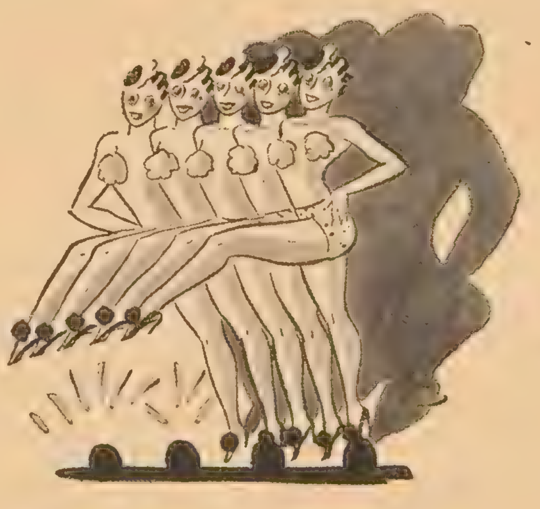
The bidder shook his head doggedly.

"No, sir," he said. "You can't marry them en masse. No, sir. The wedding march, and one quintuplet comes down the aisle on the arm of her father.

"After the wedding, the organ goes into Lohengrin again, and down the aisle comes the second bride on the arm of her father. And then—"

"Goodness!" said the kibitzer. "Would you make that poor old man walk up and down the aisle of that church all day?"

"And what about their brothers and sisters?" a new voice demanded.


"They needn't go on the stage."

This was the woman who'd spoken so loudly and acidulously in the diner that morning.

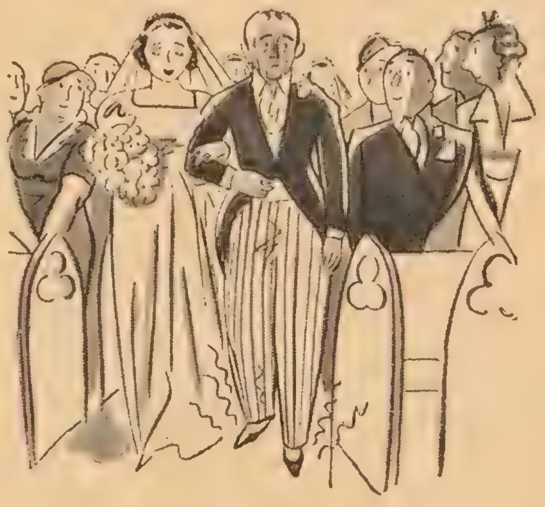
"There'll be half a million people in the church when the quintuplets get married—if they can all get in there. And there'll be a million people outside. There'll be moving-picture men from all over the world, and hundreds of radios broadcasting the ceremony. And maybe half a dozen dukes will be there, and a crowd of other nobility.

"But what about those brothers and sisters? Who will care when they get married? Who'll go to see them? It isn't right. It isn't just."

"I heard the quints were all going out to Hollywood for their next picture," said a little girl. "It was in the papers."

It was hard to sleep. I kept dreaming of the five little quints. I kept dreaming of rows and rows of books: The Quints in Hollywood, The Quints at School, The Quints on the Isle of Pines, The Quints in College, The Love Lives of the Quints. I'd wake up and hear the wheels murmuring over and over again, "Annette, Cécile, Yvonne, Emilie, Marie."

We crept into Los Angeles around noon, about five hours late; and I began to breathe normally again. But only for a minute. The porter was brushing me off.


"Up and down the aisle all day."

"You know, sir," he said, "it's a question of permutation."

"Permutation?" I said.

"Yes, sir," he said. "Permutation. The quintuplets now. Twins have twins. Can't have no twins unless you're a twin yourself. That's permutation. Now here are these five little ladies growing up fat and sassy and pretty as you please. Coming on three years old. They'll marry some day. Then what happens? Permutation. That's what. Each little quint has five little quints of her own. Maybe ten or fifteen or twenty. Five at a time.

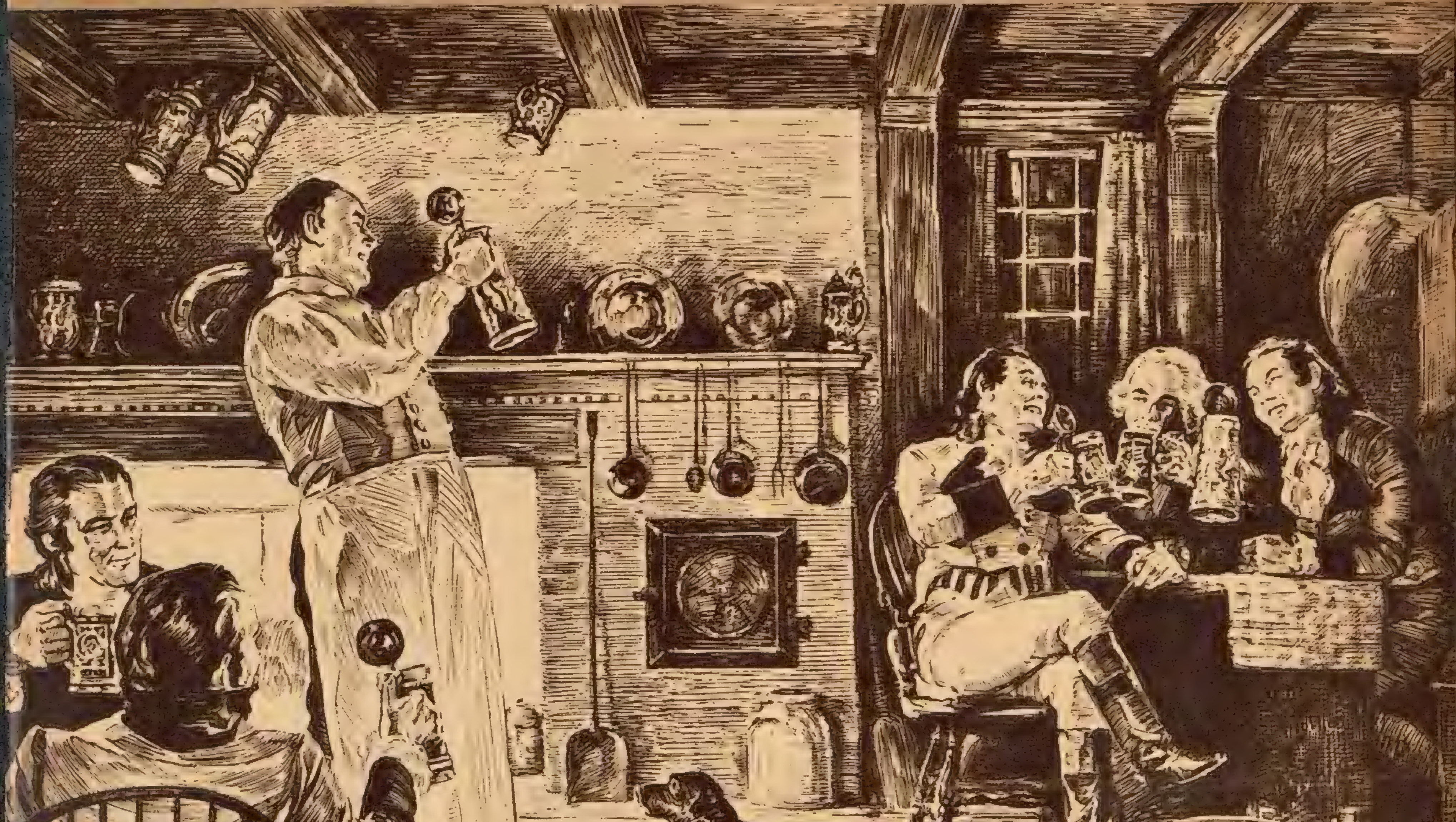
"Man, man! Them quints'll populate the earth. Hundred, two hundred years from now all children'll come in sets; and forty-fifty per cent of them will be great-great-grandchildren of them five little quintuplets. Yes, sir. Permutation."

There was a lot more, Mr. Editor, a whole lot more; but it would not interest you. You might get the Dionnes too.

So, if you don't mind, would you kindly send me a wire telling me exactly why you sent me out here, and what you expect from me? I think I'd better come home by plane. You can't talk so well in a plane. And you can't hear so well. With best regards,
EDWARD DOHERTY.

THE END

The Beer That Made Milwaukee Famous



BOTTLED AT THE BREWERY
CONTAINS 100 U.S.P. XI UNITS VITAMIN D
CONTAINS 4¾% OF ALCOHOL BY VOLUME
INTERNAL REVENUE TAX PAID
THE BREWERY'S OWN BOTTLING
Schlitz
THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

Pleasant Memories of Olden Times
Schlitz in "Steinies"

SCHLITZ poured from modern "Steinie" Brown Bottles brings glorious memories of olden days . . . of brown-raftered inns . . . and the finest old-day beers in old, stone steins. Old-day brewmasters labored hard and long to catch the delicious, old-time flavor that Schlitz brews so uniformly, *winter and summer*, into every drop . . . under Precise Enzyme Control.

The uniform goodness of Schlitz is the direct result of years of research and the investment of countless dollars in scientific development of the brewing art. You taste immediately the delicious difference between Schlitz and other beers.

Enjoy it today, in modern "Steinie" Brown Bottles, with health benefits of Sunshine Vitamin D, the finest beer men and science can brew.

Schlitz "Steinie" Brown Bottles are compact—light in weight—easy to carry —take less space in your refrigerator. Contents same as regular bottle. Also available in the familiar Tall Brown Bottle and Cap-Sealed Can.

[You don't have to cultivate a taste for Schlitz . . . you will like it on first acquaintance . . . and ever after.]

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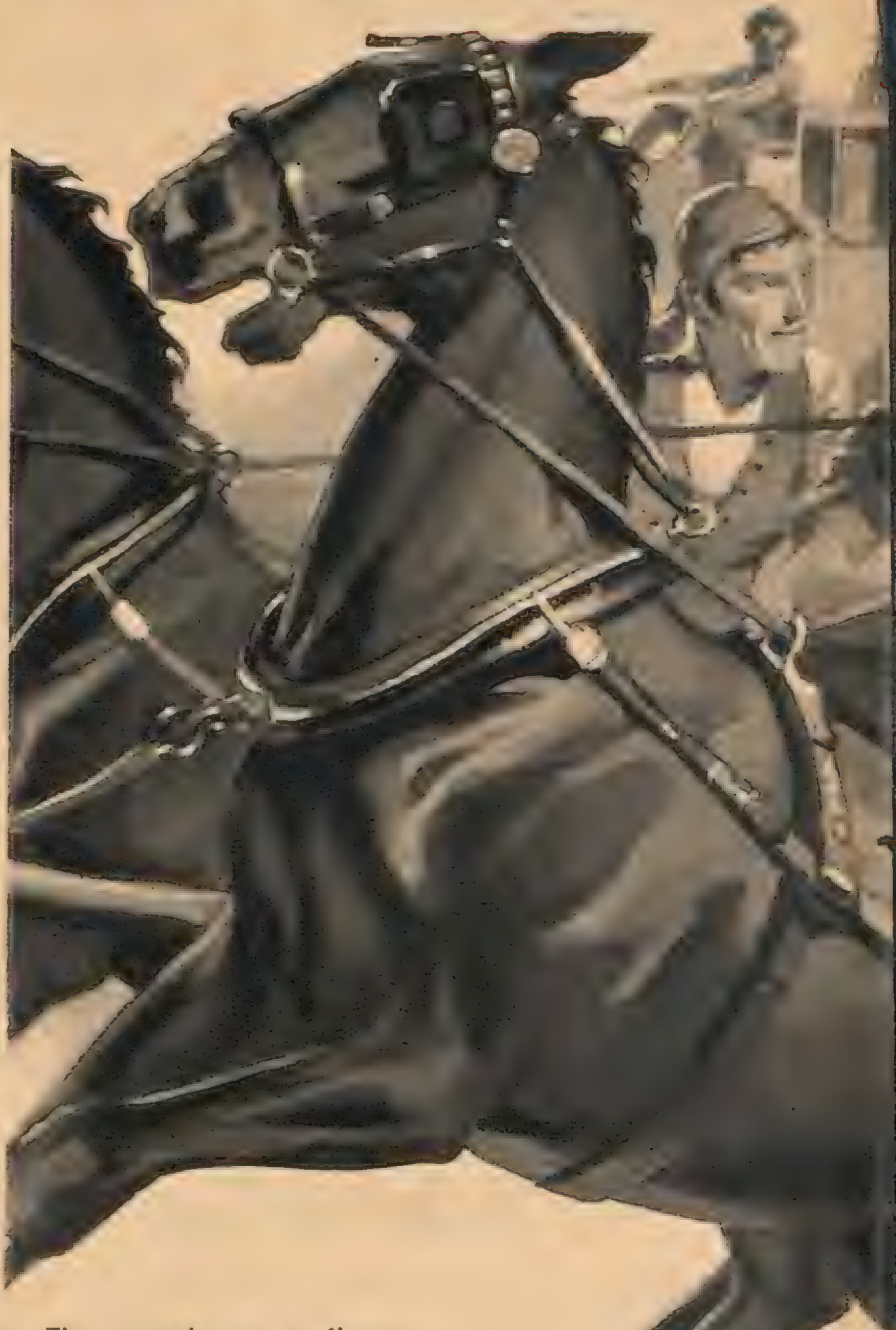
JOS. SCHLITZ BREWING CO. *Milwaukee, Wis.*

Love-Song FOR SUPPER

BY AGNES CHRISTINE JOHNSTON

★ In which Cinderella, 1937 model, defies the lightning — a gay story of romance and a determined young lady

READING TIME ● 18 MINUTES 25 SECONDS



The crowd saw a silver-clad girl suddenly rise and flourish a long whip.

TINK was sitting alone in the moonlight in the great left-wing room they'd given her—because Tink had to have plenty of space—and she'd settled down for a good cry when a man walked in through the balcony door. A burglar, she told herself.

"What are you doing in my room?" she asked.

"What are you doing in *my* room?" he asked right back.

Tink jerked on a light and looked him over. He was at least half a foot taller than herself, which was plenty tall. Rumpled black hair. Blue eyes. And a lot of chin. In his hand was a smart piece of airplane luggage.

Tink took her feet off the table. "I'm so used to riding clothes," she said. Then, suddenly, she sat up straight. "You couldn't be Judd Chappellet!"

"Maybe not," said the young man, putting down his suitcase. "But I'm getting away with it. Now, I wouldn't ask you to get out of my room, but I've just flown from New York, and I'm very tired, and I want to duck that party my family seem to be tossing downstairs."

"That's *my* family's party," said Tink, "and we've rented your house for three months, and your family's chartered a yacht and gone off somewhere."

"They might have told me." Judd flopped into a chair and reached for one of Tink's cigarettes. "But, after all, they didn't know where I was."

"I think you're a very careless family," said Tink severely. "And you better not let my Pops catch you hanging around. He's terribly edgy these days. Ever since business began to pick up. With nothing to worry about, he worries about nothing. That's why Gracyn and Sheila—they're my sisters—made him come out to California for a rest. And after the perfectly absurd rent your family got for this house, they might at least have paid their bills. We had to clear off everything before we could move in."

"It takes a lot of money to rent a yacht," Judd defended. "It's even taken my money. When I stopped off in San Francisco I found the family had got hold of the quarterly allowance from my trust fund." He put his hand in his pocket. "Just this between now and the first of the month," he moaned.

"Why don't you see Kay Manners?" suggested Tink. "She got in yesterday for the Fiesta."

Judd started. "Oh, so you know about Kay?"

"You really love her so much?" countered Tink. "I mean love her more than you loved Jenifer and Kits and Frances and—"

"Say!" Judd scowled. "You been reading my mail?"

"Only old letters. I had to clean out your desk, didn't I? There were two wastebasketfuls, and I dumped them through the transom of the storeroom upstairs. Your family reserved that for their things, you know."

"The storeroom," mused Judd. "That's an idea. There must be some old mattresses up there, and I could push a couple of trunks together."

"You can't even get in," said Tink. "It's locked, and your family has the key."

"I don't need a key. All I have to do is to swing up to the window from the balcony, break a pane of glass—which your Pops will probably pay for—and I'm fixed."

He walked toward the balcony, and, as he passed the bed, yanked off a tan wool blanket. He pointed to the monogram "J. C." in one corner. "I had it branded when it was just a little lamb. Anyway, I deserve it for

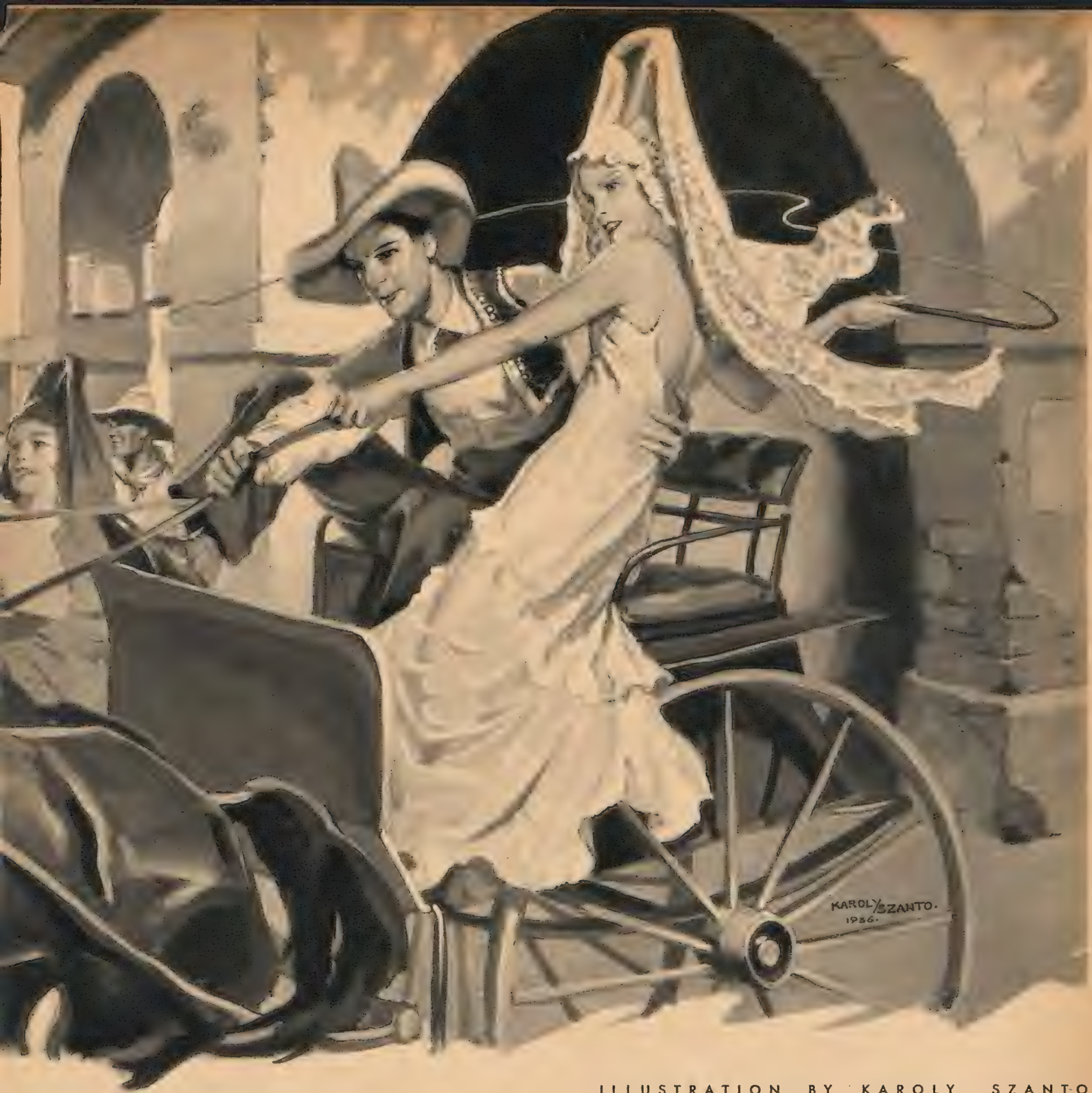

KAROLY SZANTO. 1936.

ILLUSTRATION BY KAROLY SZANTO

cheering you up. What were you crying about when I came in?"

"I wasn't crying!" defied Tink.

"Yes, you were. And I'll have to admit the effect was grand." At the balcony door he paused and smiled. "Has anybody ever told you that you had silver eyes?"

"No," snapped Tink.

"Well, they will some day."

He stepped on to the balcony. His long body moved upward and disappeared out of sight like an elevator. Above the music of the party Tink could hear the faint clink of breaking glass. After a few moments she went to a mirror and stood staring into her own eyes. . . .

"Orange juice, tea, cereal, and a couple of two-minute eggs." Tink was ordering her breakfast tray over the house phone next morning, when a voice at her elbow said, "Three-minute eggs, please."

Judd Chappellet stood over her in a dark silk dressing gown.

"And some little pork sausages, and waffles, and a glass of milk," he added.

Tink made a face at him; but she ordered the sausages and waffles and milk and even an extra minute for the eggs, then hung up the phone and turned to frown.

"You've plenty of nerve, Mr. Chappellet."

Judd smiled. "It's my greatest charm. The gals love it. You will when you know me better."

"I'm not going to know you better."

"Oh, yes, you are. I'll be dropping in for breakfast almost every morning on my way down from the storeroom. And look"—he waved a greenback—"I found a tenner in the pocket of an old pair of tails. What with all the Fiesta parties and barbecues going on, I'll be able to get by."

Tink sat upright in bed. "Listen. Last night you noticed I was crying when you came in. Well, I was. Because you wouldn't dance with me."

"That," said Judd, "is definitely insane."

"Oh, I don't mean you personally. I mean the thirty or forty young men in Santa Barbara who are exactly like you. If just one of you had cut in on me last night, or any night, the family wouldn't be sending me off to school—to a perfectly awful prissy old school. Just when I'm getting good at polo, with all the practice I get out here. And there's the Los Angeles Horse Show coming up. I've the sweetest little palomino mare I broke and trained myself. I'm sure to take a blue ribbon with her in the five-gaited class."

"Oh, you're one of those horse-crazy girls," said Judd.

"I like horses because horses like me. And, except for Pops, they're about all who do. And it's especially terrible because my sisters, Gracyn and Sheila, are such wows. But if I suddenly knocked over a well known heart buster like Judd Chappellet it would show I had charm, too, wouldn't it? And if I had charm, I wouldn't need to be sent off to school. Then I could show my palomino at the horse show."

"I thought you were awake," said Judd. "If you'll pardon me, I'll go back to my trunk."

"If you're going to use the storeroom," said Tink sternly, "you'll have to be rats about me all Fiesta. Really rats. Whirl me with phone calls and cut-ins and orchids—"

"That would be an amusing idea, but would it amuse Kay?"

"It would do Kay good. Although I suppose she couldn't be very jealous of a clunk like me."

"Not so fast!" cried Judd. "I told you last night you had good eyes. And Kay is definitely the jealous type. I'll have to think this over."

A knock at the door made Tink lower her voice. "There's Manuella with the breakfast tray."

"Don't break my egg," warned Judd, moving toward the bathroom door. "I'll have myself a shower." . . .

Fiesta began, in the best Santa Barbara tradition, with a parade. Tink was on her palomino, and from an old Mexican harness maker she had wangled a sidesaddle thickly studded with silver conchitas. Bridle, reins, and martingale were also silver-set, and with every step the mare jingled. Tink herself wore a dress that had been new when Santa Barbara was young: gray, with many ruffles and a fichu of silver lace. On her short brown hair was a silver lace mantilla that made her tan skin golden.

Beside her, on a sixteen-hand chestnut, rode Judd. As they passed the box on State Street where Gracyn and Sheila sat surrounded by young men, he leaned over and put his hand on Tink's.

He began whispering tenderly:

"This is the dumbest thing I ever did in my life. Talk about Tommy Tucker singing for his supper!"

"But you rush divinely," said Tink. "What have you told Kay Manners?"

"I'm stopping at the Biltmore. That part's O. K. One of the switchboard girls is a friend of mine, and when anybody calls, she says I'm out and takes the messages."

A LITTLE after midnight they arrived at the Biltmore costume ball, where Tink encountered her sisters in the dressing room.

"You both look simply swell," Tink said. "But I think I look just as swell. Maybe even a little sweller. Gray and silver are my colors. They set off my eyes. Judd Chappellet says my eyes are almost silver. He borrowed this outfit for me from one of the Zabollas, and he says—"

"What's all this Judd Chappellet business?" demanded Sheila. "Here he's just back in town, and everybody's talking—"

"Oh, Judd and I found we had something in common," said Tink lightly, not bothering to mention it was a room.

"Just wait till it gets around to Pops," said Gracyn. "His baby trotting around with a wild Chappellet!"

"Well, she won't be rushed by him long, dear," said Sheila a little greenly. "Kay Manners has got him again. They've been around the dance floor five times, and he won't let anybody cut in."

"I'll bet he dances with me when I go back," said Tink, tossing her silver mantilla. "And I'll bet before the night's over he kisses me."

Tink went back to the dance floor and was immediately snatched into the arms of Cracky Crenshaw, who told her she was "dynamite." The only time he'd ever spoken to her before was to snarl, "Leave it!" in a mixed polo game. Two seconds later Jim Trainor cut. Then Dicky Marsh. And then Juan Zabolla.

But every turn in the dance was to Tink a circle that brought her back to the sight of Judd with Kay Manners. Kay's cool bright beauty . . . her way of smiling at a man—a slow careless smile that quickened to warm provocation.

At last Judd looked up from Kay and caught Tink's eyes squarely. Jack Waring cut in on Kay. Judd let him and made his way through the dancers to Tink. He tapped Juan on the shoulder and slipped his arm around Tink.

"Well," he said, "you seem to be doing all right."

"All right? I'm a wow," Tink gloated.

"I fixed it all up for you," said Judd. "Just dropped the word that you had silver eyes and they all want a look."

"'Silver Eyes,'" mused Tink. "I think that's what I'll call my palomino."

"See here," chided Judd. "That's not the way to keep on wowing—dancing with a man and thinking about a horse. And, to make it worse, you tell him so." Judd grinned. "Did you notice Kay's look when I let Waring cut in on us?"

"I noticed," said Tink. "Don't you think we'd better go out into the patio?"

THE patio was sweet with jasmine. Twosomes strolled toward the beach or sat huddled close in shadowed corners. The moon made the night all white and unrolled a silver carpet across a gray sweep of sea.

"It's lovely!" breathed Tink.

"I've seen it before," said Judd. "Now how's about going back inside?"

"No," said Tink. "First you have to kiss me."

"What!" cried Judd.

"There are several people out here looking us over who'll spread the news. A kiss is all we need to make things perfect."

"You asked for it," said Judd, and swept her close.

When the kiss was over, Tink still kept her head tilted back on Judd's arm and stared up at him, her silver eyes full of moonlight.

Fiesta tinkled on.

Friday night—or perhaps it was nearer Saturday dawn—Judd drove Tink home from the street dancing. As he handed her out in front of the rambling white hacienda, he said:

"This is my last night as a stowaway. I ran into Cokey Suydam at the dance, and he loaned me two hundred dollars. He says he's sure he owes it to me anyway, and I think he probably does. And Kay's taking a party in her father's plane to Ensenada tomorrow, to celebrate getting her final decree."

"Well, I won't need you after tomorrow," said Tink. "Pops has promised I can join the girls' polo team. And they're leaving immediately for a two months' tournament up and down the coast, which will make me too late to go to the charm school. So I guess he thinks I don't need it."

"Of course you don't," said Judd. "I've taught you practically everything there is to learn about charm."

Tink tilted back her head and smiled at him. "Good night, Mr. Chappellet. I hate you."

Judd smiled down at her. "Silver eyes shouldn't tell lies."

Tink shook her head angrily. "Why shouldn't you bore me? Knowing all the time you're with me you're wishing you were with Kay Manners."

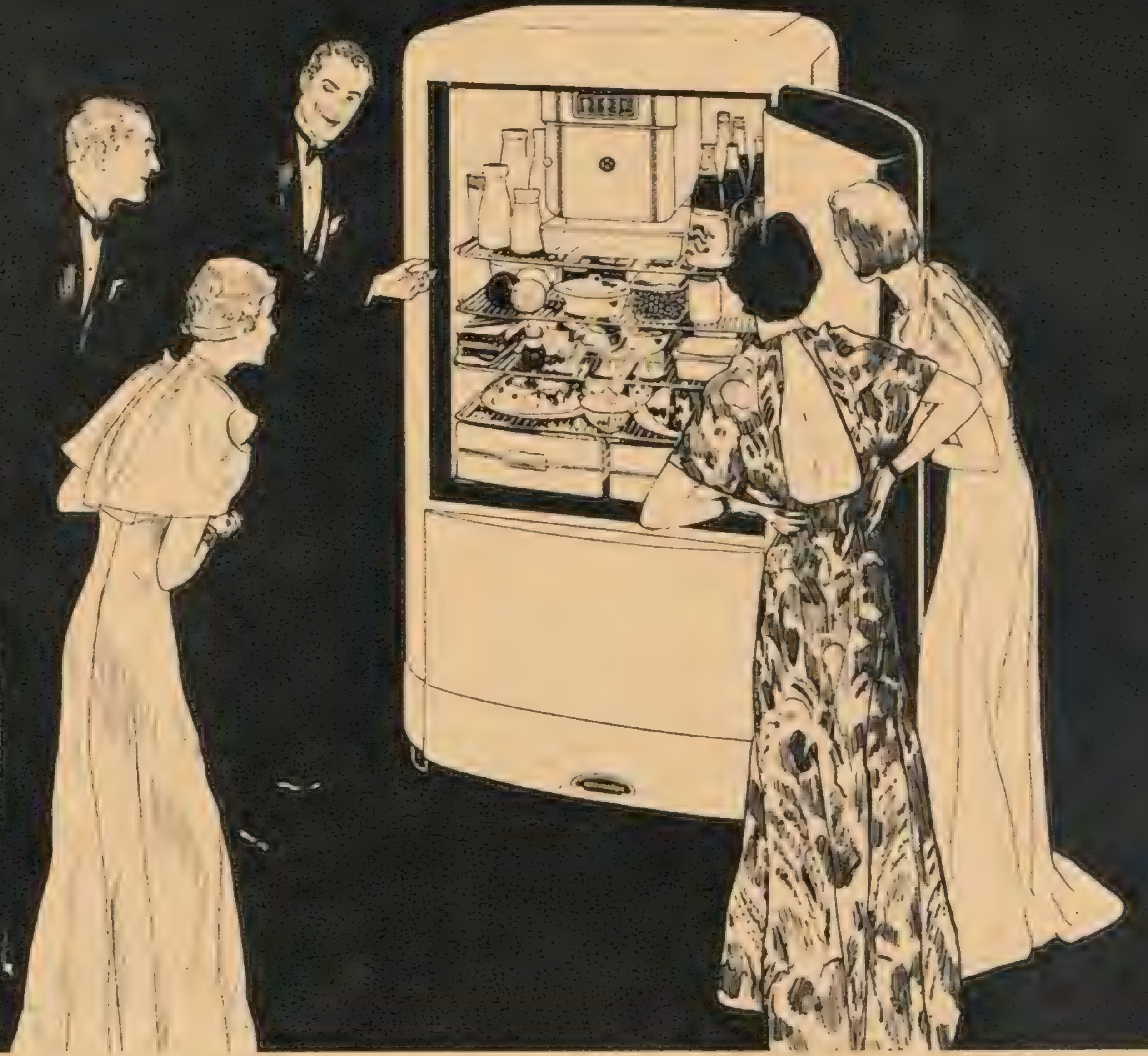
Judd caught Tink's shoulders in a firm grasp and looked down at her. Just then a car came up and spilled out Gracyn and Sheila and half a dozen gaily dressed caballeros.

"Hi, Judd! Hi, Silver Eyes!" they called out.

Judd leaned forward and kissed Tink lightly on the nose. "Good night, dear," he said so the others could hear plainly. Then went to drive the car around to the back entrance of the estate.

(Continued on page 26)

WHY THE ARISTOCRAT OF REFRIGERATORS
Costs you Less to Own



KELVINATOR, the first electrical refrigerator, has always been the aristocrat of the field. Today it offers more luxury than ever—the handsomest cabinet, more convenience features, greater quantities of ice, lower temperatures assuring more dependable cold storage.

The new plus-powered Kelvinator does more. It saves more. Here are two facts that are leading thousands of owners of automatic refrigerators, hitherto considered satisfactory, to replace today with the new Kelvinator.

FACT ONE: The new 1937 Kelvinator is plus-powered. It has as much as double the cooling capacity of other well-known refrigerators of equal size.

FACT TWO: The new Kelvinator runs only half as many minutes per day—during the rest of the time it maintains low temperatures using no current at all.

The new Kelvinator costs more to build, but it costs no more to buy than a less powerful, less economical refrigerator. It can be bought on your dealer's special time payment plan—or for as little as 90¢ a week on the Kelvinator ReDisCo Plan.

KELVIN HOME

WHERE A NEW WAY OF LIVING BEGINS

Equipped with Kelvinator electric refrigeration, complete air conditioning with year 'round automatic control of heat and humidity, electric or gas range, washing machine, ironer and automatic water heater—can be constructed by your own architect and builder for less than $7,500. The Kelvin Home Book, with exterior views, floor plans and description of equipment, is now available without cost wherever Kelvinator products are sold.

KELVINATOR, Division of NASH-KELVINATOR CORPORATION, Detroit, Michigan. Factories also in London, Ontario, and London, England.

PLUS-POWERED *Kelvinator* **CUTS THE COST OF BETTER LIVING**

Dull-Listless
—SKIN BROKE OUT!

● Constipation got me down so badly that I was mean to the very people I liked best. I just couldn't help it. Certain laxatives were so repulsive that I hated to take them. I hadn't yet learned how to avoid out-of-date "dosing." Then I found out something I'll always remember.

Here's the lesson she learned

THE 3 MINUTE WAY! Three minutes of chewing make the difference

● In desperation I consulted my druggist. He advised FEEN-A-MINT. "It's different!" he said. I tried it—found it tasted just like delicious chewing gum. Thanks to FEEN-A-MINT, life became so different. All of me felt better at once. Exit sickish feeling, headache, "blues." I sang with joy to see the color in my cheeks. My mirror whispered—"You're yourself again!"

And she's so happy now

● Now life is so *different* for this girl, just as it is for over 16 million other FEEN-A-MINT users. FEEN-A-MINT is thorough, satisfying. The chewing is what helps make it so wonderfully dependable. Acts gently in the lower bowel, not in the stomach. No griping, no nausea. Not habit-forming. Economical. Delicious flavor and dependability make it the favorite at all ages. Sample free. Write Dept. N-9, FEEN-A-MINT, Newark, N. J.

FOR ADULTS AND CHILDREN
Feen-a-mint
THE CHEWING GUM LAXATIVE
NO TASTE BUT THE MINT

BETTER BECAUSE YOU CHEW IT

(Continued from page 24)

Cracky Crenshaw came rushing up. "Come on, Silver Eyes. We're going to fry eggs. Do you want yours on white or rye, or will you have 'em on the back porch in the moonlight?"

"Thanks, but I couldn't possibly eat any fried porch on my eggs tonight," Tink choked out, and ran into the house.

She went up to her room and closed the door, but she didn't turn on the light. She saw Judd's tall dark figure appear on the balcony and move up out of sight. She heard the faint rasp of the storeroom window being opened.

She tried to think how fine it was she wouldn't have to go to that charm school. But still she couldn't forget—It's the last time. The last time I'll hear him bumping around up there in the storeroom. The last time I'll hear him drop his shoes. . . .

A scream shrilled from upstairs. A woman's.

Tink ran into the hall, and there was Manuella coming down the stairs from the servants' quarters on the third floor. Manuella, in high-necked nightgown, her black braids swinging, her eyes round with terror.

"*Sacra mia!* A ghost!" Sobbing, she ran to Tink.

Feet were running up the stairs from the kitchen. Cracky Crenshaw first, waving a bread knife; behind him, Gracyn and Sheila and all the others. Then, pounding down from the other end of the hall, Pops in his gray wool bathrobe, scowling.

"It was a ghost," moaned Manuella. "In the storeroom."

"Hurrah!" cried Cracky, advancing with his knife. "We'll have a ghost hunt. On to the storeroom!"

"There couldn't be anybody in there," Tink said quickly. "It's locked."

Pops spoke up. "I've a key, and if Manuella heard anything, it was me going in after an extra blanket, so I could go to sleep."

"Well, I like sleeping myself when I get around to it," said Cracky Crenshaw.

HE led his gang downstairs. Pops went with Tink to her room, and switched on the light, and plomped down in the largest chair, and drew his tall daughter onto his lap.

Tink put her head on his shoulder and began to cry.

"Oh, Pops," she choked out. "You know about Judd?"

"Yes," said Pops. "I heard him knocking around that first night. Whose cigarettes do you think he's been smoking, anyway?"

"You mean you talked with him—before tonight?"

"Yes," said Pops.

"And you didn't have him thrown out. Why?"

Pops gave Tink a long look that started out fierce but ended up smiling.

"Because," he said slowly, "I thought Judd Chappellet would do you a great deal of good. You know, it's been rather your fault that you've been left out of things. I've watched you. You've liked horses. You've liked sports. But you haven't liked people. I've found one has to suffer, do crazy things oneself, to put up with the crazy things in other people. Now, there's nothing more crazy or more likely to make you suffer than falling in love with Judd Chappellet."

Tink raised a tear-pink face. "Me fall in love with Judd? That would be crazy!"

Pops tightened his arm around Tink and laid his cheek against the scratchy silver lace of the mantilla.

"The Chappellets aren't the only family with a wild streak in them. Your mother was quite crazy to fall in love with me, for instance. Some day I'll have to tell you about that."

"You mean if I were in love with him—which I'm not—you wouldn't mind?" cried Tink, astonished.

I'VE sat up late, and smoked six cigarettes a night with him, for three nights in succession. It's practically ruined my health. But he's all right, or at least he could be made all right."

"But, oh, Pops," moaned Tink, "Kay Manners!"

"I thought I was in love with another girl when I met your mother," said Pops.

"But Kay—she's so smart, and so darned beautiful."

"The girl I thought I was in love with was beautiful too. But your mother took me away from her. A very determined woman, your mother. She was like you, Tink, silver eyes—"

"That's just what Judd calls them!" cried Tink, and began to sob all over again.

Pops lifted her up, carried her over to the bed, and gently laid her down. He stood for some moments looking down at the slim shaking figure, thinking how hard it was to guide one's child to happiness, and how, though Tink's mother had been dead fifteen years, the world grew more empty every day. Then he bent and kissed Tink's wet cheek and tiptoed away.

Next day was the end of Fiesta. State Street, from Anapamu to Haley, was transformed into a scene of ninety years gone by. Old vehicles moved up and down, a stagecoach, an ox-drawn carreta, a Wells Fargo Express with high wooden wheels.

Tink, in a high-wheeled Spanish gig, tooled a pair of matched black thoroughbreds. Judd sat pressed close on the narrow seat. Her eyes, straight front, could only catch quick glances from time to time of him—his lean tanned cheek, the jut of his chin beneath his sombrero.

This is the last time I'll sit beside him . . . maybe the last time I'll ever see him. . . . My last chance, and I can't even talk to him.

The horses snorted and shied at a flutter of bunting from one of the boxes that lined the street.

"Those brutes are plenty high," remarked Judd.

"Juan Zabolla made an awful fuss

about lending them to me," said Tink. "But I promised if I got hurt he could come see me in the hospital."

"It didn't occur to you that I might not care to go to a hospital," said Judd as the horses lunged.

"It would be just too bad if you couldn't fly down to Ensenada with Kay," snapped Tink.

"Child," beamed Judd, "you're jealous!"

"You flatter yourself!" cried Tink angrily.

But even as she raged and thought, I hate him—hate him! she told herself, Kay in two blocks—in one block—half a block! This is the end, and oh, I don't want it to be!

And then, there on Anapamu Street was Kay, sitting in her roadster, cool and confident and beautiful. Kay waiting for Judd.

The crowd watching the parade gasped as they saw a silver-clad girl in a high-wheeled Spanish gig suddenly rise to her feet and flourish a long snake whip. The two black horses snorted and reared and started to run, the mare kicking over the dashboard as she went.

"Crazy!" shouted Judd as he leaned to grab whip and reins. But one of the mare's steel-shod hoofs caught his arm below the elbow.

The gig rocked. Judd, one arm limp, held Tink with the other while she sawed on the reins. No good. The blacks had cold-jawed, holding the bits in numbed mouths.

At the end of State Street a motorcar, crossing the intersection, sent the gig swerving up Micheltorena. As this was toward the mountains and the home ranch, the blacks quickened their pace. On—on—incredibly missing cars—until at last the gig was bumping along a narrow woods road. There, though her hands were cut and sore, Tink finally slowed the blacks to a trot.

She turned to Judd, whose good arm was still holding her.

"I'm sorry you're hurt," she said. "Is it bad?"

"Probably only a broken elbow," said Judd, and he took his good arm from her waist and gingerly felt the other. "Just what was the bright idea—making the horses bolt?"

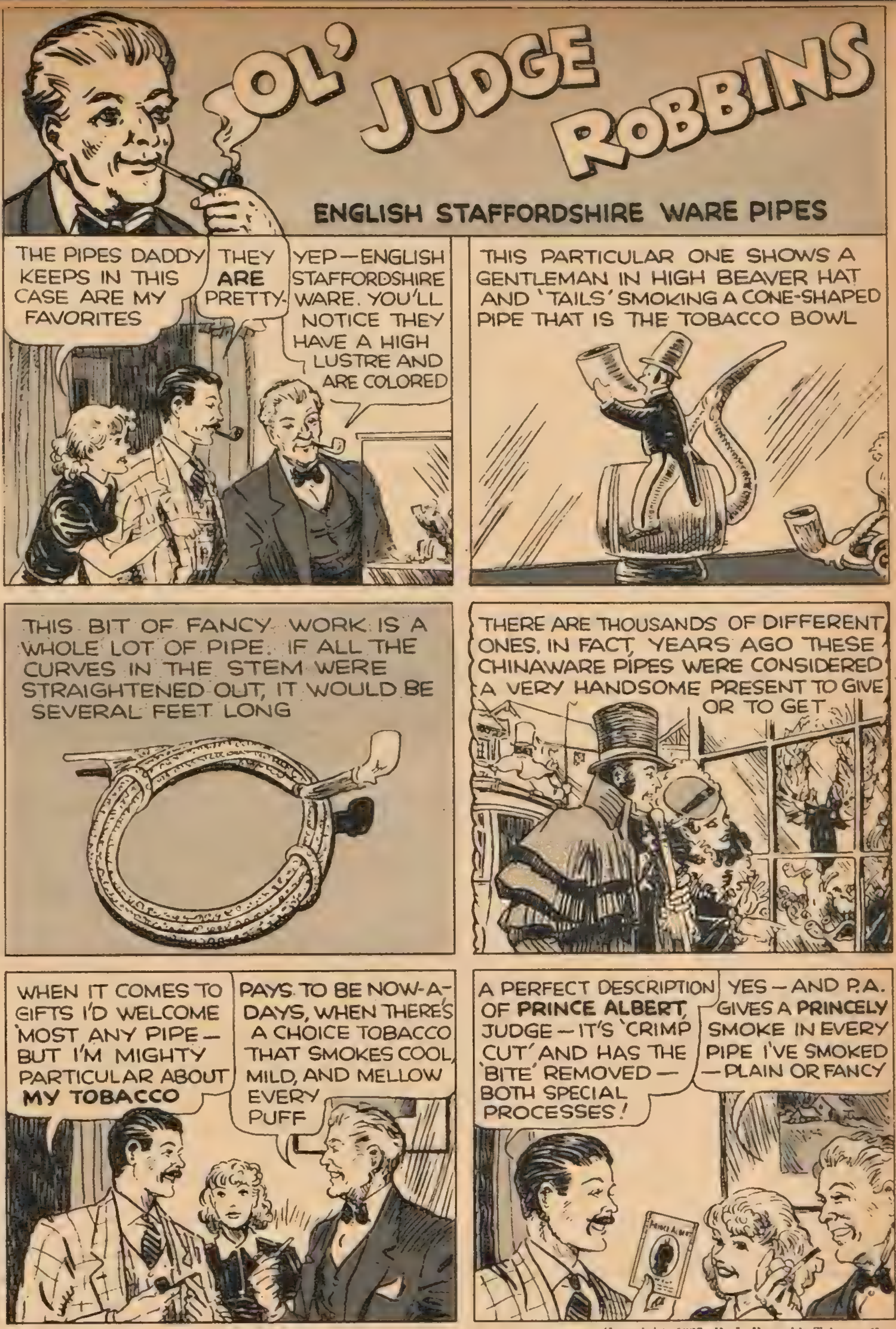
Her eyes were straight ahead.

"If you don't know, I'm darned if I'm going to tell you."

"Why, you spoiled kid!" gasped Judd. "You stubborn, impossible, reckless, crazy— Damn you! Kiss me!"

The blacks slowed to a walk. Scenting from afar the grassy plateau of their home ranch, they were slow-breathing and at peace. Tink, her head on Judd's shoulder, her cheek against his, sighed and was at peace also. Judd Chappellet was hers. She would have to fight to hold him, she knew. But from what her father told her, she came from a fighting family. There would be suffering, perhaps, but there would also be glory. That was all right. That was grand!

THE END


OL' JUDGE ROBBINS
ENGLISH STAFFORDSHIRE WARE PIPES
THE PIPES DADDY KEEPS IN THIS CASE ARE MY FAVORITES
THEY ARE PRETTY
YEP—ENGLISH STAFFORDSHIRE WARE. YOU'LL NOTICE THEY HAVE A HIGH LUSTRE AND ARE COLORED
THIS PARTICULAR ONE SHOWS A GENTLEMAN IN HIGH BEAVER HAT AND 'TAILS' SMOKING A CONE-SHAPED PIPE THAT IS THE TOBACCO BOWL
THIS BIT OF FANCY WORK IS A WHOLE LOT OF PIPE. IF ALL THE CURVES IN THE STEM WERE STRAIGHTENED OUT, IT WOULD BE SEVERAL FEET LONG
THERE ARE THOUSANDS OF DIFFERENT ONES. IN FACT, YEARS AGO THESE CHINAWARE PIPES WERE CONSIDERED A VERY HANDSOME PRESENT TO GIVE OR TO GET
WHEN IT COMES TO GIFTS I'D WELCOME 'MOST ANY PIPE— BUT I'M MIGHTY PARTICULAR ABOUT MY TOBACCO
PAYS TO BE NOW-A-DAYS, WHEN THERE'S A CHOICE TOBACCO THAT SMOKES COOL, MILD, AND MELLOW EVERY PUFF
A PERFECT DESCRIPTION OF PRINCE ALBERT, JUDGE — IT'S 'CRIMP CUT' AND HAS THE 'BITE' REMOVED — BOTH SPECIAL PROCESSES!
YES — AND P.A. GIVES A PRINCELY SMOKE IN EVERY PIPE I'VE SMOKED — PLAIN OR FANCY

Copyright, 1937, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.

DON'T DELAY REAL PIPE PLEASURE ANOTHER DAY— GET P.A. NOW!

PRINCE ALBERT MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE!

Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (*Signed*) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina.

GRAND FOR "MAKIN'S" TOO!

50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every 2-ounce tin of Prince Albert

PRINCE ALBERT
THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT
LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO
THE BIG 2 OUNCE RED TIN

TO THE
Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND AUTHORITY ON FASHION

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

DR. GUSTAV ECKSTEIN

DR. GUSTAV ECKSTEIN teaches nervous physiology at the University of Cincinnati, and he learns about life from canary birds. He wrote that remarkable book, Canary—The History of a Family, using his bird observations to make an important scientific study of the development of personal traits. Thirty-three canaries enjoy the freedom of his laboratory. They alight on his head, pluck out hairs with which to build nests. I thought Dr. Eckstein would be the right man to ask for some good information about the care of canaries. He was, and here are some of the things he told me:

Two canaries sing better than one—they encourage each other; but the best combination is three—two males and one female—because love rivalry then spurs the vocal efforts of the contesting males. . . . Let your birds out of their cages for a while every day, but screen all doors and windows carefully, and don't leave any jugs or vases around the room. Canaries have a weakness for flying straight into any open receptacle, where they flutter to death, somehow unable to get out. . . . Feed them plenty of fruit, slices of apple or orange, or a fresh fig broken open so they can reach the seeds. . . . Don't touch a canary with your hands. It gives them the fidgets, disinclines them from singing.

Gustav Eckstein is one of the most entertaining talkers I have met. A scientist with sentiment. Every year at Christmas he presents a big basket of strawberries to his canaries.

● *Notes from a recent lecture trip:* Starting from Buffalo, New York, a lovely city, spacious and beautiful with trees but neglected by too many prosperous residents. Buff-*elites* dwell now in *classy* suburbs. . . . The alert, responsive people of Grand Rapids (joy to a lecturer's heart); also the pink-and-white-sugared cakes they fed me (a joy reminiscent of my childhood!). . . . Seen from a milk train en route to Nebraska: The pure white ribbon of steam uncoiling in creamy puffs, throwing blue shadows on the snow-powdered fields, fields shining pink in the morning light. All day I watch the west's low horizon wheeling an endless cycle of pale monotony. Land of slow thought! Land of patient thought, deep-rooted! Then to the dining car, to the comfort and satisfaction of ready-made refinements, the table china prettily patterned with daisies and violets, the deft ministrations of kindly colored folk. . . . Riding the railroad trains can be pleasant in America. . . . But not always. . . . I couldn't appreciate the blank-eyed Oriental (on a Michigan line) who took my order for whole-wheat toast, and tea, and preserved figs—then brought me orange juice, coffee, grape jelly, and white-bread toast.

I inquired if he was an American citizen. He wasn't. Few of them are. They come from the most recently *liberated* of Pacific islands. Certain railroads are employing them instead of the colored Americans to whom we are gratefully accustomed. The railroads, I am told, claim that economy requires the change. And the passengers—I among them—are complaining. I think certain railroads will not find their new dining-car policy economical in the long run.

● Magical *Tommy* Burns, manager of the homelike Blackstone Hotel in Chicago, conjured with his lost-and-found department (on Sunday, when all the stores were closed) to dig out a pair of unclaimed overshoes that would wrap my tootsies snug and warm while I went on my way through a sudden blizzard.

He not only found a pair—he found a pair that *fitted.*

● Traveling bags—suitcases and hatboxes—are stylish this year in navy-blue canvas bound with leather. The dark-blue color looks neat and businesslike, and can be hauled out quickly from a pile of other people's luggage. A smart idea until it becomes too popular.

● *Such* a nice nature letter from a Canadian reader living at Buckingham, on Long Lake, in the Province of Quebec. The letter was signed J. M. Camm, so I don't know whether it's from a Mrs., a Miss, or a Mr. Have an idea it's from a Mrs. Anyway, here's what it says:

"A big buck rabbit has been pursuing our lady cat for a week. . . . Two years ago our tomcat mated with a dainty lady skunk, and used to go strolling with her in the moonlight. . . . We'll soon have the pails out on the trees for maple sap. Then we'll have hot homemade doughnuts with fresh maple syrup. Yum, yum! . . ."

And an extra yum for me, if you please.

● Two new books of helpful hints for trailer tourists: The Trailer Home, by Blackburn Sims (published by Longmans, Green & Company); and Trailers, by Freeman Marsh (Coward-McCann, Inc.).

● An Alabama friend, loitering in my kitchen during a recent visit, taught me how to make these sweet-potato biscuits from down South: Cook your sweet potatoes and put them through a sieve. Mix 1 cup potato with 1 cup buttermilk, ½ teaspoon baking soda, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon sugar. Add 2 cups flour and 1 tablespoon shortening (my Alabama friend used butter). Roll out, form into biscuits, and in each biscuit press a small cube of canned pineapple dusted with sugar. Bake 25 minutes in moderate oven.

IT CAN HAPPEN AGAIN

BY GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

IT does not seem possible that a world which lost eleven million dead, double that number in wounded, and treasure beyond calculation in the war to end all wars and make the world safe for democracy, could plunge again into such a nightmare of blood and death.

The people of the world want peace. Responsible statesmen want peace. Yet every day what Europeans are already calling " the next war " comes nearer.

The thing can happen again. Not because of events on the surface which we see, but because of events behind the scenes which we do not see.

And no one knows this better than the most hated figure in the last war, former Kaiser Wilhelm, now exiled in Doorn. In conversations with me and in various letters he has repeatedly pointed out that behind the scenes in Europe's capitals the same elements are conspiring to plunge civilization into the hell of a general war.

That is why today the " haves " and the " have-nots " among the nations are preparing for the impending conflict on an unprecedented scale. By enormous military appropriations they increase their deficits to staggering proportions.

Russia, fearing attack on her borders in Europe and Asia, has assembled an army surpassing in numbers the

☆ **Disclosures from the former Kaiser's letters and confidences warn of what is brewing today**

Ex-Emperor William II, who predicted to the author the international events which now threaten world peace.

hosts of Alexander and Genghis Khan. Russia's war budget is a mystery, but Moscow boasts of maintaining the largest military and air force on the globe.

Armed to the teeth, Germany, still mourning lost provinces, casts longing glances at her one-time colonies and the granaries of the Ukraine. Germany's annual arms bill, according to a New York Times estimate, is 12,600,000,000 marks, or 3 1/6 to 5 billion dollars, depending on how you calculate the exchange. Mussolini, dreaming of a revived Roman Empire, announces that Italy will sacrifice civilian programs to war needs.

Japan, unsatisfied by her war gains and conscious of her mission to lead the yellow races to a new destiny, sets up puppet states in Manchuria. Her ultimate objectives —so her enemies declare—are the Dutch East Indies, the Philippines, and Australia. Japan's arms toll for 1937 exceeds $400,000,000. France and her satellites sharpen their bayonets to defend French hegemony and the loot of the World War. She has set aside $883,500,000 annually for the next five years for armaments.

GREAT BRITAIN faces not only three great restless nations—Germany, Italy, and Japan—but threats of revolts in Africa and in India, and the loosening of imperial ties. Britain's naval estimate for the year, exceeding any previous appropriation in peacetime, calls for $525,325,000. John Bull will spend $410,870,000 to mechanize his army and $400,000,000 to make himself impregnable in the air. In addition to this, England is planning to cover the city of London with a gigantic steel net, suspended from balloons, to protect herself from aerial bombardments.

These nations would not thus run the danger of bankrupting themselves if they were not convinced that a new war is shaping itself. Their panic is real. The world is splitting into three major camps—Fascists, Communists, and Democrats. Spain is the battleground between the incompatible ideals of Fascism and Communism. Both were engendered, both thrive like monstrous mushrooms, on the debris of the World War. The Red Spider, Russia, tries to inveigle Democratic nations into the parlor of the Third Internationale by the fantastic pretext of reconciling Democracy and Bolshevism. Germany, Italy, Japan strive to consolidate the anti-Bolshevist bloc. Important elements in France and Czechoslovakia have listened to the Russian enticement. The small Balkan nations are divided between the haves and the have-nots.

England is half committed to France; but powerful sectors of public opinion prefer Hitler and Mussolini to Stalin. European nations were similarly divided in 1914, and then secret agreements came to light. *Who knows what secret commitments repose today in the archives of foreign offices or in the private files of ministers?* Every day the battle line assumes more definite contours. The War of Ideas seems to culminate in a new Armageddon. This may spell the end of civilization.

It is quite possible that under the surface things are going on which coincide in no way with the headlines in newspapers. Treacherous currents, invisible to most eyes, constantly bring about new secret alignments.

The Soviet government claims that Leon Trotsky conspires with her archenemies, Germany and Japan, to defeat Stalin. No less a person than Newton D. Baker, Woodrow Wilson's Secretary of War, embraces the Moscow version. He holds that Trotsky, disagreeing with Stalin's version of " localized Communism," made a deal with Germany and Japan by which he undertook to sabotage Russia's war efforts with the aid of his adherents. A realist—" the greatest in the world today," Mr. Baker calls him—Trotsky is willing to surrender the Ukraine to Germany; he is ready to yield the northern half of Sakhalin Island, with its rich oil reserves, to Japan (for a coming war with the United States).

IN exchange Trotsky expects that Germany and Japan will restore him to power. Eventually he believes, according to Mr. Baker, that he can outsmart the Germans and the Japanese with a world revolution.

The Germans, on the other hand, insist that, in spite of their avowed animosity and the slaughter of certain alleged Trotskyites, Stalin and Trotsky work hand in glove. Stalin, they believe, assumes the nationalistic garb to make himself acceptable to the Western democracies, while entrusting the work for the Bolshevization of mankind to Comrade Trotsky. Others point out that, in spite of the scant courtesies between Stalin and Hitler, Germany still buys heavily in Russia, and Russia is one of Germany's most profitable customers. Though plagued by financial troubles, Germany has granted large credits to the Soviet government. If, this school of thought declares, Hitler's demand for colonies and raw materials is rejected by Russia and France, he will find ways of building a bridge from Berlin to Moscow.

All this may be fantastic twaddle; but, where such doubts are possible, it is dangerous to listen too credulously to propaganda specially tuned for American ears.

The only fact that is certain is the growing ill temper among all nations. The recent exchange between Mayor LaGuardia and the German press, which led to mutual apologies by the two governments, proves to be only a tempest in a beer glass. But it also reveals the high international tension.

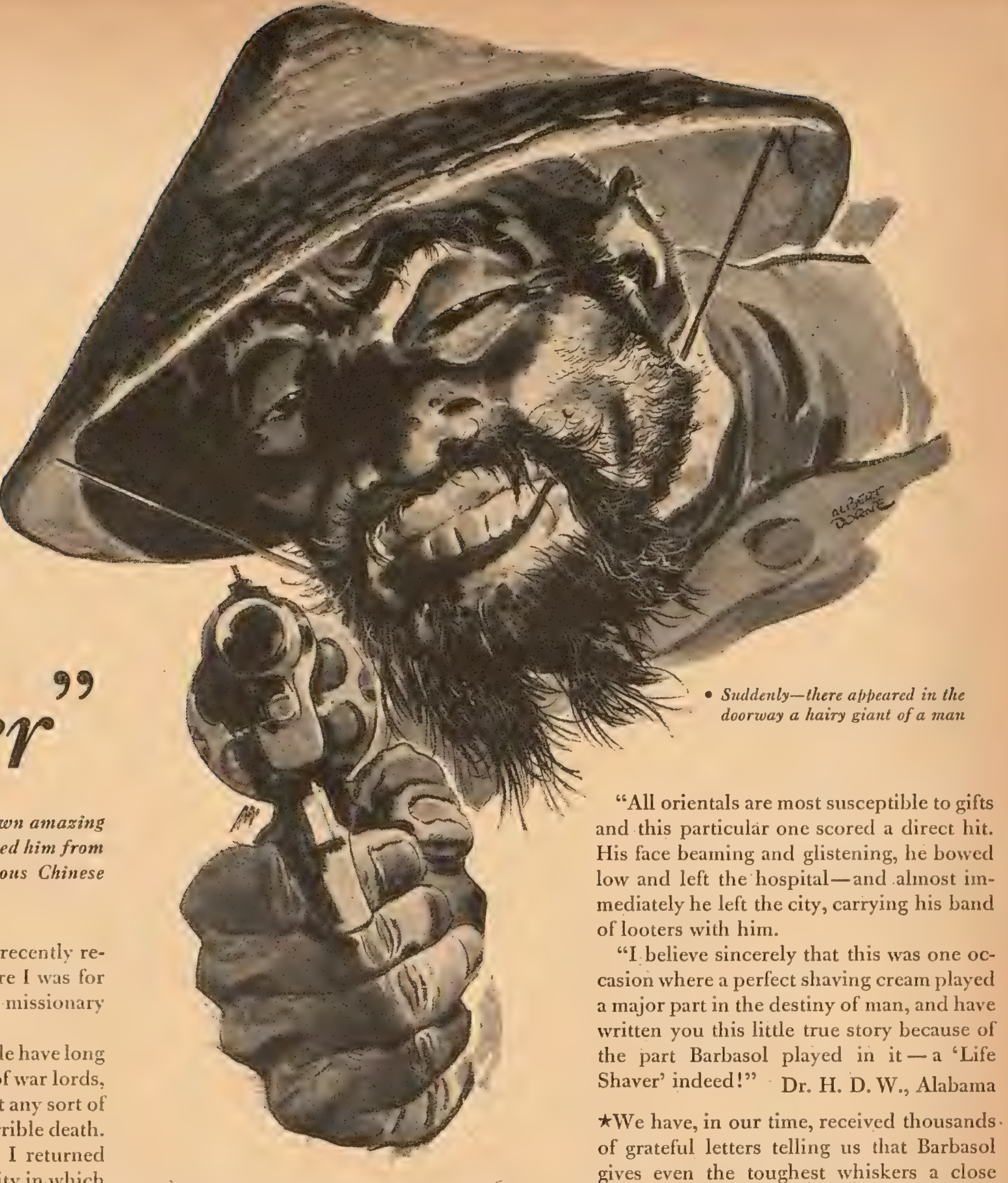
The same intrigues that went on before 1914 are going on today; the same surreptitious whispers make the rounds; the same obscure plots are being spun from continent to continent, from ocean

(Continued on page 32)

George Sylvester Viereck (second from left) lunches with the Exile of Doorn (extreme right) and his aides.

"Life Shaver"

—a missionary doctor writes his own amazing story of how a tube of Barbasol saved him from death at the hands of a murderous Chinese bandit



• Suddenly—there appeared in the doorway a hairy giant of a man

"MY WIFE and I have very recently returned from China, where I was for some time engaged in medical missionary work.

"As everyone knows, the people have long suffered from the depredations of war lords, robbers and bandits. To attempt any sort of resistance means certain and horrible death.

"Shortly before my wife and I returned to America, the small Chinese city in which our hospital was located was raided by one of these robber chieftains, and we feared we would be wiped out completely.

"At the time of this raid I was in the hospital washroom shaving and, as has been my custom for years, using Barbasol. Suddenly the door to the washroom was thrown open and, as I turned, there appeared in the doorway a hairy giant of a man—roughly dressed—dirty, and a scraggly long growth of beard or rather hair on his ugly, cruel-looking face.

"Evidently he had neither heard of the practice of shaving nor had he seen such an operation in his whole life before, for he stared at me in great surprise and interest.

"I noted his hesitancy and, though I was literally seething on the inside with fear, I managed to remain fairly calm and continued my shaving.

"A thought flew through my mind. Maybe I could capitalize upon this bandit's growing curiosity and render our predicament less foggy, for a lot of China's so-called bad men are but children at heart, and can be handled accordingly.

"When I had finished shaving, this bandit made signs toward his own face. (I did not know his dialect and therefore could not talk with him.) Here was an opportunity indeed! A sort of childish eagerness replaced the hardness in his eyes. He was about to satiate his curiosity and male vanity.

"Enter Barbasol! It was about to perform a yeoman service!

"I thoroughly prepared the bandit's face and by no means spared the Barbasol. I spread it on generously. When I finished, I showed him how to use the razor and he gave himself a fine shave with remarkable ease, considering his inexperience. I then made him a present of the razor and a tube of the cream.

"All orientals are most susceptible to gifts and this particular one scored a direct hit. His face beaming and glistening, he bowed low and left the hospital—and almost immediately he left the city, carrying his band of looters with him.

"I believe sincerely that this was one occasion where a perfect shaving cream played a major part in the destiny of man, and have written you this little true story because of the part Barbasol played in it—a 'Life Shaver' indeed!" Dr. H. D. W., Alabama

★We have, in our time, received thousands of grateful letters telling us that Barbasol gives even the toughest whiskers a close shave. But we declare this is absolutely the closest shave we ever heard of Barbasol taking part in. Clever, these Chinese, knowing a good thing when they see it. Why don't you try Barbasol yourself and get the coolest, smoothest, sweetest, yes, and *closest* shave *you* ever had? Big tube now 25¢; giant size, 50¢; all drugstores. Barbasol Blades, 5 for 15¢. The Barbasol Company, Indianapolis, Ind.

PRIZES FOR GOOD GUESSERS

Are you good at guessing? If you are, you may win any one of the valuable prizes given away every week—a new automobile, big money prizes, hundreds of $3 Barbasol Razors. Absolutely free to enter, takes only a few seconds to do. Simply guess a number, that's all. For details tune in Singin' Sam (NBC Blue Network) every Friday evening. See your paper for time.

Barbasol
For Modern Shaving
Sanitary Beard Softener
Barbasol
No Brush No Lather No Rub-in

Johnny Wideawake

« changes his mind »

WHO YOU WRITIN' TO— MARLENE DIETRICH ?
NO MISTER WISE-GUY... I'M ANSWERING AN AD THAT SAYS I CAN WIN SOME SKATES.
US MAIL
OH BOY! LOOKIT ALL THE KEEN PRIZES THEY GIVE!
?
THIS IS A GREAT NICKLES WORTH, JOHNNY —YOU CAN BRING ME A COPY EVERY WEEK
THANKS MRS. MARTIN — I'VE GOT LOTS OF STEADY CUSTOMERS
HOT CHA
Liberty 5¢
WELL— I HAVEN'T SEEN ANY SKATES, YET
NO?—— WELL THAT'S BECAUSE I HAVEN'T GOT 'EM..... I SAW HOW EASY IT WAS SELLING LIBERTY I DECIDED TO GET A BICYCLE FIRST!
Liberty 5¢

Boys! How would you like to be able to choose a bicycle, a pair of skates, or any of the more than 480 prizes shown in our big illustrated catalog? All you have to do is mail in the coupon below, just as Johnny did, and we'll send you a catalog *Free* and also full information as to how you can win prizes *and make money too!*

You can win a bike or a camera or basketball equipment or anything you want . . . and money, too! Fill out and mail coupon at once.

Liberty Magazine, *Boy Sales Division,* L 4-17-37
205 E. 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

Please tell me how I can become a Boy Salesman and make money and win prizes.

NAME.............................AGE....

ADDRESS.......................................

CITY......................STATE........

Have your parents show approval by signing here:

....

(Continued from page 30)

to ocean. The same old atrocity stories will soon bob up in new disguises.

"My son, you do not know with how little wisdom the world is governed." The man who wrote these lines, re-echoing the sentiment of a great Swedish statesman, was Germany's exiled Emperor, William II. The Master of Doorn says that the World War was not a plot but a blunder. He also says that the same forces and follies are at work to suck humanity once more into the deadly whirlpool. Emperor William foretold most developments which now alarm five continents, with remarkable clarity, in his correspondence and his conversations with me. In view of the delicacy of his position as the guest of Queen Wilhelmina, he has not, in the last few years, said a word for publication.

William the Prophet was without honor in his own country. His chancellors and his general staff disregarded his admonitions. After the Revolution of 1918 the new German government deliberately belittled him.

The republic fell; but Monarchists are even less popular than Communists in the Third Reich. William's name is tabu in the land over which he ruled.

In days when the Emperor felt more free to speak than he does today, he warned the world through me that the awakening of Asia was a world problem that no nation could safely ignore (March, 1927). He predicted the resurgence of Chinese nationalism. Again (in 1928) he warned that "the struggle to wrest mastery of the world from the white race" was in "full swing." This warning, too, went unheeded. Today we are faced by the awakening of China and Japan. India and Egypt are seething. Turkey no longer recognizes the overlordship of the Great Powers. Islam again raises the green flag. White civilization is on the defensive.

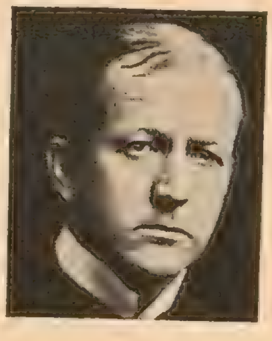
Seven years before Hitler's seizure of power, the Emperor predicted the imminence of a German dictatorship. He foresaw the dangers in democracy which, today, worries its stanchest adherents. From the first he insisted vigorously that the pacts of Versailles, St. Germain, and Trianon were treaties of war, not treaties of peace. Again and again he wrote to me, "Versailles must go." Its military and financial provisions are going, but its territorial settlements rest upon the world like an incubus. From the first, he recognized the basic defects of the League of Nations, the failure of the Dawes Plan, the humbug of disarmament conferences.

Most of the troubles predicted by William that beset the Old World, and some that beset the New, flow from the peace treaties; and yet, we in America are urged by insistent special pleaders, at home and abroad, to come to Europe once more with treasure and blood, not to amend the peace treaties but to perpetuate their iniquities! *Shall we again follow the Pied Piper to war? It has happened before. It can happen again!*

The men whose idiosyncrasies, blunders, bickerings, and ambitions make war inevitable are not necessarily villains. They may be dreamers; they may be madmen; they may be honest men impelled by confused motives to lead their nations into abysses. But must we follow them on the road to ruin? America is the last secure stronghold of democracy. Every European nation, even England, is menaced by the impact between Fascism and Bolshevism. America is the only nation strong enough to remain aloof. America can save itself, even if Europe insists on going to hell.

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS



1—This fairly early photo is of a newsman born at Buffalo toward the end of the Civil War. Making editorials front-page news, his words and wisdom were for the millions. A city in Australia, as well as a river, is the clue. Who was he?

2—What is the singular of dice, lice, pice?

3—Who was the star of Lady for a Day?

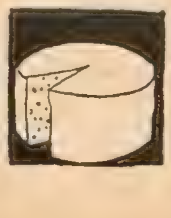
4—What is a Canadian province, a small California city, and a large lake?

5—By what name was the Earl of Beaconsfield (1804-81) better known?

6—In England suspenders are called what?

7—Who produced Kiki and The Return of Peter Grimm?

8—Under Social Security, what is the minimum monthly benefit?



9—Denmark, Italy, and France produce which green-mottled cheeses?

10—What French dramatist and novelist (1802-70) was a quadroon?

11—Who invented the gas-filled tungsten lamp?

12—Of Switzerland's three official languages, which is spoken chiefly?

13—Where were the 1928 Olympics held?

14—Who maintained that "A little learning is a dangerous thing"?

15—What American-born merchant established a great London department store?

16—A horse sixteen hands high measures how many inches?

17—The famed lost Greek statue of a man throwing a discus is called what?

18—What bear is named after a sweet viscid fluid?

19—In the Bible what queen gave what king an intelligence test of many questions to which he knew all the answers?

20—What lowbrow wisecracker becomes a college prexy Tuesdays?

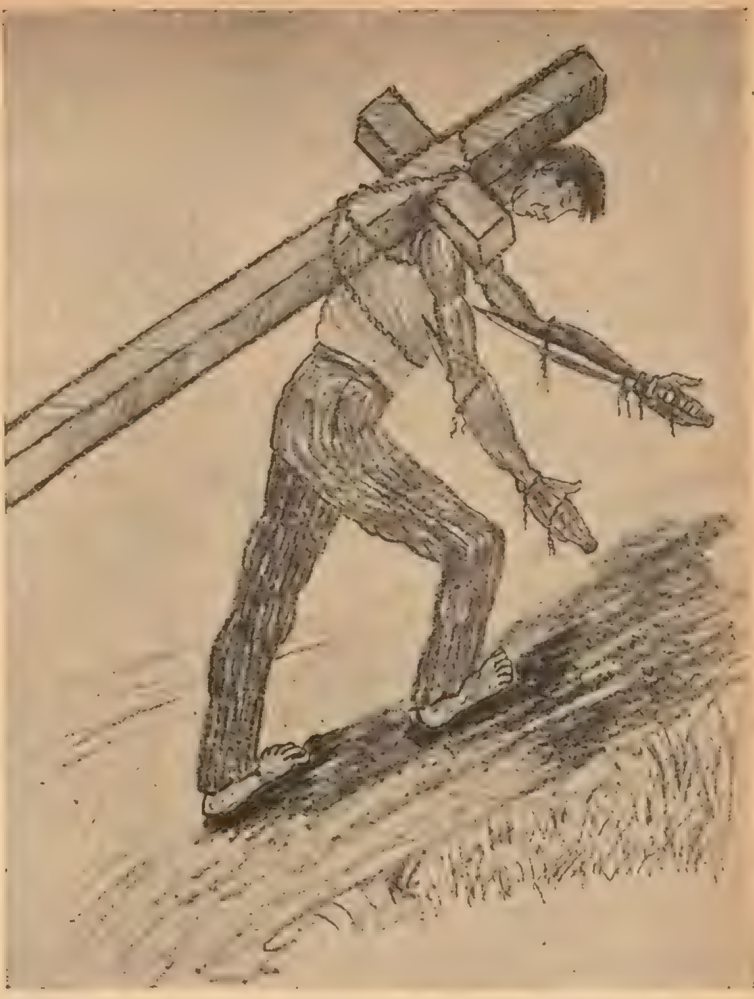
(Answers will be found on page 62)

I SAW THE TORTURES OF THE PENITENTES

By

MARK MARKHAM

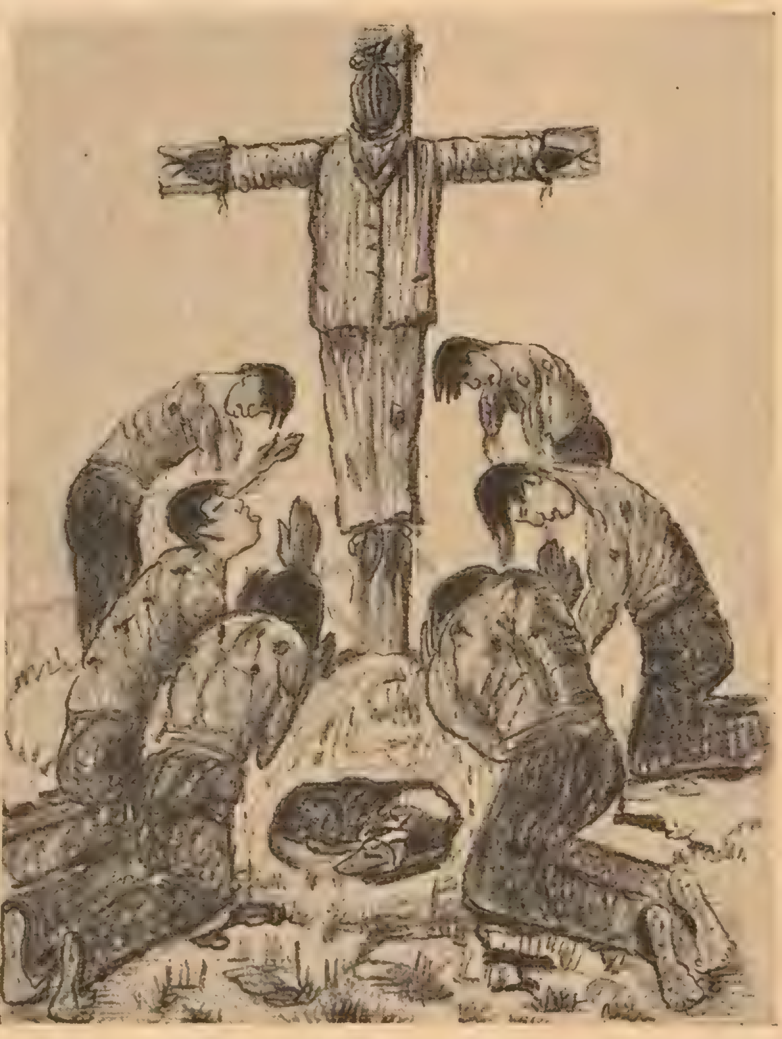
ILLUSTRATIONS BY PEARL ROBISON BURNS



Swords fashioned of iron were fastened to his hands.

At last an actual behind-the-scenes look at the horrifying secret religious rites still practiced in a strange corner of America today

READING TIME ● 7 MINUTES 45 SECONDS



The crucifixion of the effigy takes place at dusk.

The writer of this article has made the investigation resulting in the following revelation under amazing circumstances.

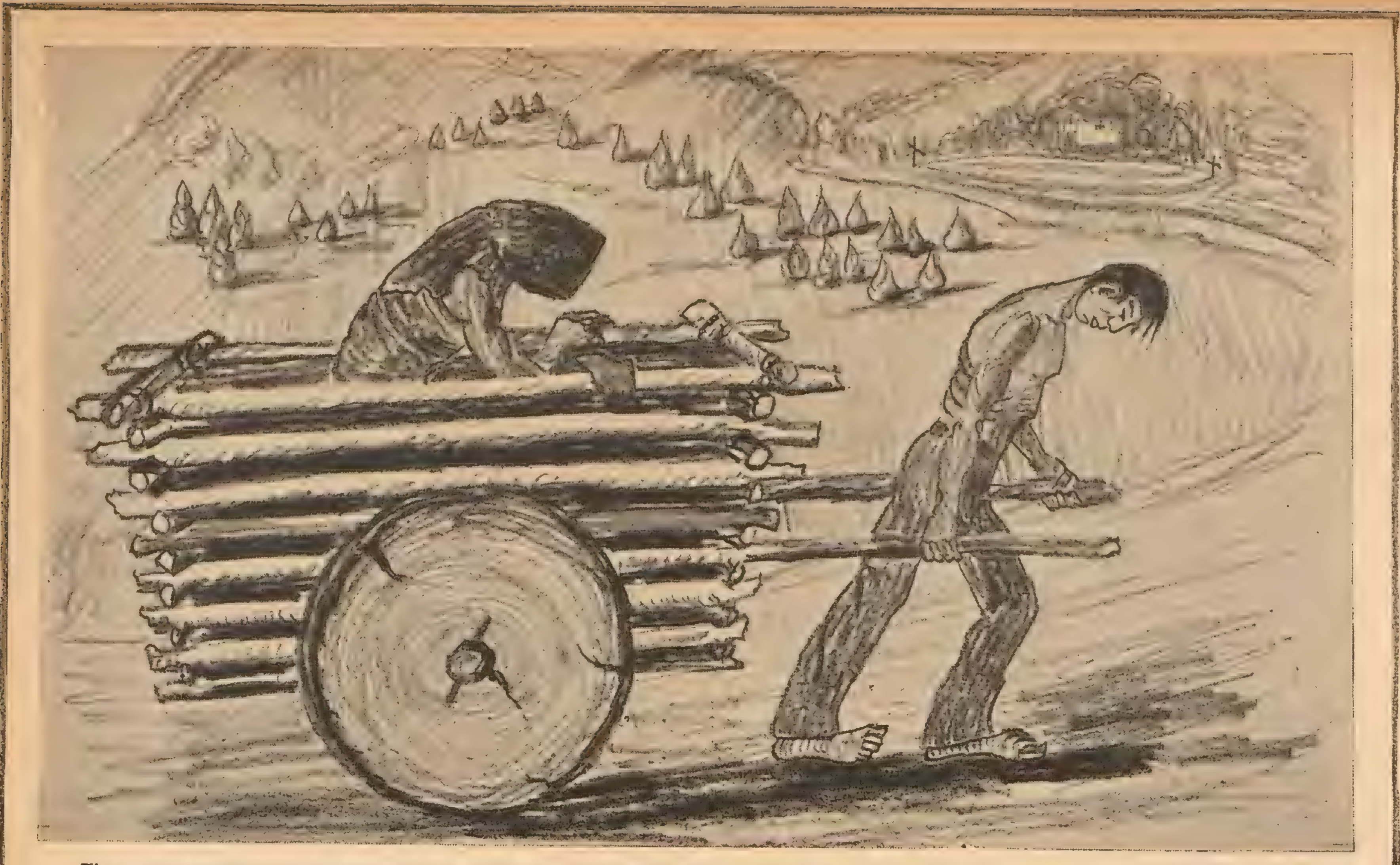
Previous attempts to investigate this strange cult have resulted tragically to investigators. The death of Carl Taylor in New Mexico last year was attributed to his attempts to delve into the secrets of the order. Others have been stoned and beaten and terrorized when attempting to watch the weird rites. The author gathered the material with a sincere belief that death would follow discovery.—EDITOR.

AT every Eastertide the Penitentes, members of a strange unique group, enact in the hills of New Mexico a primitive Passion play—a bloody demonstration practiced nowhere else on earth. The seeds of this order were brought to New Mexico by the Spanish conquistadors, and the first known public penance in the Southwest was demonstrated by Juan de Oñate and his men in the year 1594. Since that date the Mexicans in the mountainous settlements have held these barbarous rites on every Good Friday.

However, the Mexicans have added to the former rites until the order retains no Godly merit; it has developed into a monstrosity unconnected with any religion. And today it is estimated there are 35,000 members of Los Hermanos Penitentes in the State of New Mexico.

Each mountainous village has its own fraternity with a hermano mayor (chief brother) elected by the members. Sins against persons or property of outsiders are wholly disregarded; but should a Penitente harm a brother he is lashed with a wire cat-o'-nine-tails that tears great hunks of flesh from the bare back. A Penitente who would dare reveal the secrets of the order would be buried alive. In the old days many a Mexican was.

These practices are confined to the Lenten season, dur-



The procession is followed by the hideous death cart in which rides a life-sized image of the death angel.

ing which the Penitentes indulge in self-floggings on each Friday night; then during Holy Week these beatings continue until Holy Thursday, at which time the various fraternities gather at the strongholds located in Taos, Mora, and Rio Arriba counties to stage their great Passion plays.

Juan, my neighbor, is a Penitente. Juan is a good man, and many times when I have been sick he has carried in my firewood, fed my horse, and tended my cows; yet when Lent comes, if we meet in the road we do not speak, for Juan's head is dropped upon his chest, his strong body is bent in pain, and even his locomotion is that slow rhythm . . . the death march of the Penitente.

It was a horrible realization to learn that my good neighbor indulged in these bloody rites. I made the discovery years ago when, on a morning after Good Friday, I hurried over to his house to borrow enough coffee for my breakfast. As I approached, the two small boys, who at other times would hurry up the road to meet me, cowered behind the house and stared at me with big frightened eyes. When I heard groans of agony coming from within, I hurried inside without knocking. Juan sat just inside the bedroom, and the only parts of his body visible were his feet and legs, which were bared to his knees. On the calves of his legs were slashed two crosses fully eight inches long, and upon his insteps were three smaller ones, all deep and bleeding. When he heard my gasp he slammed the door in my face. "Juan," I called out, "can I do anything for you?" Deathly silence was my answer.

The kitchen floor, bloody as a slaughter pen, was littered with great bunches of buckhorn cacti, which have thorns as sharp as a needle and tough enough to use for nails. Further scrutiny revealed two long swords fashioned of iron, the sharp points bloodstained. I recalled a story that Pedro, Juan's eleven-year-old son, had related concerning these old swords.

Once, when Pedro and I were in the Rio Arriba hills, we came upon a bleak cross before which the boy crossed himself. "When I am twenty-one years old I'll carry a cross up the hill." Tears filled his eyes. Upon this cross Old Tito, his grandfather, had been crucified.

Old Tito, so Pedro told me, dragged a cross which was twenty feet long and weighed eight hundred pounds. He had begged the *hermano mayor* to fasten two long swords which he, Tito, had fashioned of iron, to his outstretched hands, and to anchor the dagger-sharp points right under his ribs, so that, should he stagger under the burden, death would be instantaneous. Nor did Old Tito falter in the torturous march. While he was struggling under the cross the *hermanos de luz* took a flint knife and cut six gashes over his kidneys; then he slit a four-inch gash in Old Tito's side from which the blood flowed in a sluice. Yet, despite the excruciating pain and the loss of blood, the ascension to the Calvary was made steadily.

Tito stretched himself out upon the cross and demanded that the attendant nail his hands and feet, for to him it was cowardly to be tied to the cross with a rope. His body was now swathed in white sheets, to hide any scars by which he might be recognized.

After the cross was hoisted upright, the usual waiting period began. Men and women stood with bowed heads. During the entire forty minutes Old Tito never flinched nor groaned. At length the *hermano mayor* spoke a prayer, the women started the doleful chant, and the cross was again laid upon the ground to relieve the victim should he have survived the ordeal. He had not. The attendants bore the martyr to the *morada* to prepare for burial.

Each woman was silently sobbing, fearful lest the body be her husband's. When Old Tito did not return to supper that night, nor the next, Pedro's grandmother knew her husband had offered himself for crucifixion.

The next Holy Week I decided to "go Penitenting." A lad of sixteen and I, both disguised as Mexican women with black *rebozos* pulled over our heads and faces, concealed ourselves in a juniper clump in an arroyo near the *morada*. The ground was yet covered with snow.

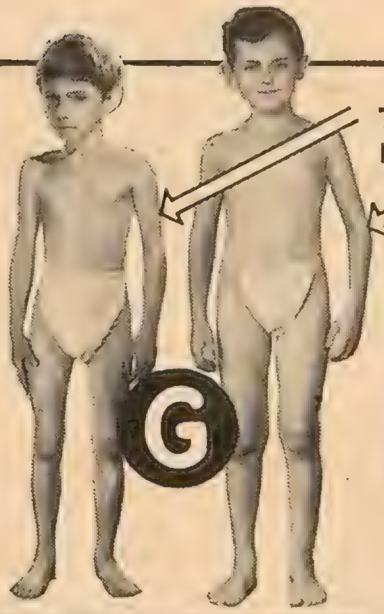
At length we heard the flute, the rattling of cans, and the cries of torture. The procession came out of the hills. Five barefoot penitents were stripped to their waists and clad in loose white drawers, now bloody, and each with a black hangman's cap over the head. These men carried long whips into which were woven bits of glass and pieces of stone.

(Continued on page 36)

DON'T RISK VITAMIN SHORTAGE

Few People Know Whether They're Getting Enough Vitamins in Their Meals—Until Poor Health Shows It.

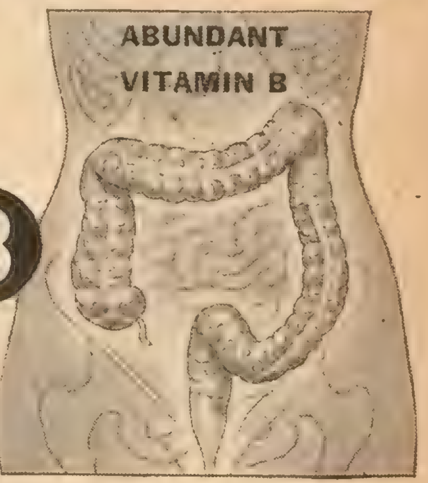
But, the Addition of ONE FOOD to Your Regular Diet, Will Give You a Special EXTRA Supply of These 4 Vitamins Every Day



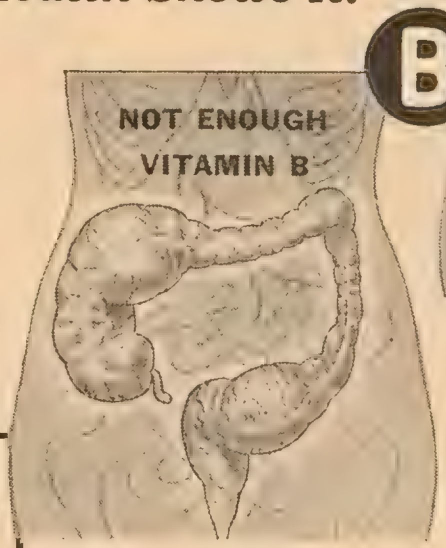
TOO LITTLE VITAMIN G MEANS POOR GROWTH

DIET RICH IN VITAMIN G

THIN, underdeveloped, nervous children are often not getting enough Vitamin G—the GROWTH VITAMIN. A good supply of this essential vitamin is needed by every child to help develop a sturdy body and good health. Fleischmann's Yeast is rich in Vitamin G. Children from 5 to 12 years can be given from 1 to 2 cakes daily.



NORMAL healthy bowels (pictured above), a strong stomach and intestinal tract, good digestion and steady nerves need plenty of Vitamin B *regularly*. Eat Fleischmann's Yeast every day to add to your supply of Vitamin B. It is one of the richest known natural food sources of this NERVE VITAMIN.



DISTENDED bowels (as shown above), poor digestion, sagging stomach and weak intestines may come from an undersupply of Vitamin B—the important NERVE VITAMIN.

DIET POOR IN VITAMIN A

COLDS! A tendency to frequent colds can occur if your body is not supplied with enough Vitamin A. A deficiency of this vitamin weakens the membranes lining nose and throat and lowers your general resistance. Eat Fleischmann's Yeast every day to make sure of an additional supply of Vitamin A over and above what your meals provide.

DON'T GUESS about your vitamin supply. Nutrition experts say that ordinary meals often fail to provide *enough* of all the vitamins your body needs to keep health up to par.

By adding just *one food* to your everyday diet, you can always be sure of a regular EXTRA supply of 4 important vitamins—A, B, D and G.

This one food is FLEISCHMANN'S fresh YEAST. It is the only natural food that provides you with such a rich supply of *all 4* of these vitamins combined.

Why not start today to add to your vitamin supply with Fleischmann's Yeast? Just eat 3 cakes daily—one cake about ½ hour before each meal. Eat it plain, or dissolved in a little water, as you prefer. And be sure to eat it *regularly*—every day. It's a good plan to order two or three days' supply at a time from your grocer. Fleischmann's Yeast keeps perfectly in your icebox.

UGLY teeth and poorly developed jaws (see plaster cast at top) may result from too little Vitamin D—the BONE VITAMIN. Children, especially, need an ample supply of this vitamin. Fleischmann's Yeast is rich in Vitamin D. Children from 5 to 12 can be given 1 to 2 cakes daily. Mothers should eat it during pregnancy and while nursing to increase their supply of VITAMIN D.

THE SPARKLING VITALITY, strength and stamina of Lucyle Roberts, Rodeo Bronco Rider, show she gets an abundant supply of all 4 of these vitamins so necessary to build and maintain good health.

Copyright, 1937, Standard Brands Incorporated

HOW LONG WILL A SCHICK LAST?

$15

AC and DC

A radio officer on a ship continuously traveling between cold climates and the tropics writes that he has shaved every day for three years with a Schick and never spent a penny for repairs or replacements. *And his shaver does not show the slightest sign of wear.*

Frankly we don't know how long a Schick will shave. Some of the first Schick Shavers, made five years ago, are still running perfectly and shaving as quickly and closely as they did in the beginning.

Many customers write and tell us of from one to four years' perfect shaving service from their Schick Shavers. One man has reported 2000 shaves from his Schick—another 1500.

HOW COULD SHAVING COST LESS?

Even three years of once-a-day shaving with the Schick brings the cost of shaving down to less than a penny-and-a-half a shave—and the shaver is still good.

Contrast this with the cost of buying blades, sharpeners, soap, cream, brush and lotion.

ECONOMY IS A MINOR FACTOR

The best reason for owning a Schick is that it brings more pleasure into a man's life than he can get from any other personal possession.

He cannot cut, scrape nor hurt himself. He can shave twice a day, shave in the dark, read while he shaves or shave with his coat on if he desires.

With the Schick, the scar tissue formed by blade-shaving, vanishes and a new, more youthful and flexible skin replaces the dead, scaly skin.

BELIEVE THE MEN WHO USE SCHICKS

Schick users will tell you they would not sell their shavers for $100 if they could not buy another.

More than a million are in daily use on tough beards, tender skins, on faces that used to have ingrowing hairs, on cheeks that never knew a comfortable moment under the old method of shaving.

SEE A DEALER TODAY

Any one of our dealers will show you a Schick Shaver and explain how you should use it. Do not postpone shaving comfort another day.

SCHICK DRY SHAVER, INC., STAMFORD, CONN. Western Distributor: Edises, Inc., San Francisco. In Canada, Henry Birks & Sons, Ltd., and other leading stores. (Canadian price, $16.50.)

SCHICK SHAVER

(Continued from page 34)

A Penitente has a peculiar rhythm which seems never to vary. His head is dropped to his chest, the left hand over the heart. The right hand holds the whip, which falls over the left shoulder with every third step. It lashes the small of the back, which soon has the appearance of a piece of pounded beefsteak.

The whipper who led the five men dealt himself many vigorous blows from which he never flinched. At length, though, he fell, and while he groveled in the dirt a dog licked the blood from his back. It was Juan's dog! And the prostrate form was that of my neighbor! The *hermanos de luz* gave the dog a kick, and then with a long whip gave poor Juan some forty lashes, which revived him sufficiently to continue the dreadful march.

A long line of men, women, and children brought up the rear, chanting a doleful hymn. Women are never members of the order, yet they follow the processions.

My companion and I were able to slip into the procession as it filed toward the little *morada.* All *moradas* are built on the same order—a low adobe house with a huge cross over the only door. Each *morada* contains an assembly room, the storeroom, in which are placed the death cart and the whips of torture, and the secret room, where only the members are admitted.

We took our places against the wall alongside the members of the procession. The assembly room was in total darkness save for two feeble candles upon an altar. A long table was draped in an old lace cloth; this piece was covered with a smaller black cloth which was embroidered in designs of human skulls. The whippers marched around this table, lashing themselves until the lace cloth was red with blood and all of us were spattered. Then they marched into the secret chamber. Soon, however, they filed out into the churchyard. The procession now started up the hillside by way of the little graveyard.

My companion and I must have knelt and kissed at least fifty crosses before finding an opportunity to slip again behind the juniper clump.

The procession which filed from the church now included two cross-bearers. These men, stripped to their waists, carried no whips, but they were lashed many times by the attendants. We watched the procession wind up a rugged hillside, but what took place on the New Mexico Calvary was hidden from us.

Actual crucifixion is no longer tolerated, except, perhaps, in remote sections. However, the whippers at Easter lay the lash heavily upon their backs, and an attendant uses a flint knife or a piece of glass to gash great crosses on the worshiper's body. The cross-bearers struggle under timbers five times their own weight, and each man is lashed every few steps by the *hermanos de luz.* On Good Friday a life-sized effigy is affixed to the cross, and the procession is followed by the hideous death cart in which rides a life-sized image of the death angel.

The crucifixion of the effigy takes place at dusk, after which the Penitentes return to the *morada* for the *tinieblas* commemorating the awful three hours of Jerusalem.

THE END

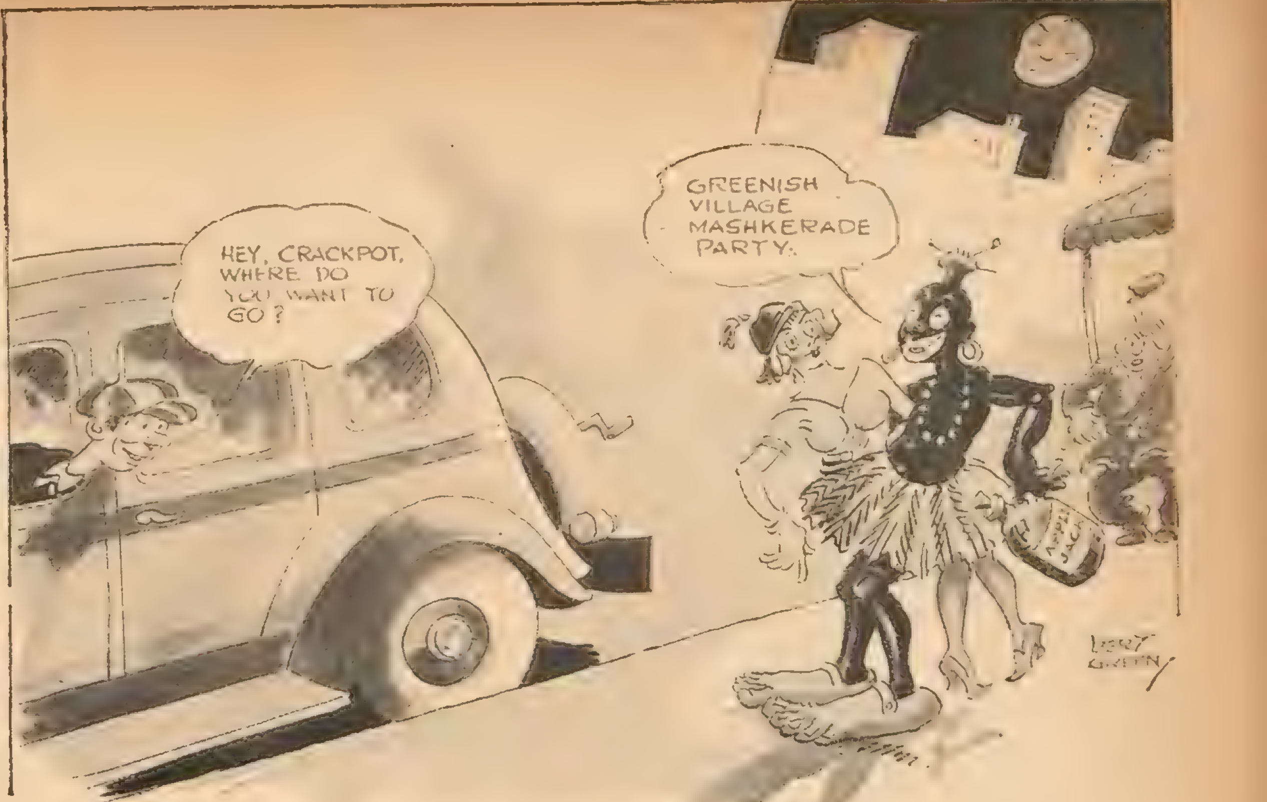
GOOD BOOKS by Oliver Swift

★ ★ ★ ★ **SOMETHING OF MYSELF** for My Friends Known and Unknown by Rudyard Kipling. Doubleday, Doran & Co.
The autobiography of Kipling, not discovered until after his death, revealing the life of this genius who left his mark upon English literature and who needs no introduction to you.

★ ★ ★ **WHY WAS LINCOLN MURDERED?** by Otto Eisenschiml. Little, Brown & Company.
A highly ingenious and documented theory about a conspiracy to murder Lincoln originating among his most trusted advisers. Told, in spite of footnotes, with the skill of a great detective story, enriched with characterization. Certainly the facts emphasized by the author are sufficiently mysterious to create strange doubts.

★ ★ ½ **THE GODS ARRIVE** by Grant Lewi. J. B. Lippincott Company.
A well wrought novel of American life during that turbulent, heartbreaking, and fantastic period beginning in 1928.

FREE AIR *from a* TAXI PILOT


HEY, CRACKPOT, WHERE DO YOU WANT TO GO?
GREENISH VILLAGE MASHKERADE PARTY.
BERT GREEN

He had on a grass skirt, big rubber feet, and was all blacked up.

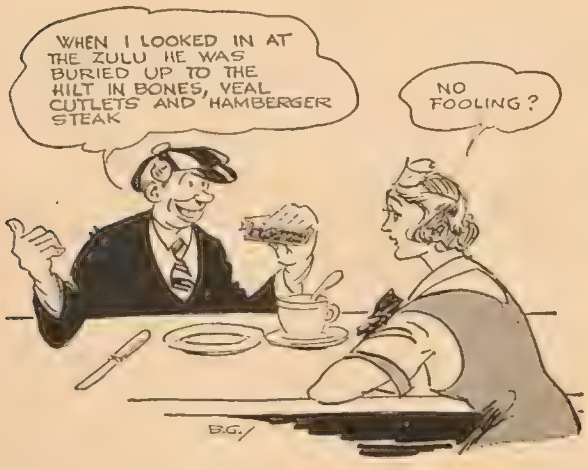
Trouble again! Here's Shorty McCoy with a new, hilarious earful

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

HELLO, Mazie, how's my sweetie? Listen, love lips, slip me a copy of corned beef and baggage, and don't be afraid to lean on the mashed berdadoes, hey?

On the level, Mazie, this taxi racket is sure getting me down. It's just one darned headache after the other. Honest, if I had any sense I'd put the cab in camphor and get me a decent job as a pretzel bender or something like that. When I think I have enough dough saved up so me and you can go against the Lohengrin, the lungs fall out of the cab and I'm back in the red. Another thing—as for picking up big-hearted customers, they ain't no such animule. Four fifths of them are tighter than the skin on a banjo, and when it comes to *drunks*, oh boy, they *ruin me*. F'rinstance, suppose I give you a load of what happened to me last night. Give a listen, kid, it's a pip.

At eleven bells, I'm parked outside the Goofy Club, when out barges a silly looking guy dressed as a *zulu*. —Pass the ketchup, will you, Mazie?


WHEN I LOOKED IN AT THE ZULU HE WAS BURIED UP TO THE HILT IN BONES, VEAL CUTLETS AND HAMBERGER STEAK
NO FOOLING?
B.G.

No fooling, this little tad was a yell. He had on a grass skirt, big rubber feet, and was all blacked up with stove polish. To add to his screwey appearance, he sported a window display dummy under one arm and a bottle of applejack under the other. To make matters worse, he was one third plastered. Honest, I thought I was seeing things. "Hey, you!" I hollered. "You'll get pinched standing around like that—where do you want to go?"

Instead of replying, he stood there like a dumbell.

"Hey, crackpot," I yelled again, "where do you want to go?"

"Mashkerade party," he drolled.

So I rushed over and steered him into the hack. I stuck the dummy dame on one side of him and put the gallon of nose-paint on the other. I had no more than got him set than he began getting very clubby. "Wash your name?" he asked, putting his arm around my shoulder.

"Shorty McCoy," I told him.

"Show's mine," he replied. "Wash yours?"

Rather than start a argument I kidded him along, thinking he'd make a good customer. After a minute I asked, "Where will I drive you?"

"Greenish Village," he chirped. "Lesh go!"

Well, Mazie, every time a drunk orders me to the Village I know I'm in for a load of grief. Why? Because there are more dizzy dives, acrobats and comics living in that spot than there are in Mr. Bellevue's scrambled garage. Anyway, I threw the crate in high and off we went. I had only gone eight or ten blocks when the frolicsome disturbance began rapping on the glass.

"What do you want?" I asked.

"Try shome of thish tonshil juice!" he demanded, shoving the jug through the window.

I told him it was against the rules for me to drink and drive and he began to holler bloody murder. Well, rather than create a scene, kid, I took a long drag of the jug and glory be to heaven I thought the stuff would blow out my valves. No kidding, I've hoisted some trick drinks before, but never in my life have I tasted stuff like that. On the level, it must have been brewed in the Krupp Works and aged in Death Valley.

Anyhow, after getting the drunk quieted down, I started off again and three minutes later he broke out again. He ordered me to pull up to a certain sawdust dive under the Sixth Avenue el. As soon as I drew up to the curb the door flew open and out fell my boy friend on his noggin. Without batting an eye he pulled himself together and insisted I should follow him into the place.

"I'll wait out here," I told him. But the sap wouldn't listen. He put up such a squawk I *had* to go in. The next thing he did was ankle up to the bar and order a pair of Seventy-Fives with Jamaica rum for a chaser. Honest, Mazie, I don't know what those Seventy-Fives were mixed with, but I *do* know that when they bounced against the applejack I was as giddy as a coot.

Words and Pictures by BERT GREEN

WRENCHED BACK WHILE BOWLING

Good, dependable Absorbine Jr. brings quick and welcome relief

WRITES Mr. O. H.,* of Columbus, Ohio: "The boys at the office coaxed me to bowl on the team. As I had never bowled much before, the expected happened when my thumb stuck in the hole of the ball, threw me off balance and I went sprawling and wrenched my back. The pain was severe that night until my wife rubbed me good with Absorbine Jr., which eased the aching. She repeated the application in the morning and I went to work feeling much better. If you wish to, you can tell others about how good I think Absorbine Jr. is as a liniment."

Muscle soreness, aches and sprains find quick relief when there's a bottle of good old dependable Absorbine Jr. in the medicine cabinet. Many doctors, nurses and hospitals recommend it. Don't be without it. Absorbine Jr. is also a famous relief for Athlete's Foot. And you'll find it thrifty to use because a little goes so far. At all druggists', $1.25 a bottle. For free sample, write W. F. Young, Inc., 330 Lyman Street, Springfield, Mass.

**Based on actual letter in our files*

ABSORBINE JR.

Relieves sore muscles, bruises, muscular aches, sprains and Athlete's Foot

I managed to get the zulu back in the mousetrap and climbed back behind the wheel and once more we started on our merry way. We'd only gone about six or seven blocks when he beat on the glass and ordered me back in the rear seat.

"What do you want *now?*" I asked.

"How about *you* coming to the mashkerade party wish me?" he asked. "You'll have a shwell time."

"Nix," I said. "I gotta make some dough. I gotta stay sober."

Well, argue as I might, I *had* to go. He told me if I would stick with him he would show me a good time and give me a swell tip besides.

Ten minutes later we drew up to the four-story brownstoner where the party was being thrown. The second floor was lit up like a sound stage and, judging from the racket, I figured Tin Pan Alley had moved in and were playing a double header. When I reached the apartment I nearly passed out from the look of the customers. All around were a collection of the nuttiest people I ever hung an optic over. About thirty of them were there, drinking, necking, laughing and lying. Those that were too stiff to walk slept in their costumes.

Those that could, wore a groove to the punch bowl.

Well, Mazie, the blow-off came when a dame called Yovonne McGuire—a blimp-like giggling disturbance—decided she'd get up to sing. Without making any announcement she leaped on top of the upright piano and over it went with a crash. Well, I don't know what happened, but I *do* remember it was *every man for hisself.* While the neighbors were calling the cops I grabbed the zulu, threw him in the cab and lit out.

While I was beating it down a hill on Second Avenue a fire truck whizzed out of a side street and nearly scared me to death. Rather than get killt, I skidded to the right and nearly turned the trap over. The next thing I knew, me and the cab went through a *plate glass window* and smack into a *butcher shop.* Glory be to heaven, I thought a boiler exploded. The hood was covered with pork chops and when I looked in at the zulu he was buried up to the hilt in bones, veal cutlets and hamberger steak. Holy mackerel, whata night!

Don't ask me how I got out of it, Mazie, because the worst is yet to come. All I can say is, I brought you two pot roasts from the wreckage. And listen, if I catch you slipping any of it to that no good dock worker what comes into this lunch wagon I'll part your permanent with a tire iron, get me?

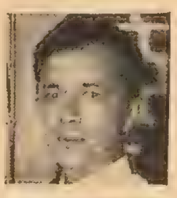
Well, so long, kid—I'll look for you next week in the funnies.

In an early issue Shorty will tell about one of the maddest adventures of his dizzy life as a driver.

ANNOUNCING

LIBERTY'S SHORT SHORT BONUS AWARDS

FOR THE BEST SHORT SHORT STORIES PUBLISHED IN ITS PAGES BETWEEN AUGUST 1, 1936, AND MARCH 1, 1937, THE EDITORS OF LIBERTY HAVE AWARDED:



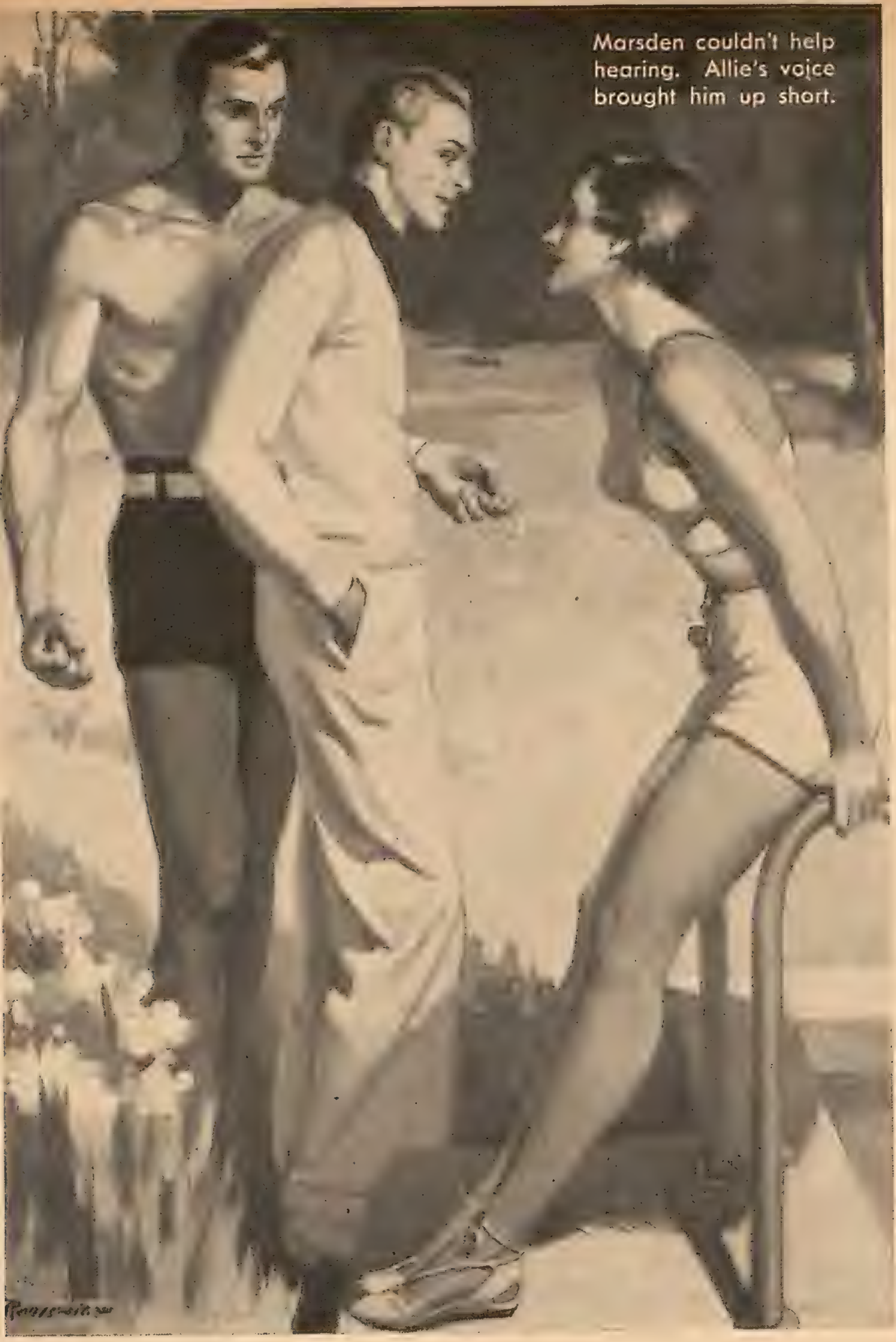
$1,000 TO WILL F. JENKINS FOR *A VERY NICE FAMILY,* IN THE ISSUE OF JANUARY 2, 1937.

$500 TO WILLIAM E. BARRETT FOR *THE MAN WHO STAYED HOME,* IN THE ISSUE OF SEPTEMBER 12, 1936.

$100 EACH TO EDWIN BAIRD FOR *PADDY'S LUCKY HALF-BUCK,* ISSUE OF SEPTEMBER 5, 1936 . . . HURD BARRETT FOR *NONE SO BLIND,* ISSUE OF SEPTEMBER 19, 1936 . . . WALTER C. BROWN FOR *TOUGH COPPER,* ISSUE OF JANUARY 9, 1937 . . . NARD JONES FOR *MORNING STAR,* ISSUE OF AUGUST 29, 1936 . . . RITA WEIMAN FOR *NO JUSTICE,* ISSUE OF OCTOBER 3, 1936.

Each of these stories was accepted, paid for, and published in the regular way. The awards now announced are bonuses—additional payments, voluntarily made as an expression of gratitude and appreciation. To each of these seven authors Liberty offers its congratulations!

ILLUSTRATION BY WILLIAM REUSSWIG


Marsden couldn't help hearing. Allie's voice brought him up short.

Secret Child

BY PATTERSON DIAL

★

The heart of a girl . . a problem in love—a fine modern novel marches on

READING TIME ● 29 MINUTES 21 SECONDS

As newly appointed personal secretary for wealthy Roger Blaylock, William Marsden finds himself entrusted with a strange, almost fantastic family secret, and surrounded by many bewildering problems.

His employer confides that baby Andrew, whom Marsden was surprised at finding in the Blaylock mansion, is the child of his worthless son Jerome. "The child's mother died at his birth," Blaylock says, and reveals that only the family, his attorney, and a few trusted servants know that the child is there, and is his grandson. Alice Blaylock, his daughter, tells Marsden the rest of the story. How Jerome, during one of his chronic drinking sprees, had married under an assumed name—Andrew Lovelace—and had forgotten about it when he sobered. When faced with the facts, he kidnaped Andrew and brought him to the house. The maternal grandparents, Alice explained, could not trace him. They knew Jerome only as Andrew Lovelace. And Jerome was far from the Santa Monica Beach estate. "In Alaska—we hope!" Alice said.

The presence of Stephen Hunt as a guest of the Blaylocks, and a thoughtless statement made by Alice, add another burden to Marsden's life. "How did I ever get mixed up with such a man!" she had blurted out one night. "How did I ever let him mess up my life! Not even knowing whether I'm married to him or not!" And the next moment she had asked Marsden to forget she had ever said it.

In the following days Marsden notices that Hunt and Alice are quarreling a lot, but manage to keep their troubles from the elder Blaylock. And while he cannot find a solution to the affair, he gradually grows to dislike Hunt more each day. And, if the truth were known, is falling in love with Alice.

As he is walking down to the gates to get the mail one afternoon, he discovers Alice's pet Peke sitting in the middle of the driveway and a roadster bearing down on the dog. He rescues the animal but gets clipped by a fender himself. When he regains his feet the driver introduces himself as "Andrew Lovelace the First."

PART THREE — "I'LL SEE HE KEEPS HIS MOUTH SHUT"

If Marsden had not heard of his weakness from Allie, he would never have suspected that Jerome had been drinking. Even now it was hard to believe it as young Blaylock held a lighted match to a cigarette before he said, as if the fact of his having knocked Marsden down with the fender of his car were the greatest of jokes:

"Why the continued scowling? Must I apologize further for tumbling you off your feet? I'm sorry." He became serious. "Really."

Marsden stopped scowling. He hadn't known he was scowling. He laughed and slapped dust from his shoulders. "Think nothing of it," he said. "I've forgotten it."

Jerome leaned still farther over the car door and asked: "By the way, who are you? Besides lifesaver to an ungrateful dog?" He grinned at the Pekingese, who was stalking in injured dignity around the corner of the house.

Jerome turned back toward Marsden, eyes narrowed against smoke pouring from his nostrils.

"I'm your father's secretary," Marsden said.

"What, another one?" Jerome squinted at him, nodding approval. He sighed: "Well, I suppose you know all, as it were."

"I do."

Marsden dropped his flippant tone: "You'd better come on in the house now before Andrew sees you."

"But I came to see my child!" Jerome's gaiety fell from him.

Marsden frowned his unbelief. The one thing that Allie and Roger Blaylock did not want was for Jerome to be connected with Andrew. Jerome knew this as well as anybody. He must be very drunk, Marsden realized. There was no use arguing with him.

"It's out of the question," Marsden said flatly, "your seeing Andrew."

He explained, though he saw the futility of explaining: "If Andrew sees you there'll be no way to keep it from the servants that he's your child."

He opened the car door. "Come on, now. We'll go up to your room."

Jerome folded his arms on the steering wheel and shook his head.

Marsden said nothing more. He caught Jerome by the shoulders and twisted him out of the car. Pinning his arms to his sides, Marsden half pushed and half dragged him to the house. As he fumbled at the door it swung open to reveal Tupper, his old face, usually so cheerful, puckered with alarm. He whispered a greeting to Jerome and put his plump hand over the boy's mouth as Jerome started to yell for help.

Tupper knew without being told what was to be done. He caught one of Jerome's arms and led the way up the great stairway and along the hall to Jerome's rooms. After they had shut him in Tupper whispered, "I'll get Miss Allie," and was gone.

Jerome jerked free as Marsden relaxed his grip.

"All right," Marsden said; "keep your shirt on."

Jerome glowered at him, his mind struggling through its alcoholic haze. After a bewildered instant he gave up and moved over to a window. He stared out at the horizon where the dazzle of the ocean stopped at the pale sky.

Marsden had never before been in this part of the house. His gaze left Jerome and went about the living room and the bedroom beyond. Done in brown leather and heavy oak, the rooms looked as if they belonged to a college boy.

Jerome sighed and turned from the window. His anger had subsided into a mood that was friendly and somber.

LOOK, feller." He strode across the floor to stand by Marsden's chair. "It's been months since I've seen my kid. Out of all his little life I've only had him for a few hours a day for two weeks. Sometimes—sometimes off there by myself I believed I'd never seen him; that I'd dreamed him or made him up. Can't you see why I had to come back? Why I had to see him?"

Before Marsden could answer, Allie Blaylock came into the room. She was breathing fast as if she had run all the way, and her face seemed merely a background for the enormous dark terror of her eyes. She held out her arms and Jerome went to her.

"Oh, Bud, why did you do it!" She pulled his head down so that his cheek was against her own. "You should've stuck it out, darling. You should've tried."

"I did. Honest, Sissy."

She sat down, and Jerome knelt beside her, his arms about her waist. She smoothed the black hair back from his forehead and spoke to him with the gentle patience of a mother explaining to a wayward child:

"You ought to go now, Bud; get out before father sees you. You know what it'll do to him, finding you here."

"Go where, Allie? Before I see the kid? Where'll I go?" He was like a child with her, trusting her to show him what he must do.

"Yes." She drew in her breath sharply. "Where'll you go?"

Marsden could see she was fighting to keep control of herself; to think out some plan clearly and quickly before her fears cast her into panic. And there was no one giving her any help. No one.

Marsden shifted his eyes from the sight of her—so small in that big chair, with that husky boy clinging to her as if she were the one real thing in the world.

"What's the name of your doctor?" he asked her. "He should be called out here to see Jerome and take him back with him. It's obvious that the place for Jerome is a sanitarium under a doctor's care."

THE sound of Jerome's voice was like no sound Marsden had ever heard from a human throat. He wheeled to find Jerome wild-eyed and struggling like an insane man to break away from his sister.

"Don't, darling!" She implored him to be still. "You aren't going. I promise. I won't let anybody do that to you ever again."

He quieted immediately, and over his head she looked at Marsden, shaking her own head.

Marsden ignored her. "This is ridiculous," he said. "What does it matter whether he hates the idea or not? If it's the best thing for him and every one concerned?"

"But it isn't the best thing. Not for him or us. We tried it. It nearly killed him. He went out of his mind, fighting the doctor, the nurses, until he was wrecked. And"— she paused, not wanting to say it in front of Jerome, yet having to—"there's no way to stop him from talking and people from hearing what he says."

Marsden understood. Of course there could be no way to make sure that gossip might not leak out, no matter how honorable the institution might be. The fewer people who saw Jerome in this condition the better.

"See here," Marsden said. "My work's not heavy right now; I could be spared. Why can't I take care of him? I'll keep him out of trouble."

"Oh, Bill!" Her voice choked. "If you would!"

She held out her hand to him. "How did I ever get along when you weren't here, Bill?"

Her eyes were blurred with tears. Marsden had never seen her cry. It hurt. He wanted to pick her up in his arms and hold her close.

He caught her hand, then quickly let it go and went to the window to stand with his back to her. He couldn't stay there by her with her hand in his.

He loved her. He couldn't go on any longer pretending to fool himself into believing he didn't. He loved her; and the countless reasons why he shouldn't faded into unimportance before the one fact: she liked him, and she loved Stephen Hunt—was, for all he knew, married to Hunt.

"Bill"—he heard her speaking to him—"you know what it means—weeks. You can't stop him now."

As he turned from the window Roger Blaylock walked into the room. His slender height towered with anger.

"So you came back, Jerome?" he said softly.

At the sound, Jerome scrambled to his feet and stood defiant.

Allie came out of her chair and stood between them, braced as if their anger were a physical thing and she, taking it, protected each from the other.

"You have evidently had more to drink than you show," Blaylock went on, speaking in the clipped gentle tone.

"I don't care whether you think I'm drunk or sober!" Jerome cried.

"You don't care—of course you don't care; for anything or anybody. Only for what you want." Blaylock kept his voice at the same quiet level, goading Jerome to a frenzy of defiance.

"All right! I don't care—let it go at that. But I'm going to see my kid! You can't stop me!"

Before any one could reach him, he was out of the room and vanished from sight. Down the hall Andrew's voice could be heard shrilling in excitement.

Jerome's voice, maudlin with an alcoholic exaggeration of emotion, answered:

"Hello, son! Don't you remember your father?"

Allie and Roger Blaylock stood frozen. They had lived months of tension to avert this. Marsden spoke, his voice abrupt and loud in the sudden silence of the room:

"I'll take care of Jerome. I think—I hope you'll agree—that it would be better now to keep him here."

"You couldn't keep him here," Allie said dully. "He goes wild if he's not amused, if things aren't happening."

"Then I'll go where he wants to go," Marsden said. "I won't let him out of my sight. And I'll see he keeps his mouth shut."

Mr. Blaylock came to him and put his arm about his shoulders.

"I'll be very grateful to you." His voice broke and his hand tightened on Marsden's arm. His face averted, he turned away and went swiftly from the room.

Roger Blaylock hated his son, yet he loved him. And between the two emotions he was powerless to get to the boy.

But Allie—she could only love Jerome and love her father and suffer for them both. She muttered as the door closed behind her father:

"If he would only try to understand! If he would just see that Jerome has all of his temper and none of his strength!"

She came and stood beside Marsden. When she was close like this she had to tilt her head far back to see his eyes. She said:

"I can never thank you, Bill. You're somebody I didn't think there was—somebody to trust."

HIS face felt stiff and strange from the effort to meet her gaze so close to his and seem only the friend she believed him to be.

"I hope I don't disappoint you," he said.

"You won't." She smiled a little. This wan brightness faded and she said:

"I guess I better go find Steve before he hears about all this. It would be better if he heard it from me."

When she mentioned Hunt there was a finality to her remoteness that shut her from Marsden completely and left him in loneliness and futility.

He opened the door for her and she walked past him into the hall.

Jerome's voice, carefree and hilarious, drifted toward them, replying to Andrew's piping questions.

. . . . .

Marsden drew the curtains at the windows, shutting out the early light. He walked to the bed and looked down at Jerome Blaylock. The boy lay sprawled on his back, his face, beneath the black stubble of a week's beard, drawn and pallid from exhaustion. This was the first sleep he had had in—how long was it now? Marsden rubbed a tired hand across his own unshaven chin. Two days.

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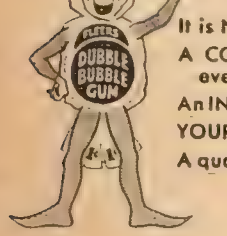

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Two days that had been like the last frenzied revolutions of some insane whirligig; the whirligig of the past three weeks, turning faster and faster until the days were a blur where there was neither daylight nor dark to separate them; where there was nothing but Jerome's mad hilarity, his insatiable seeking for something new to amuse him.

At first he had been content to spend most of the daytime hours with his child and the nights with Marsden. He would demand Allie on the condition that Stephen Hunt, whom he hated, stayed away; and the three of them would play poker for preposterous stakes—the winnings paid in worthless checks—until Allie would go stark-eyed and shaky with fatigue and Marsden would shut her from the room.

He would stay with Jerome, listening to his endless stories and his ribald shouted songs, topping each song or story with one of his own.

That had been the secret of keeping him in hand—going him one better on everything he said or did, prolonging and confusing the ensuing argument until the boy had forgotten what had started it. Finally he would not argue but would seize on any suggestion and become frantic to be off. When Marsden delayed he would grow ugly and threaten him. Marsden allowed him once to make good his threats. He was easy to handle. Big and husky though he was, he had been easy.

He didn't try to fight again. He turned crafty and, seeming to agree meekly with Marsden's suggestions, escaped from the house. Before Marsden caught him, Jerome was halfway into town, driving his roadster with the diabolic gauging of speed and space that came to him when he was drunk.

After that Marsden did not oppose him. He made Jerome see that the name he doted on, the name Andrew Lovelace, wasn't half as funny as he thought it was, and that Eustace Bloodgood was much more amusing. As for himself, he became T. Harold Tittensall.

SO as Bloodgood and Tittensall they went out on excursions that took them into black-and-tan resorts on Central Avenue, gambling clubs in the Hollywood hills, and whispering hidden places in the Chinese quarter.

Marsden had always managed to decoy Jerome back to the house for the increasingly few hours that he slept. Jerome began to speak vaguely of taking a trip, and when he suggested motoring down into Mexico, Marsden agreed immediately, to forestall thoughts of longer and more complicated journeys. They had spent a week in Mexico—Tiajuana, Caliente, Mexicali, Ensenada.

Marsden had managed to call the Blaylock house each day. Allie had always come to the telephone, and the small bravery of her voice, her gratitude to him, had sent him back to Jerome with a strengthened resolve to see the boy through these last insane days. He knew they were the last. Jerome couldn't go on much longer. His mind had left him. Coherent and seemingly alert, he no longer remembered people or happenings.

His body crumpled late one afternoon as he leaned on a bar in Mexicali. He had been docile when Marsden suggested that they go back to Santa Monica; docile and vacant-eyed on the long drive home, Marsden's hands clenched on the wheel and his teeth biting into his lip as he fought to keep awake. He had slept only when Jerome slept, and he was starved for sleep.

WHEN they arrived at the Blaylock house, Marsden had telephoned Tupper from the gates, and the two of them had managed to get Jerome to his rooms without waking the household.

And now he was asleep.

Marsden found Tupper waiting in his own room. The shades were drawn, the bed turned down, and the bathroom steamy from a full tub of hot water. After his bath, Tupper saw him to his bed and whispered:

"Sleep it out, sir. You've earned it!"

Marsden was deep in oblivion before the words were spoken.

Ten hours later Marsden awakened into the half-darkness of a room with shades drawn against the glare of sunlight. Tupper, bland and beaming once more, came in to inform him that Jerome still slept, Miss Allie had gone into Hollywood, and Mr. Blaylock was closeted with his attorney, Mr. Crockett.

When Marsden arrived downstairs, Miss Meeker stuck her head into his office long enough to say there was no hope of seeing Mr. Blaylock, for he was talking contracts with old Crockett and dictating memoranda and she must *fly* before he let out a *howl.*

Marsden went outside. There was a blank restfulness to a world no longer dominated by the unsolved problem of Jerome.

Down by the green lane of the bowling alleys James Smith barked joyously. Mrs. Tomkins was leading Andrew's pony at a sedate walk, while Andrew, kicking the pony's sides, begged the nurse to let him go faster, and Smith dashed about the pony's heels in a frenzy of mock ferocity. James Smith loved horses.

Marsden wheeled away from them toward the house, wanting to bask in the peace of his aloneness.

Beneath a camphor tree near the house he came on Stephen Hunt, lounging sidewise in a chair, playing solitaire with a miniature pack of cards on the chair's wide arm.

"Back, um?" he said as if Marsden had merely been absent on a day's jaunt into town. "We must have some more tennis." He quickly amended, "That is, if you don't mind playing with me. I know I don't give you much of a game."

"That's absurd," Marsden answered. He wished Hunt wouldn't be so damned nice about this tennis business.

“ I hear the prodigal is returned,” Hunt murmured. “ Out cold on his feet.”

“ On his back.”

“ Quite a lad, Jerome. Only human I've ever seen who could inspire a complete loyalty in his sister.” Hunt turned over a card. “ I wonder if I should take my drinking more seriously.”

Marsden had no intention of listening to talk like this. He asked, as if he had not heard:

“ How're the cards? Who's winning? ”

“ My lesser self.” Hunt put a king in a space and looked up at Marsden. “ I'm ahead of the deals, and isn't it always our worst traits that get us the most? ”

Marsden laughed. He couldn't help it. This was the posturing talk of some school kid still wet behind the ears. Stephen Hunt took the laughter as a tribute to his wit and, pleased, asked Marsden:

“ Do you know what time it is? I forgot my watch.”

“ Three thirty.”

“ Only that? ” Hunt threw down his cards. “ I suppose it'll be two hours, then, before Allie's back, if she stays for the whole show.”

“ Where'd Allie go? ” Marsden's throat stiffened. It had been so many days since he had had even the excuse to mention her name. “ Tupper said she went to Hollywood.”

YES. To Fairfax and La Brea.” Hunt gathered the cards. “ To see the circus. Not because she wanted to see the circus, but because Andrew had never seen a circus—if you can figure that out! Personally, I can't see how the belief that an adult engagement is more important than getting a circus balloon for a child who doesn't even understand what a circus is brands one as a monster who kicks in the ribs of dogs and chokes babies in their cribs.”

Marsden grinned. So she'd broken a date with him. Allie had walked out on him!

“ Perhaps,” he said, “ that's because you never understood the wonders of a circus.”

Far down at the end of the driveway the gates had swung open for Allie's car. She was back early.

The men waited in silence as the heavy roadster purred up the gravel road. A cluster of balloons bobbed at their mooring on the framework of the top. She waved and sent the car forward in a burst of speed, to stop ten feet away from the camphor tree.

There was a small black horse on the seat beside her—a horse that would be to the usual Shetland pony relatively as large as the Shetland is to the usual horse. He was perhaps a trifle larger than an Airedale.

“ Bill! ” Allie cried. She tumbled out of the car and flew to Marsden, both hands outstretched. “ I didn't think you'd be awake for hours yet.”

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She caught his two hands and held them tightly. "I'm so glad to see you, Bill. So glad you're home." She lowered her voice to a whispered gravity: "I'm so grateful to you, Bill."

Somehow he managed to keep his hands remote within her small strong grasp. It was strange, how he had not remembered all of her. Though she had never been out of his thoughts, she was far lovelier than he had remembered.

"Can't these ceremonies be deferred?" Hunt said impatiently. "I don't think I can stand here much longer without knowing what that is."

He pointed at the horse. The tiny creature teetered at the edge of the seat by the opened door and longed to make the leap down to the ground.

"It's a horse. I bought him from the circus."

She ran to the car, and Marsden caught her just as she was about to lift the animal out.

"His name is Prince. Too bad; but he's used to it and it can't be changed," she said as Marsden took Prince from her and set him on the ground.

She knelt by the horse and put an arm around him. "If you could have seen him do his act! There were five others with him, but he was the smallest. It was a very simple act and he was at the end of the line. He didn't know his tricks very well. When the others stood on their hind legs and whirled around once, they were up, around, and down before he got his forelegs off the sawdust. When they put their front hoofs on the back of the horse ahead, his fell off three times before he managed to stay put. But he worked so hard—such prancing and pawing and waving of the tail! And when they all galloped out, he went with such importance—as if he knew he was the star of the whole show and all the applause was for him."

She rubbed her cheek against his ear. "And he'd been in the small ring down at the far end and I don't think ten people in the entire audience noticed him at all."

PRINCE nuzzled her cheek and swished his long tail.

"Even the circus people didn't like him much," she said. "I didn't have to argue hard to buy him."

"Just why did you buy him?" Hunt asked, with the weariness of one who spoke to somebody not quite bright.

"For James Smith. He's exactly the right size." She looked up at Marsden. "Don't you think Smith is going to love him?"

"I should think Smith would be bowled over," he said, because he knew she wanted him to say something like that.

"This," Stephen said slowly, "is as crazy as anything even *you* have ever done." He gave her one look, then turned on his heel and walked toward the house. A moment later the door slammed shut behind him.

Allie laughed and rested her forehead on Prince's small back. "Steve's mad at me; been mad for days," she told Marsden. "But he's raging today because I had promised him, after he'd begged and begged, to go see some tennis matches at the Ambassador; then I went to the circus instead. He's so mad he wouldn't even go to the tennis by himself."

Her glee was without rancor. It was like the impish amusement of a child who has played a harmless prank on a stranger. Marsden didn't understand her.

"Look in the car and get out Andrew's things, will you?" she said. "My poor little Scooter! This morning when I said circus he asked what I meant. I had to go then. I had to bring him back as much circus as I could."

"Of course you had to go." Marsden stooped backward out of the car, holding a red whip, a monkey on a stick, and other bright nonsense.

SHE jumped to her feet, the little horse snorting and prancing beside her. She whistled, and there was an answering bark down by the bowling alleys. An instant later James Smith came across the lawn, a tawny blur speeding to Allie.

In his joy he took no heed of Prince until he was satisfied that Allie was actually home, actually back with him where she belonged. That done, he walked around the horse, sniffing and inspecting, his tail a thrashing plume of excitement. Then he stopped beneath Prince's head and sat up on his haunches, forepaws limp against his chest, and soft, almost talking sounds rumbling in his throat.

Whinnying, the horse bent his head to him. Smith wagged his tail so violently that his balance was destroyed and he toppled to his four paws.

Allie watched them, her expression concentrated, intense with pleasure. She always looked like this when she was happy. It was like a light on her face. Marsden had never known any one with her gift for recognizing happiness, her ability to give herself to it completely.

"But where's my baby?" she exclaimed.

He was coming to her as fast as his short legs could bring him, his arms outstretched and his yellow curls bobbing.

He forgot to ask her about the circus because he was so glad that she was back again. He saw the small horse and his eyes and his mouth became round and inquiring with wonder.

"That's James Smith's horse," Allie told him.

"James is a fuss-bucket," Andrew informed her absently, his mind on the horse.

"Fuss-budget!" She kissed the top of his head. She explained Prince: "He came from the circus and his name is Prince."

"Prince," Andrew repeated solemnly. Then he saw the balloons and his other presents. Marsden and Allie knelt beside him on the grass, and

Marsden showed him how to make the monkey dance on its stick. He squealed with the pleasantness of it, and carefully showed Mrs. Tomkins, who had just caught up with him, how it was done.

Allie sat back on her heels and said: "I think I'll go swimming. I'm hot" —she gingerly lifted the collar of her linen coat away from her neck—"and all dusty from the circus." She asked Marsden:

"Don't you want to go? Do you good. You look tired." She added under her breath, "Poor Bill; how could you help but look so tired!"

Andrew forgot his toys. His face puckering, he put a fat hand on Marsden's cheek and asked unhappily:

"Bill's tired?"

"Bill's not so tired." Marsden put his arm around the plump little body. "Bill feels fine."

"We'll take care of Bill and he'll be rested in a day or two," Allie told Andrew.

"You know, Scooter," she said as if the child were some one of her own age, "Bill is about the finest man we'll ever know. He's been mighty good to all of us. So good I don't know how we'll ever pay him back."

Andrew looked from Allie to Marsden, his small brain busy with a distressing problem. He said, trying to be cheerful about it:

"Would you like my monkey on a stick, Bill? You can have it."

"Oh, you darling!" Allie caught him away from Marsden. Marsden still clung to Andrew's hand. He said unsteadily:

"You keep it, feller. Thanks just the same. And don't you pay much attention to what Allie said. She talks that way because she can't help talking nicer than anybody. Anybody but you."

He smiled at Allie. The look she gave him was radiant with that intensity of emotion he had so often seen in her eyes when she looked at the child or her father. It was as if she opened her arms to Marsden and drew him within the small circle of those she loved. Drew him into that small circle, Marsden reflected with a dull despair, and excluded him forever from the world in which she dwelt with Stephen Hunt.

"I'll meet you at the pool," she said, and, jumping to her feet, she ran off toward the house.

Marsden went to his room first to get the new swimming trunks he had ordered. He changed into them, and by the time he walked outside Allie was already at the pool. Stephen Hunt, still in sweater and flannels, stood beside her. His back was toward Marsden as Marsden strolled toward them across the patio. As Bill drew nearer he heard Hunt speaking what he evidently considered the unanswerable last words to an argument:

"And you never care about anything that's not for your brother or your dog or that child."

"That's not true," she said flatly.

"Of course." His voice was soft with mock apology. "I forgot your father's secretary. He is given his moments."

Marsden couldn't help hearing. As he went forward, Allie's voice, cool and hateful, brought him up short.

PAR GOLF

by F. Gregory Hartswick

This puzzle is really a variation on a very old problem of measurement, and the only reason it is given a golfing twist is because there happen to be nine numbers involved, corresponding to the first nine holes of the standard golf course. It will appear that any one who could play as required by the conditions would make Bobby Jones look like the rankest duffer; but then, anything goes in a puzzle.

The nine holes on a golf course measure the following distances: 300 yards, 250, 200, 325, 275, 350, 225, 375, and 400. Now we assume that a player can always hit his ball exactly one of two distances in a perfectly straight line, so that it will either go toward the hole, pass over it, or drop into it (that is why such a player would completely destroy Bobby Jones at his best). Making such an assumption, what two distances would you choose to go the first nine holes in the fewest number of strokes? If you select 125 and 75 yards, for instance, you can get around in 28 strokes. You would take four 75-yard shots for No. 1, two 125-yard shots for No. 2, one 125-yard shot and one 75-yard shot for No. 3, and so on. But those two distances are not the best you can select. Can you find the two distances that will give you the fewest number of strokes for the nine holes?

(The answer will be found on page 46)

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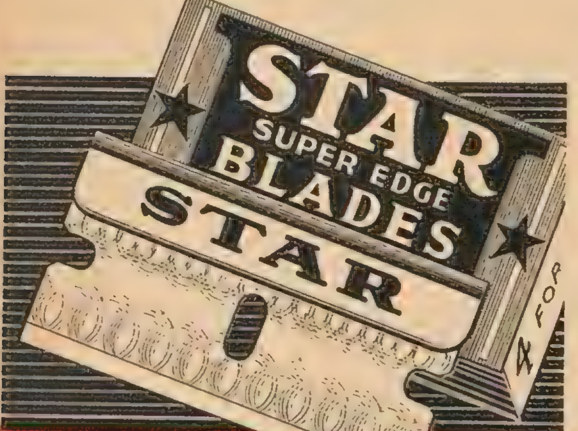

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"My father's secretary and our friend," she said, "who is standing behind you with every intention of knocking your head off; but he won't when he knows I don't want him to."

Hunt did not move a muscle.

"I was always one to hide behind a woman's skirts," he said pleasantly.

He wheeled to face Marsden. There was no trace of embarrassment in his expression. "I was just teasing her. You know, talking wild to make her bristle."

"Yes." Allie slanted Marsden a look from which he could get nothing. "He was just teasing. So was I."

"We're playful that way." Hunt smiled and took her hand.

"Just like bear cubs," Allie said.

"You're awfully cute." Marsden matched their tone.

"If you're going swimming, you'd better change," Allie said to Hunt, taking her hand from his.

"I don't want to go in now," Hunt said.

"Very well," Allie said shortly—"if you are determined to be disagreeable!"

"Temper! Temper!" Hunt held up his hand. There was always something awkward about him when he tried to joke this way. "You know, you're getting so nobody can speak to you without setting you off. The strain of having Andrew here is beginning to tell on you. You need a change. If you don't watch out, even he will begin to sense it soon. And you don't want that. He's got enough on him already, accustoming himself to the hurly-burly of this house."

"That's silly." She studied his face, trying to see if he were joking.

"Well," he said, "you must realize that until a few months ago Andrew lived in a simple home with simple orderly people." He shrugged. "In the long run, I wonder if it wouldn't turn out to be the greater kindness to you and to him—and to the Owenses—if somebody told them that Andrew was here."

THIS was the first time Marsden had heard the child's maternal grandparents' name spoken since Allie had told him of Jerome's marriage.

"If anybody told them," Allie spoke quietly to Hunt, "I would probably kill him."

Hunt's amused gaze met her stare.

"And I'm not teasing," she said.

"But, darling, I am," he told her.

"Then stop it!" she snapped.

Marsden ached to choke that lazy superiority out of Hunt's face. This was a new trick, teasing her to get back at her because she had angered him; and using Andrew was a rotten way to do it.

"Come on, Bill, let's go in," Allie said, pulling a rubber cap down over her hair. She looked suddenly tired; tired and dejected. And she had been so happy when she had returned from the circus; happier than Marsden could ever remember seeing her.

Marsden had had as much of Stephen Hunt as he could take amiably. He brushed past Hunt to the pool just as Allie cut the water with a racing dive. He stopped and spoke over his shoulder:

"Hereafter will you remember that I merely work here? Whatever it is that keeps you and Allie continually quarreling is no business of mine."

His eyes hardened to the smoke-gray of slate. "You'll either keep me out of it, or I'll see to it that you do."

OH, for the love of—" Hunt began, as if he spoke to an exasperating fool.

"All right!" Marsden's glance swept contemptuously across his face. "You were 'just joking,' I know. But after this—get another joke."

He turned and plunged into the pool. When he came to the surface he saw that Hunt had left and was strolling across the lawn to the guesthouse. Even Marsden's water-blurred eyes could see the anger that was in the very set of Hunt's shoulders.

After dinner Mr. Blaylock lost no time in getting Crockett to the backgammon board, and Marsden went to his office. Allie had gone immediately upstairs. Hunt had not appeared at all. Marsden found a stack of letters on his desk: letters to Mr. Blaylock with his notations scrawled in red pencil. Marsden decided not to wait until the next day for Miss Meeker to take his dictation. He might as well answer the letters now. It would keep his mind occupied. He was in no mood for his own thoughts.

Allie walked into the room and sat down on the corner of his desk.

"You busy?" she asked. She caught her toes under the rung of a chair, pulled it toward her, and put her feet on the brocade seat.

"Not doing a thing," he said, and swept the letters into a drawer.

Elbows on her knees, she rested her head on her clenched fists. She mumbled, staring down at the silver straps of her sandals:

"I'm afraid I'm going to get married. If I'm not married to Steve already, I'm going to marry him. I'm going to get married for sure."

Marsden's heart was a sudden weight that thudded against his ribs.

What does Alice mean "married for sure"? She doesn't keep the tortured Marsden wondering much longer, for in next week's issue he learns the truth. And on top of that startling confession come new complications, new heartbreaks.

ANSWER TO THE GOLF PUZZLE ON PAGE 45

The best two distances are 125 yards and 100 yards. These will get you out in 26 strokes. The catch—if you can call it a catch—is the fact that you must play No. 5—275 yards—in three 125-yard shots and one *backward* 100-yard shot. Otherwise it is impossible to play that hole using the two distances. Under the conditions such a backward shot is perfectly allowable. Have you never overapproached the green when playing real golf?

Diamonds ARE DANGEROUS

Liberty's SHORT SHORT

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

By ELITA WILSON

JIM gave his engraved invitation to the butler, who bowed him toward the gentlemen's dressing room. As he handed his military coat to the man in charge, he glanced around. In the distance he could hear the strains of a large orchestra and the hum of many voices. There would be at least five hundred people here tonight at Angela Carstairs's wedding reception.

He walked toward the door, adjusting his West Point uniform. It fitted him a little snugly, he noticed; but for twenty-three he wasn't too heavy.

In the large reception room he recognized no one near him except Detective Riordan, who wouldn't know him anyway. The Carstairses were taking no chances, he saw. It was easy to spot the detectives. With the others, he was looking over the expensive array of wedding gifts, when suddenly a voice at his elbow said:

"Are you Robert Pennington?"

Jim wheeled and looked into a pair of violet eyes.

"I'm Betty Straus, Angela's cousin, you know. She asked me to keep an eye out for you. It's been so long since we were all children together that Angela was afraid she wouldn't recognize you. I said I was sure I could, but—well, honestly, I'd never have known you."

Jim smiled. "How could you possibly recognize me," he asked, "when I'm not Robert Pennington? He wasn't able to come, so he sent me, with his compliments. I am Cadet Barrett. I was on the point of introducing myself to your cousin and her mother. Now perhaps you will be kind enough to do it?"

The girl flashed him a smile that made Jim decide he looked better in a uniform than in civilian clothes. His recently grown mustache had probably improved his looks, too. Betty slipped her arm through his and piloted him efficiently through the press of people gathered around a huge punch bowl from which a butler was serving champagne cocktails, to where Angela Carstairs and her mother were receiving. The famed necklace of diamonds—three hundred thousand dollars' worth — glittered and writhed on the older woman's neck. It fascinated Jim.

"Let's have a cocktail while we're here," the girl beside him suggested.

Glasses in hand, they made their way to the Carstairses. Presently Jim was being introduced, explaining again how he had come to present the compliments of his brother cadet. Other people came up. Jim was moving off with Betty when a young man came up.

"I've been looking all over for you, Betty," he said. "This is our dance."

"I'll have to go," she apologized to Jim.

Jim bowed, then stood looking around, a feeling of contempt surging inside him—and an odd little thrill that he seldom felt. These people . . . these *stupid* people, he mused. With all their money they didn't know how to enjoy life. Now, if only he—

Some one jostled his elbow. It was the butler, with a tray heavily laden with cocktails, making his way perilously to the group surrounding the Carstairses. Setting his own glass down, Jim followed closely.

Mrs. Carstairs took a glass. As the butler turned to Angela, Jim was directly in his path. With a clumsy movement, not at all like him, he stepped aside—and the next moment the tray went crashing to the floor.

Angela cried out: "My dress!"

Jim stepped quickly forward. "Take my handkerchief," he suggested, handing it to Mrs. Carstairs. Some one else came forward with a napkin and began daubing at the wet satin.

And then a scream split the air.

"My necklace!" Mrs. Carstairs cried. "My necklace . . . it's gone!" She was clutching frantically at her fat white neck.

Bedlam broke loose.

Hamilton Carstairs came hurrying to his wife's side. Riordan and his detectives appeared from nowhere, everywhere. A police whistle blew shrilly.

"Close all the doors to this room!" boomed Riordan's voice. "Nobody is going to leave until every man and woman have been searched. Barry and Anderson, you start with the men. Is there a telephone in this room, Mr. Carstairs? I'll get a matron from headquarters to search the ladies."

An older woman appealed to her host in a loud voice: ". . . . to be treated like a common criminal . . . have my clothes torn off my back . . ."

Carstairs turned to Riordan. "Is it really necessary?"

"You want to get the necklace back, don't you?" Riordan retorted impatiently. "Then let us handle it. We're wasting time."

"One moment, inspector." The interruption came from an elderly man who now stepped quietly to the center of the circle. Riordan regarded him with no friendly eye. There is always some smart aleck at a time like this.

"Before you go further with this investigation," the newcomer said, "I believe I can save you some trouble and the ladies considerable embarrassment."

Riordan turned to Carstairs. "Who is this man?"

"I think, inspector," the other continued before Carstairs had a chance to reply, "that the person you are looking for is the young man over there in the West Point uniform. Why not search him first?"

Jim wondered how the old man had pegged him. Had the cadet he had dragged into the bushes down the street and slugged, whose uniform and invitation he had stolen—come to? The shot in the arm should have taken care of him for at least another two hours.

But now Riordan's stubby fingers were searching. They found the necklace. Jim felt his knees go weak. This was to have been the coup of his career—the coup to end his career of crime.

None too gently he was propelled across the room.

"Colonel, you're a wizard!" Mr. Carstairs exclaimed. "This is Colonel Harris, Riordan. A retired army officer. How the devil did you do it, old chap?"

Jim felt the detective's grip on him tighten as they halted.

"Yeah," put in Riordan. "I'd like to hear the answer to that one."

"Simple." The colonel smiled. "Simple if you know your West Point manual. It says that no West Point cadet can have a wife, a dog—*or a mustache.*"

THE END

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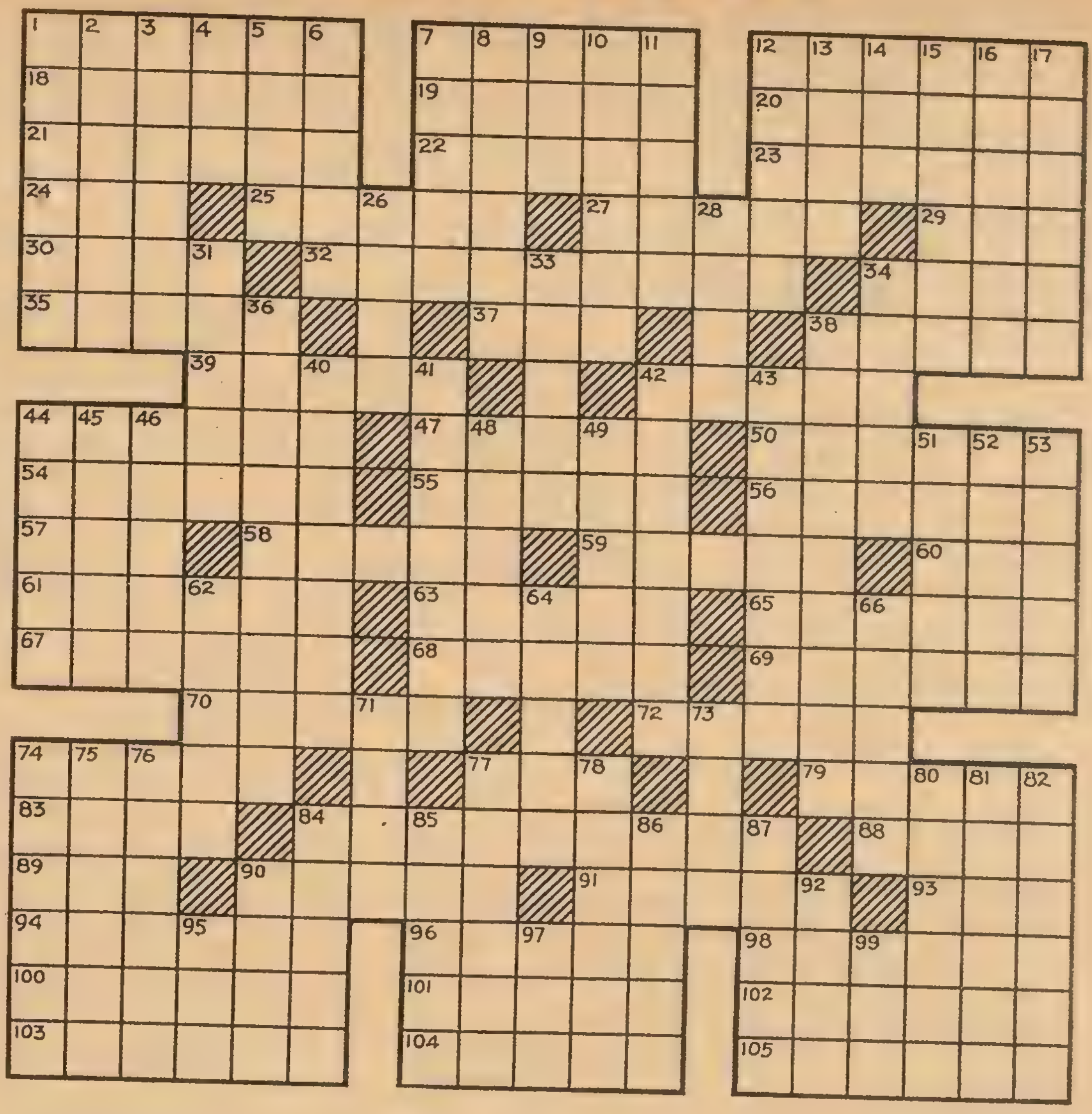
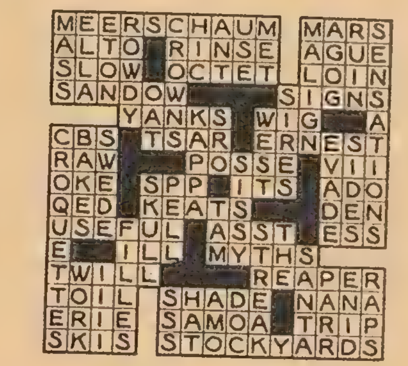


HORIZONTAL

1 An agent
7 Employers
12 Bets
18 Slanting
19 Saccharine
20 Imitation pearl
21 Contours
22 Ax handle
23 City in Canada
24 Measure of weight
25 River in Africa
27 Sultan's decree
29 Horse
30 Therefore (Latin)
32 Wanting vigor
34 Culmination
35 Ceases from action
37 Sooner than
38 Liberated
39 Old yarn measure (pl.)
42 Equines
44 Behind a vessel
47 A game
50 Takes up
54 Did odd jobs
55 Hell
56 Fame
57 An electrified atom
58 Kind of seaweed (pl.)
59 Of the soft palate
60 Portuguese coin
61 American Negro poet
63 Guide
65 Spent unnecessarily
67 Chargers
68 Intended
69 Olympian deity
70 Bamboolike grasses
72 A falcon
74 Masts
77 Furthermore
79 Fops
83 Small
84 Freed from anxiety
88 Man's nickname
89 Beverage
90 Horny indurations
91 Beverage
93 Because that
94 A fish
96 Jewish blessing
98 Compound of boron
100 A bird
101 Sends forth
102 Expiates
103 Island in Venice
104 Meaning
105 Short intermission

VERTICAL

1 Speedier
2 On land
3 Resounds
4 A toy
5 Unobscured
6 Plant exudation
7 Court attendant
8 Turn aside
9 A fish
10 Subject to abuse
11 Square meter
12 Dispute
13 On the sheltered side
14 A kind of boat
15 Make evident
16 Re-entitle
17 Displayed publicly
26 Trappings
28 Vipers
31 Otherwise
33 Mistook
34 Criminal burning
36 Serenatas
38 United in a league
40 Sanction
41 Separation (pl.)
42 Declares
43 Territory in Borneo
44 Sour substances
45 Yell
46 Metric measure
48 Hurry
49 Cardinal number
51 Ottoman court
52 Between
53 Deceptively inferior
62 A fruit
64 Deserves
66 Perennial plant
71 A ruminant
73 Old
74 Part of a motor
75 Cuban rodent
76 Genus of ferns
77 Take upon one's self
78 Old silver coins
80 Describe accurately
81 Wears away
82 Strain
84 Round-up
85 A mountain range
86 Wash
87 Exclude
90 Young equine
92 Fixed routine
95 Army officer (abbr.)
97 Relatives
99 Fabulous bird



Answer to last week's puzzle

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

FROM INVALID TO CHAMPION

By ALICE MARBLE

America's national singles champion.

International photo

READING TIME ● 7 MINUTES 37 SECONDS

☆

Inspiring!—a girl's brave triumph . . the new queen of tennis tells her own story

DURING my year and six months of illness I was told by three doctors that I would never play tennis again. I was determined to prove that they were wrong. I was certain my illness was not incurable, and I felt that each one of us is blessed with our own curative powers to far exceed anything that doctors can do for us.

Finding a doctor who could diagnose my case correctly was a problem far beyond my imaginings. I ran a gantlet of four leading specialists before one gave any thought to my anemic condition; a condition brought on by a sunstroke suffered under a broiling Eastern sun.

One doctor insisted that I rest in a sanatorium for a year. I stayed in bed for six months, and when I showed no improvement whatsoever I left. I had had a hemoglobin or blood count of 55, instead of the normal 90, and my doctor at the sanatorium had said that I was not to have milk, as it was too fattening. Milk, as we know, contains that vitamin most beneficial to the blood.

Another doctor gave me injections which eventually caused a toxic poisoning through my entire system. By this time I had gained ten unhealthy pounds due almost entirely to the toxic condition. I then found a doctor who, although he did nothing for my anemia, put me on a liquid diet of six glasses of orange juice, six glasses of tomato juice, and six glasses of lemon juice diluted with cold water. My anemia had not been improved, but at least this man enabled me to overcome the harmful effects of the toxic poisoning.

Finally, after a discouraging year and a half, I found a doctor for whom I now have the utmost respect and gratitude. After my unfortunate experience with five specialists I had become quite bitter at the mere mention of the word doctor. Thousands of dollars had been spent on my health and I had nothing to show for it. Dr. C., unlike the others, made a fine impression when he said, "You are Miss Marble, the tennis player, aren't you?" I answered that I had been a tennis player at one time, and he said: "My dear girl, there is no reason to think you will not play tennis again. Your whole trouble comes from an anemic condition which I can take care of in two months' time." Naturally, I was skeptical. But, to my delighted surprise, his methods brought almost immediate results.

After two weeks my hemoglobin had reached a count of 88 and I began to feel really well for the first time in a year and a half.

I awakened every morning feeling strong, able to rise out of bed without that dull sleepy feeling. My appetite improved day by day, and I wanted only the foods that would continue to build me up. I have continued with the same diet over a period of a year, and find it most satisfactory. Most important for building of red cells is rare beef of any description. Not one of us could eat beef every day, but I can truthfully say I enjoy it as much as four or five times a week. Green salads, green vegetables are very nourishing; green onions, plenty of parsley; these are all blood builders. Milk at least once a day, preferably at luncheon, will tend to build one's blood. I find that after a hard practice my system craves something cool, not cold, such as a large glass of milk or orange juice; and for those who enjoy a new, healthful drink, try milk and orange juice mixed together.

My next problem was to build up the muscles that had not been used: chest muscles, legs, arms, shoulders, wrists, diaphragm muscles. From the time I was six years old I had indulged in every sport that a girl might play. It must have been a terrific shock to my system to have stopped being active so suddenly.

As I continued to improve I decided to go to a physical culturist in San Francisco and ask him to give me the

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necessary exercises to build up my muscles. I worked with this man for a month, using the most strenuous exercises for my back. My muscles began to have tone once more. Once again I felt that life was worth living!

My teacher, Miss Eleanor Tennant, without whose assistance and guidance I would not be Women's National Tennis Champion today, had me jump rope for ten or fifteen minutes every day to build up my feet and the calves of my legs. I sang continually to build up my chest muscles and those of my diaphragm.

My one form of exercise during the time I was ill was walking. I started out by walking 1,000 feet a day and gradually worked up to three miles.

Each one of us has his own formulae for keeping in perfect physical condition. Perhaps the majority of readers would not enjoy the life I lead; however, I may be able to give a few of you some helpful hints.

I enjoy rising early—at eight or eight fifteen. My first thought is for my lemon and water; a glass of cold water (or hot, whichever you prefer) with the juice of one lemon squeezed in it. This sets me up for the day. It is better to take lemon half an hour before breakfast. I enjoy a large glass of orange or grapefruit juice, toast, bacon or one egg, and coffee.

I prefer to take my exercise in the morning and enjoy a brisk walk of a mile or two.

My theory about food is that we all eat far too much. I try to have one very light meal during the day; lunch preferably, which usually consists of a mixed green salad and a cup of tea or milk.

During my four active years of tennis in the East I have discovered that I lose a great deal of the water and salt in my system through perspiring. I take from two to three glasses of cold water with a large pinch of salt. If I had known of this three years ago I could have avoided a sunstroke. A sunstroke is caused by too much salt and water taken from the system.

I HAVE been asked any number of times by friends, "Do you retire at ten, like most athletes?" I believe that in order to be fresh and keen we all must have a certain number of hours' sleep. However, it is also true that some athletes require more sleep than others. This is one of the problems that the individual has to work out. My idea of training is to do what I think is best for me.

Perhaps the most unpleasant part of my illness was the fact that the first three doctors, specialists all of them, had impressed me so strongly with the fact that I would never recover, never have the normal things that a girl of twenty-one looks forward to. It has taken me two long years to lose a fear that I would not be a normal, healthy human being. Most of the work lay on my own shoulders.

I can say two very favorable things about my illness: One cannot help but develop mentally from such an experience. It gives one an opportunity to think and to realize that health is the most important factor in our lives. It gives one a better understanding of people.

Shortly after I had started to play tennis again I had the good fortune to spend a winter on the desert. The desert sun contains a vitamin as beneficial to the system as iron. After six months I was stronger and healthier than I had ever been before.

In six months I was not only running around and playing tennis but feeling well mentally and physically. I did not know the meaning of the word nerves.

MY dreams had come true. I looked forward to tournament play. But returning to competition was not as simple as it would seem. I was met with opposition on every side. Officials said: "We cannot afford to let you play; you are not well." The mere fact that my own doctor and two others had pronounced me completely and entirely well meant nothing to these men. I then went through my fourteenth physical examination with another specialist. Finally, after weeks of waiting, with a clean bill of health from my own doctor and from the specialist employed by the Southern California Tennis Patrons Association, I went on my way rejoicing. At last, I thought, I had won out.

But again my hopes were dashed. The Eastern committeemen said: "You should wait another year; you are not well enough to play; you will collapse, and we will be responsible."

And again my fears returned. But Miss Tennant would not let me give in. She said: "You *are* well, and you must make these men believe you are well."

We asked several of the committeemen to watch me play during the hottest weather New York had seen in fourteen years. They accepted; so, for a week, I played two hours every day. Then, after weeks of waiting, the National Tennis Association gave its consent.

Yet even now an aura of fear hung over me; for I should have four solid months of playing under pressure, when I would be afraid to sneeze or cough for fear that some one would say that I was not well. I wanted to convince the world that I was well and healthy. In the course of the two years I was out of competition many articles had been written saying that I would never play again, and I wanted to prove how false these prophets were.

I had but one physical ailment during the entire season. A blister on my foot!

The happiest moment of my life came when I won the last point of my match with Helen Jacobs, to be crowned Women's National Singles Champion of America. It was great to win, but doubly gratifying because of the long hard struggle I had had and because of the faith and belief of my friends that I would some day attain this great honor.

THE END

ANOTHER APRIL LIVES AGAIN

The Titanic tragedy, 25 years ago this month, inspires a new, dramatic picture — the camera notes some Eskimo ways and Laurel-Hardyisms

By BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 14 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT
2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR
0 STAR—VERY POOR

★ ★ ★ HISTORY IS MADE AT NIGHT

THE PLAYERS: Charles Boyer, Jean Arthur, Leo Carrillo, Colin Clive, Ivan Lebedeff, George Meeker, Lucian Prival, Georges Renavent, George Davies, Adele St. Mauer. Story and screen play by Gene Towne and Graham Baker. Directed by Frank Borzage. Produced by Walter Wanger-United Artists. Running time, 90 minutes.

A ROMANTIC melodrama that is more theatric than honest. But it will get you and hold your interest. And its moments—with a great new ocean greyhound on her maiden voyage crumpled against a huge iceberg—have high drama. The producers have turned back to the last tense, tragic moments of the Titanic, when the passengers tried to still their fears with Nearer, My God, to Thee, for their inspiration.

The plot is curiously and showily effective. A dashing Paris headwaiter comes to the rescue of the pretty American wife of a powerful shipping magnate. In Paris for a divorce, she is being framed by her husband—in her ornate Paris hotel suite at night—but maître d'hôtel Paul Dumond upsets the plot of the half-insane husband and he takes the distraught wife away for a midnight rendezvous at a small café. They have the whole place to themselves and dance until daybreak to the music of the tired little orchestra. Love dawns—but she little knows her handsome boulevardier is a headwaiter.

The tango-to-dawn interlude in the café is as romantically charming as anything Hollywood has ever given us. And Director Frank Borzage makes much out of his steamship disaster. The acting of Charles Boyer, the runaway monk of The Garden of Allah, and of Jean Arthur, lariat-swinging cowgirl of The Plainsman, has buoyancy and appeal; while Leo Carrillo as the headwaiter's chef friend and Colin Clive as the neurotic ship-magnate husband lend effective aid. Boyer's performance in particular has a glamour rare to the talkies.

You may find History Is Made at Night completely appealing, or you may see it with your Beverly Hills as a shrewdly devised romantic melodrama, craftily built to arouse and hold the interest, with puppets who are pushed about to make a punch show. The puppets, be it noted, are expertly played.

Charles Boyer and Jean Arthur in History Is Made at Night.

VITAL STATISTICS: Milord Walt Wanger, being a producer who thinks, thought up title for this at a gilded Hollywood party. Around an omniscient headwaiter he hoped to make a cavalcade of night life. Instead, halfway through story he decided he had no story, so threw in the sinking of a synthetic Titanic and threw out the night life. . . . When Charles Boyer finishes a shot, he seeks some isolated corner, paces up and down away from it all: so's not to get out of character. Works on locked set for same reason. Is on level with such tricks. Gracious, modest, and a touch taciturn on the screen, should you gain his liking he'll open up and gab for hours on any subject except the actor's favorite: himself. Lives unpretentiously with lovely wife Pat Paterson in a simple Hollywood house overlooking the Los Angeles dish-shaped plain. Never struggled as an actor. Only suffering came when he played miscast roles in his early Hollywood days when he first arrived to dub foreign sounds on M-G-M films, learned the language, and was starred into oblivion by Fox, only to be rescued by Wanger on eve of his creeping back to France de-egotized. Born at Figeac, France, his family was bourgeois and comfortable, nonpro. Mother wanted him to law, paw to make harvesters. Plays violin, but only once has he done so in public. Has a prodigious memory; never has had stage fright. Likes tennis, skiing, St. Moritzing, and bobsledding. Needs to go among normal people constantly to de-actorize himself. Says actors aren't normal; if they were they wouldn't act. . . . Jean Arthur is Hollywood's most scared-rabbit type, her unhappiness and shyness disappearing only before the cameras. She's a New Yorker; wanted to be a teacher; her idea of heaven today would be to cram foreign languages into receptive collegiate nuts. Has a hearty laugh, is an expert bore squelcher, likes any food but oatmeal. You could have signed her up during her first Hollywood venture ten years ago for $50; now I doubt if she'd act for you for less than $50,000 a picture. She likes planes, hates big parties; is always surrounded by her pets, making her cats get on with her canary. That scene of hysterical laughter got her and she couldn't stop for minutes afterward, much to everybody's horror; but she finally did with application of a cold towel. . . . Leo Carrillo is Hollywood's most chronic uniform wearer. In his time, offstage he's ridden in 950 parades, laid about 50 cornerstones, m.c.ed 2,500 banquets, planted 25 memorial trees, done 1,000 benefits, posed for 4,000 photos in connection with this or that. . . . Colin Clive is the perfect heavy screen husband but has yet to be divorced. Son of Colonel Colin Clive-Greig, he was born in St. Malo, France. Was destined for the army till he got thrown from a horse and badly injured at Sandhurst, England's West Point, thus doing away with all his warlike plans. Journey's End catapulted him to screen fame. Is married to Jeanne de Casalis, French actress. . . . Frank Borzage worked in a Nevada silver mine so he could earn enough to get through drama school so he could tap the theater's gold. Is a Swiss Italian born in Salt Lake City. Came to Hollywood from stock propboy during Gold Rush days of the early Hollywood. . . . Ivan Lebedeff is Hollywood's leading heel clicker and hand kisser. Sleeps in that monocle; doesn't wear it, for the first time in his screen career. Son of a wealthy Lithuanian, friend to the late Czar, Lebedeff had a swell's youth, a St. Petersburg U. education, warred some, brokered thereafter, tried his hand at playwriting, emigrated to Hollywood, where he took up the suave life of its most patent-leather actor instead. . . . Some of that ice that the Princess Irene runs into is real, some cellophane, some miniature and made in an electric icebox. Of course none of it looks like real glacier ice; but then, how many of you have ever run into a real glacier? Also don't write in and complain that no sea captain would try to break a run record in a heavy fog on the North Atlantic lane with 3,000 persons aboard his boat. Don't even write in and complain that since the Titanic they don't even use that lane. Wanger is sensitive, and knows.

★ ★ THE WEDDING OF PALO

THE PLAYERS: Natives of Angmagssalik in eastern Greenland. Scenario by Dr. Knud Rasmussen. Directed by Friedrich Dalsheim and Dr. Rasmussen. Running time, 70 minutes.

THE late Dr. Knud Rasmussen, who knew his Greenland and his Eskimos, made this pictorial drama on his last trip. It is a simple yarn, the yearning of two men for the same girl, and it ends when one of them carries off his prize in triumph to his winter hut. Back of this is a panorama of life on the east coast of Greenland—the eternal struggle against the elements. Pictures like this never are completely successful. The natives always seem to be depicting—a little shyly and self-consciously—moods a trifle alien to their real selves. Apparently it takes an experienced Hollywood actor to appear spontaneously primitive.

The background is highly interest-

"STAND BACK—
before my head
blows up"

HEAD SPLITTING, NERVES SHOT, UNTIL..
STAND BACK, WOMAN—RUN FOR YOUR LIFE! MY HEAD'S A VOLCANO READY TO BLOW UP
I'LL RUN ALL RIGHT—FOR BROMO-SELTZER! FASTEST RELIEF I KNOW FOR A HEADACHE LIKE THAT
SOON AFTERWARD
COME ON IN, JIM! YOU'D NEVER KNOW I WOKE UP WITH A HEADACHE, WOULD YOU? BROMO-SELTZER HELPED ME IN NO TIME—HEAD, STOMACH AND NERVES!

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BROMO-SELTZER
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ing. The huts of mud and skins, crowded with gory furs and hot with human sweat, are elemental havens against the elements. The quenching of hunger with white blubber and blood-dripping meat may be a trifle strong for your more or less tender sensibilities. But this picture of primitive emotions has an integrity of purpose and a curious interest.

VITAL STATISTICS: Dr. Knud Johan Victor Rasmussen started this in the spring of '33, worked through the year against impossible weather conditions and other primitive difficulties, became ill from some supposedly contaminated meat, died on December 21, 1933. Picture was finished by his colleague Friedrich Dalsheim. . . . Rasmussen was born at Jakobshavn, Greenland; educated at the U. of Copenhagen. Set out on a career of discovery with but limited means. Knew the Eskimo language, very difficult to master and conquered but by few white men, and had absolute confidence of Eskimos. Founded Thule, very coolish north point on west Greenland coast, now used as base in case you want to look over the North Pole. Devoted most of his life to skirting northern Greenland, tracing Greenland's history, setting down Greenland's literature, customs, and language. Always traveled as an Eskimo, i. e., lightweight, probably accounting for his marvelous ability to withstand hardship, make impossible long treks to ultimate spots, save the lives of his exploring pals. Thought of highly in Denmark. A keen sense of humor, he used to change names of Eskimos like Nasaitsordluarsuk to Harrigan for short. This was to be his sound-film record and popularization of a race he loved and wished to demysteryize. . . . Entire cast is Eskimo, recruited from tribe around Greenland's thriving metropolis of Angmagssalik, which boasts a population of several hundred, is situated on Greenland's east coast at 65° 30′ N. Lat., has a wireless station, a trading post, a tendency to snow any day of the year, and a temperature of around 49° above mean for July —very mean indeed. Of course there are parts of Greenland where the thermometer drops to 90° below, so Angmagssalik is very snug indeed with its 40° below in real cool weather. Uncertain weather conditions very harassing to Rasmussen & Co., for on a blazingly sunny summer day, with a shot going along very nicely, swish! in would drive an awful fog—one to make a London pea soup look like cellophane soup. . . . Navarana, Palo, and the sinister Samo are real Eskimos and not imported Swedish stars done up with grease paint and stickum. Their natural acting abilities spring from primitive play which is indulged in by the community and reaches marvels of miming skill. None had ever seen a movie; were taken to Denmark to see this and taste their first civilization. . . . Those are genuine storms, polar-bear fights, and Eskimo customs you see. Incidentally, the old idea that a polar bear will rush the hunter is dispelled when Samo fights that one who swims furiously in the hope of avoiding winding up as a bear rug on Navarana's hearthstone. . . . That method of settling disputes in which both disputants line up, bang on a cymbal with a drumstick, and sing insulting songs at each other—the one who first loses his temper losing the verdict—is the McCoy. Only Samo's dastardly trick of knifing Palo after he'd lost would be adjudged a foul and Samo would be disqualified under ordinary circumstances. . . . Eskimos also eat like that, inserting the new-killed seal blubber or deer meat in the mouth and cutting away at it with a knife. . . . Eskimos also sleep in the raw; are folksy; adore gumdrops; laugh a lot; are hardly God's frozen people; and the little boys, they tell me, think castor oil a great delicacy. They're terribly religiously Christian, attending church on no provocation. . . . In case you care about the interior of Greenland, it's covered entirely by ice, a veritable hotbed for glaciers. The ice has never melted. Nobody knows how deep it is, but it moves at about 64 feet in 24 hours; chips off huge glacier hunks into the sea. If you could melt this ice, it'd solve our dangerous ship-lane problems and do away with pictures like History Is Made at Night. . . . Eskimo language sounds like Hebrew-Greek; the little kids learn by mimicking their elders. The politics are on the communistic side. There is much Eskimo migration around Greenland rim.

★½ WAY OUT WEST

THE PLAYERS: Stan Laurel, Oliver Hardy, Sharon Lynne, James Finlayson, Rosina Lawrence, Stanley Fields. Vivian Oakland. the Avalon Boys, Dinah. Story by Jack Jevne and Charles Rogers. Screen play by Charles Rogers, Felix Adler, and James Parrott. Directed by James W. Horne. Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Running time, 65 minutes.

THOSE two successful comics of the old silent film era, Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy, try a feature-length comedy with rather indifferent results. Here they are emissaries carrying a deed to a valuable mine to a little slavey working in a Western dance hall. The boys are hoodwinked by the crooked owner of the local gambling hell; they give the deed to the wrong girl, and then they spend the rest of the comedy trying to recover it for the innocent persecuted little heroine.

Laurel and Hardy were one-time favorites of your Beverly Hills, but now their clowning seems slow and dated. They indulge in a minimum of dialogue, although they do sing twice, and, for the most part, their slapstick antics are tediously paced and pretty unimaginative. Oddly enough, speed has become a requisite to successful comedy, now that it has a voice.

VITAL STATISTICS: Hardy spent most of the Santa Anita racing season standing on the famous Bridge of Sighs there, playing horses given him by his boss and the track's owner: Hal Roach. Had to be asked to stay off bridge's center lest he bend it in two, and, on strength of owner Roach's tips, wound up the season a loser—as who didn't? Was one of few who bet on Bing Crosby's surprise winner: the two-year-old Fight On. Had fifteen dollars across the board, horse paid $160 for a two-dollar win ticket, and says he bet on it because no one gave him a tip on it. Bing himself didn't have a bet on it because he'd had a tip on the winner. . . . Laurel goes in for elaborate gags, recently having prop department make him up a gadgety lie detector which he toted around fishing and golf clubs and operated when his pals began talking. Red lights went on, various flags went up, and as a climax the thing blew up on pressure of a proper button. . . . Hardy wears size 13EE doghouses, is 17½ inches around the calf, wears an 18½ shirt, has a 48-inch chest, and, quite the dude in personal adornment, has caps made up of the same material as his snappy suits, which take 38 pleats. . . . Laurel's had the same hat for eleven years. Won't part with it; won't wear another. Will wait till oldie falls apart; then wardrobe department will have to console him in his loss and argue him into taking another. Has rejected hundreds of dupes wardrobers have tried to palm off on him or have around in case of hatnaping. . . . Hardy was once a Hollywood dress extra. Those were the days when an extra was called either a one- or a two-suitcaser. He was the latter. . . . When Hardy's weight went up he was given a job as a bronco buster. Great tonnage weighed the bronc down so it just had to give up. . . . Fond of bromides, Laurel saws: "Life is like getting hit in the face with a custard pie: at first it stings; then, when you lick it off, it gets better!" . . . Laurel-Hardy stand-ins lead a miserable life. Usualest ribbing gag is to have them make up in fantastic garb for a scene which just never is shot. . . . Boys are always good to old-timers; so look closely and you'll see Flora Finch, John Ince, Helen Holmes, Fritzi Brunette. . . . Fear not—they do not really twist Laurel's neck around or mount it on a swivel, nor do they yank his neck out like taffy in that neck-yanking scene. Such scenes are done by technicians Saunders and Oese with clever manipulation and infinite patience. That lighter thumb which Laurel works actually burns—being coated with rubber to protect the thumb, and dipped in lighter fluid to burn. Technicians are surprised by no request, however fantastic, but price every gag. Thus the thumb-which-is-a lighter gag came to $7,000 to perfect; and don't try to swipe it and put it on the market, because it's patented. . . . That derby which Laurel munches is a real derby and not made of gingerbread. . . . Hardest gag to do was to lift a real mule up on a balcony with Hardy as the weight in a block-and-tackle effect. Mule was Dinah, seventeen years old and a battle-scarred vet of the Our Gangsters' pokes and gibes. Dinah almost got done out of part when new mule blood was thought of for new life. But it cost fifteen dollars to transport and interview mules, so studio thought better of Dinah. . . . One gag, in which some one climbs into an icebox to see if the light stays on when the door is closed (door handle falls off, experimentee remains in), cut out when it turned out gag was patented elsewhere. . . . Producer Hal Roach knocked himself off a mere $3,500,000 on the Santa Anita track season.

★ DEAD YESTERDAY

THE PLAYERS: Jane Darwell, Sig Rumann, Sally Blane, Thomas Beck, Joan Davis, William Demarest, George Walcott, Wade Boteler, Howard Phillips. Story by Mignon Eberhart. Screen play by Bess Meredyth, William Conselman, and Jerry Cady. Directed by James Tinling. Produced by Twentieth Century-Fox. Running time, 60 minutes.

AMONG the hardest jobs of moviemaking is the task of turning out a successful mystery comedy. There's one Thin Man to a score of Dead Yesterdays. The chief cause of this failure is the fact that none of the characters are humanized. You care little or nothing about them. You never come to know them and their worries mean nothing to you.

This is an involved yarn of murder in a hospital. Mignon Eberhart, its creator, had the idea of making a sharp-tongued wise old nurse the Sherlock Holmes-Nick Charles of the proceedings. Unfortunately, the direction does not give character actress Jane Darwell time to develop the shrewd matronly hospital sleuth. Indeed, your Beverly Hills admits to a pretty complete confusion over the results. We can't remember who is guilty, unless it's the director. Dead Yesterday is a melodrama that just doesn't jell.

VITAL STATISTICS: After a year and a half of blissful domesticity, Sally Blane's back in celluloid again. Met Norman Foster at a Colleen Moore cocktail party in the summer of '35, married him. They have Gretchen Foster, infant extraordinary, named after Sally's sister, Loretta Young, whose real first name is Gretchen. The Fosters haven't missed seeing each other a single day since their first meeting. Sally's lost twenty pounds since you last saw her. Figures this is her 111th picture—started acting at fifteen. Husband Norman's given up acting for meggery. They expect that little Gretchen will be an actress, that there will be a Norman Jr. some day, who will be a playwright. . . . That corpse they toss about the hospital is called Terry, short for Terror, and known as the Karloff of dummies. Terry's died over a hundred times in the past five years, horrifying even Vic McLaglen and the heroic Warner Baxter, and in the past few months has been in ailing health. Has developed leakage of the arms and legs and no amount of skin grafting could keep straw from coming out. Will be buried with movie honors, have a straw wreath on his grave. . . . Jane Darwell went through the Hollywood flu era without a sniffle, then caught cold in the artificial rain. Got her mad; thinks she's the rugged outdoor type. . . . That rain poured through most of the picture: thirty days, a Hollywood indoor record. Funny, how the lightning continued that long. Darwell doesn't expect you to believe it, but she used to be slim as your wallet, a school tennis champ, quite the hoss jumper (that is, the hoss jumped with her; she didn't jump the hoss), and she thought nothing of a 100-mile bike trip. Then, when she started ingénue work, her weight went up forty pounds in two years and character began to set in. Hates to tell how close to 170 pounds she carts around now. Got screen success after she'd grown out of the Thin Woman era. . . . Sig Rumann's shortened it from Siegfried R. Native German. Got interested in the United States, result of a sales talk given him by two Yank officers he met while captured in France. Had been wounded three times as a German loot. Learned to shpeak der English in ein New York shtock gumpany. Later B'way debutted as Preysing in that Grand Hotel. Hollywood brought him in as a heavy. . . . Tom Beck, the doc hero, is a Johns Hopkins grad, not of medicine but of dramatics! Worked in Seventh Heaven while doing this. Is overjoyed at getting away from straight Rob Taylor-made lovey-dovey boys. Says he's been in enough hospitals to qualify him for doctor part and seen enough hospital movies to take out an appendix in the dark. . . . Though klieg eyes are a thing of the past, they were revived for this, since studio lightning is still made only with open arcs—flashing. Much care taken and nobody got took by them. . . . George Walcott came to Hollywood when an M-G-M scout saw him on the fourth and last night of his six consecutive B'way failure. . . . Megger Tinling had trouble getting crowds to look frightened in that shootin'-up holdup scene before that bank. Extras insisted on crowding the camera in hopes of sneaking a close-up in. . . . Rubber-legged Joan Davis calls herself a hoke comedienne, which she translates as "having a sense of humor." Thinks any actress can deliver smooth sophisticated lines, but it takes a hoke comedienne to take a tomato in the puss. Thinks Hollywood wide open for hokies, and though you have a face like Karloff with indigestion, you're bound to wind up rich as Mayer on a Bevhilltop. Has taken thousands of falls on B'way stages. Suffered her nineteenth injury in her five Hollywood studio months when she crashed on a wax floor on her way to do a fake fall, fell into a camera truck, dislocated seven vertebrae, yanked a back ligament, gashed her slim ankle. Got patched up and went on trouping immediately, taking that fake fall. . . . Just about to go on the operating table for a scene, William Demarest got himself an attack of appendectomy, had to be shot around. . . . That's the front of the Twentieth-Fox Fox Hills plant you see labeled Samaritan Hospital.

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Lost Horizon, The Good Earth, Camille, Black Legion, Winterset.

★★★½—The King and the Chorus Girl, Elephant Boy, On the Avenue, The Plough and the Stars, After the Thin Man, Banjo On My Knee, Gold Diggers of 1937, The Plainsman, Born to Dance, Lloyds of London, Love on the Run, Three Men on a Horse, The Charge of the Light Brigade, Libeled Lady, The Big Broadcast of 1937, La Kermesse Héroïque, Dodsworth, Valiant Is the Word for Carrie.

★★★—The Soldier and the Lady, The Man Who Could Work Miracles, The Last of Mrs. Cheyney, You Only Live Once, Green Light, One in a Million, That Girl from Paris, Beloved Enemy, Great Guy, Sing Me a Love Song, Champagne Waltz, The Garden of Allah, Pete Smith Shorts, The President's Mystery, The Gay Desperado, Ramona, The Devil Is a Sissy, How to Vote.

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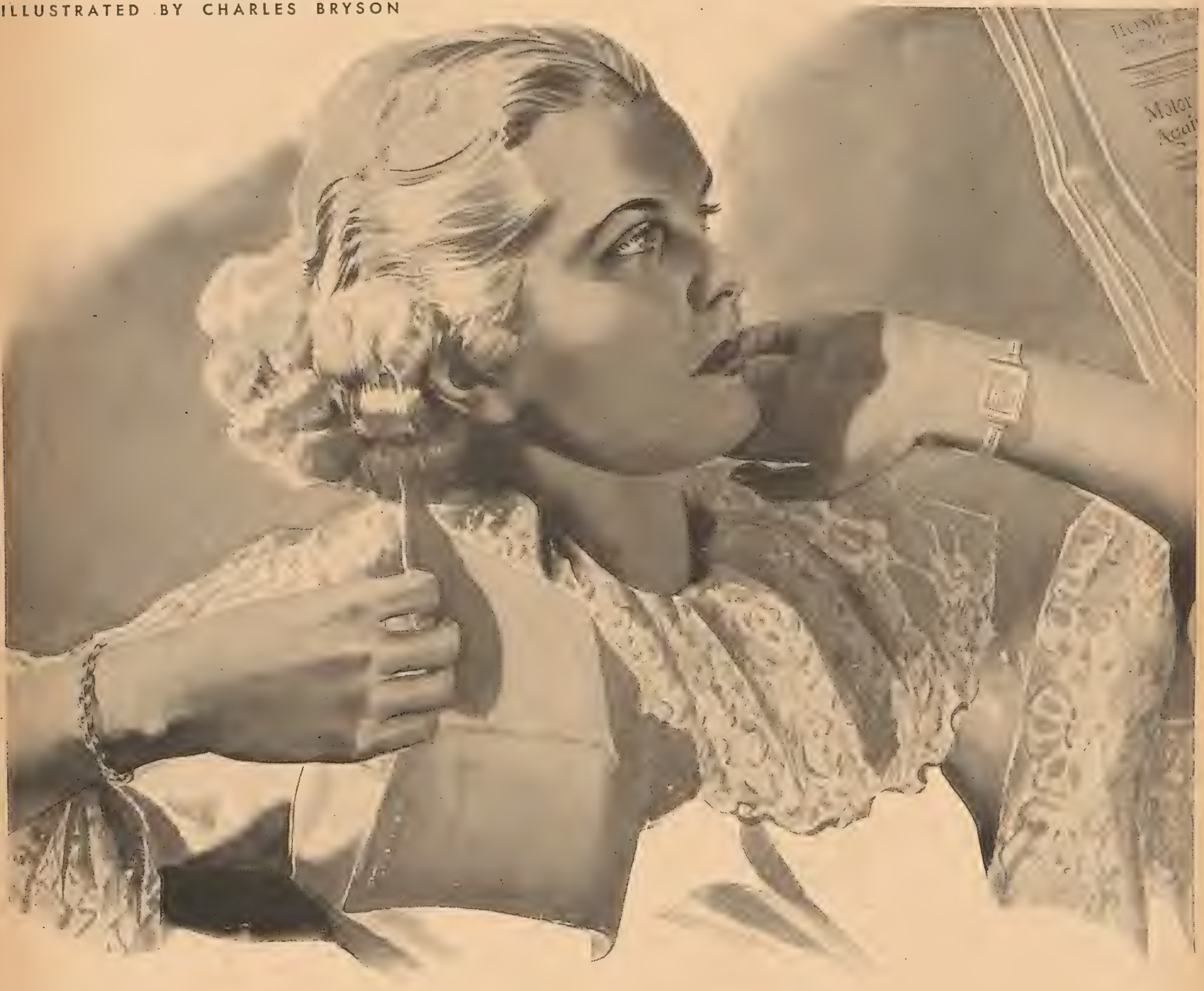


READING TIME ● 22 MINUTES 13 SECONDS

AGAINST the advice of her beau, Phil Strang, a reporter, Sally Phimister looks for a job in Washington, D. C. At a tea she is introduced to a political lobbying crowd headed by Milt Soden. They plan to put a bill through Congress which will give Avis Charlton the sum of $50,000 for the death of her husband during an uprising in Olorosa, a troublesome Caribbean republic.

Sally meets " Duke " Williams, an ex-aviator, who is madly in love with the widow, Avis. Nevertheless, the young girl feels romantically inclined toward him, and when she is given the position as his secretary, is delighted beyond words. Together they go to New Capri, Florida, to start work. The business is ostensibly a trading company but, unknown to Sally, it is a gunrunning project, with Milt Soden its chief, and Duke his tempted and bribed executive.

When Duke and Sally arrive at New Capri, they are met by Mrs. Charlton. Immediately the widow is jealous of the pretty secretary and tells Duke that she, Avis, withdraws in favor of her younger rival. This plunges him in despair.

Meanwhile Duke busies himself with his dangerous job, which is to foment fresh revolt in Olorosa. Gradually Avis realizes that he is really in love with her, and she and Sally become good friends. Then Phil Strang appears on the scene. Now Sally knows that she adores him, after all. But how about Phil? She invites him to call, gay but fearful. With pounding heart, she hears him coming upstairs.

PART SIX—"GET YOURSELF AN ALIBI!"

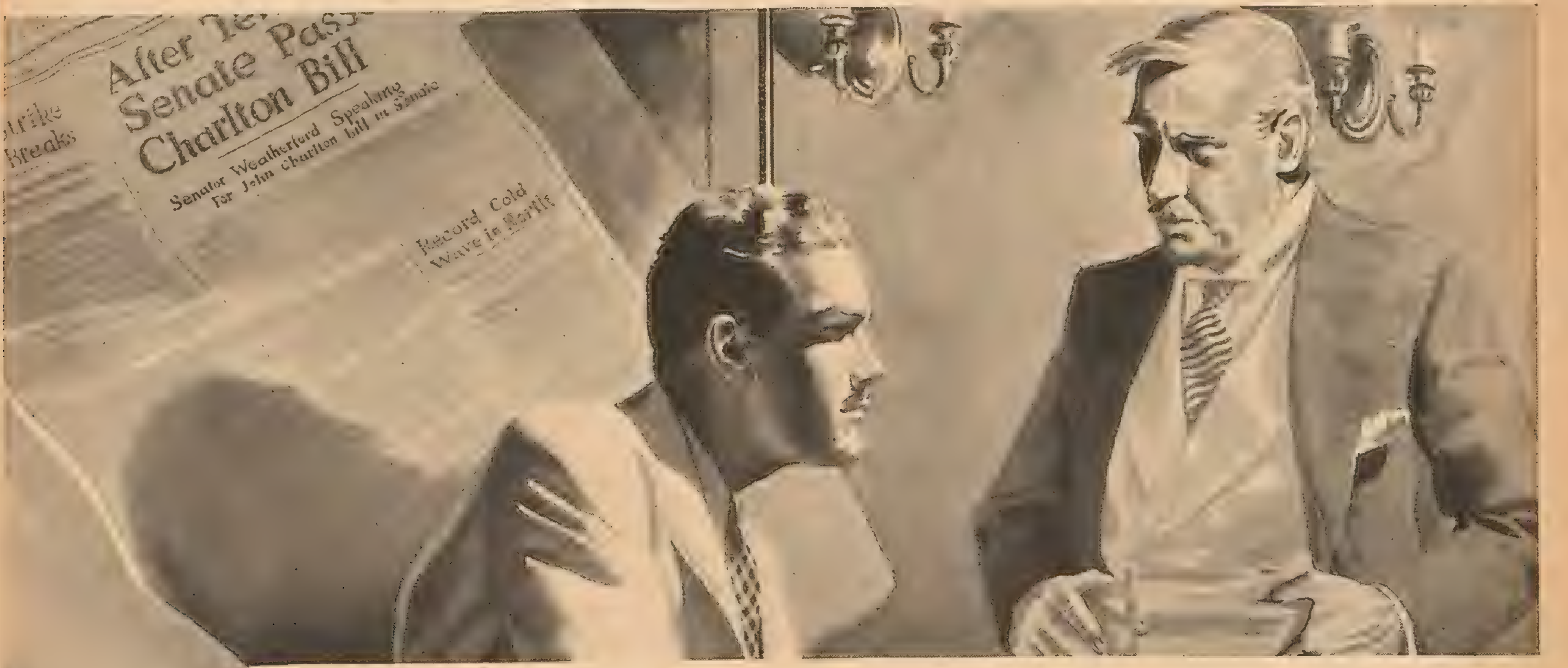
SHE opened the door, tense and breathless—and then Phil gathered her into his arms, and there was no more uncertainty, no more tortured speculation; nothing to worry about any more at all.

" So it's all right? " he asked at last. She laughed unsteadily.

" I've been trying to give you that impression, darling. Sorry if I'm so inefficient."

Be Damned

BY ELMER DAVIS


After Te...
Senate Pass...
Charlton Bill
Senator Weatherford Speaking For John Charlton bill in Senate
Record Cold Wave in Earth
Strike Breaks

"We've got to hurry. By the time some of those fellows get through talking, the lid will be off."

Avis sat on her balcony in the starlight, trying to realize that the long fight was over.

"Inefficient?" He grinned. "Don't go fishing for compliments. . . . But I mean—you're sure you love me? Really love me?"

"I've been crazy about you ever since last fall in Brushburg."

"You have? Well, you certainly kept me guessing."

"I'm sorry, Phil. I hate girls who keep men guessing. The trouble was I kept myself guessing. There was so much we had to get out of the way before I could be sure—"

"Williams?" he flung at her. She reddened—but she wasn't going to lie to him.

"More or less. I—I had a sort of schoolgirl crush on him, but it never came to anything. Now that he looks human— Some secretaries idealize the men they work for, but I'm either not that kind of secretary or not that kind of woman. I'm still terribly fond of Duke, but—let's have some lunch."

They faced each other across the table, eating a little, drinking a little, but mostly looking at each other, hands clasped between them.

"And when are you going to marry me?" he demanded finally.

She laughed.

"I was waiting till I was asked. . . . Whenever we're both ready, darling. In Washington, we both had to get ourselves settled as persons, first. But now I've proved that I can hold down a job, and you—"

"I feel at home with my job. . . . It looks as if we're both ready, Sally. So why not right away?"

"I suppose my people would rather I'd be married at home—and Brushburg would be thrilled. We're both personages still out there. But—"

"I couldn't get back to Brushburg before next summer. You don't want to wait that long, do you?" Visibly she didn't. "Why not today, Sally? You could go back with me on the plane to Miami—"

"But I've got a job, my dear! I'll tell Duke today to start looking for a new secretary; perhaps one of the girls in the office would do." For instance Ynez Bonilla, who took Duke's Spanish dictation; she was by far the best of the stenographers he had hired in New Capri, and he would certainly be better off with a bilingual secretary. "It wouldn't take me more than two or three days to break her in," she said. "But so long as the Tropic Breezes Trading Corporation needs me—"

HE was frowning. "Sally, just what is this company you work for? One of the sights we saw this morning was your warehouse, outside of town. We only saw the building and the fence around it; there were a couple of tough-looking mugs there who wouldn't even let us drive in through the gate—"

"You can't blame them, Phil; we've got a lot of explosives stored in that warehouse."

"Explosives? What for?"

"Blasting powder for a mine in Honduras. And other stuff, too—typewriters, to be shipped to Trinidad on the next boat—"

"Typewriters?" he broke in. "Real typewriters?"

"Why not? I haven't seen them, naturally; but the invoice said typewriters. What sort of—of unreal typewriters could there be?" She obviously didn't know her underworld slang. "And what of it, anyway?"

"Only this—I recognized one of those watchmen. A gunman named Steve Lacasca from New York—a Puerto Rican—no, an Olorosan, by golly! The last story I covered before I came to Washington was his arrest on suspicion of homicide. His fourteenth arrest. He was discharged, as usual—insufficient evidence; but they've tightened up the vagrancy law in New York, so he evidently felt that Florida would be a healthier climate. . . . And now he's working for the same company you work for!"

She didn't like his tone.

"Well, what of it? Lots of revolutions in Cuba and

The cards are stacked against you

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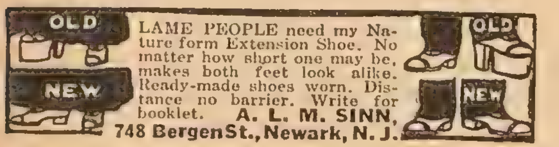

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Olorosa have been planned in this town; and when the place is full of ex-rumrunners, Duke probably didn't want any Sunday-school boys guarding a warehouse full of blasting powder."

"This is a hell of an outfit for you to be mixed up with," he mused darkly. "Gunmen—and Williams, who used to be tied up with that crowd that milked Olorosa dry in the dictator's day. . . . Sally, come up to Miami with me this afternoon."

She knew she must keep her temper down.

"I've told you, Phil, I've got a job; I can't give it up till somebody else is ready to take it over."

Suddenly the tears began to ooze from her eyes.

Under her window a parade of motors roared past, with much shrieking of horns—the Washington correspondents going back to take their plane.

"I've got to run," said Phil, jumping up. "And so have you, if— Come on, Sally. Get away from this tie-up down here and come with me."

"I can't," insisted Sally. "Hurry, or you'll miss the plane."

· · · · ·

A storm was coming up to the westward as they flew back to Miami, but Phil gave only one brief glance at piled-up clouds, effects of sunlight and shadow that only El Greco could have hoped to reproduce on canvas. The picture before his eyes was Sally. She certainly had a hair-trigger temper and a talent for getting herself mixed up with curious crowds; a man who married a woman like that was going to let himself in for all sorts of trouble. But he couldn't do without her.

A suspicious combination certainly—high explosives, "typewriters," and Steve Lacasca, in a town long famous for revolutionary plots, a town full of Olorosan refugees. A lot of people didn't like the present government of Olorosa; he had learned that at the hearing on the Charlton claim bill. . . . Charlton. Mrs. Charlton was down here, too. Because it was cheap, Sally said; but there might be a lot of things that Sally didn't know. . . .

IT was still turning over and over in his head—a jigsaw puzzle with the essential piece missing—when he came back to Miami. He picked up an evening paper, read it in the car that took him out to the hotel—Huh! Mr. Milton Soden of Washington was at the Minaret Hotel at Miami Beach for his annual holiday. . . . Soden who was pushing that claim bill; Soden who had put Sally—had even put Williams—into the trading company.

It begins to fit, thought Phil Strang. If I can dig it up, show Sally that I was right—and incidentally get a front-page exclusive story— But how could he dig it up when he had to stay in Miami, covering the President's fishing trip? . . . At the hotel a telegram was waiting from his chief in Washington. Phil read:

PARKERS WIFE HAS SUCCESSFULLY PRODUCED SON STOP ALL DOING WELL EVEN FATHER WHO SUFFERED MORE THAN ANYBODY ELSE STOP HE NEEDS A WEEK IN MIAMI TO STRAIGHTEN HIM UP SO I AM SENDING HIM DOWN ARRIVING TOMORROW EVENING STOP COME BACK AS SOON AS HE RELIEVES YOU

Phil picked up a telegraph blank, started to write a reply. . . . But I can't explain all this in a telegram, he realized. An air-mail letter—

Sitting down to write it, he was no longer a frustrated lover—only a newspaperman with his nose on the scent of a story; his only thought of Sally, as he wrote, was a dryly amused perception that it might make quite a difference to a good many people that he had gone down to New Capri to see her. . . . But no difference to Phil Strang, no difference to Sally Phimister—except something that had been a bright and shining promise a month ago had been shattered, perhaps beyond repair. When his air-mail letter was in the box, beyond recall, when he had nothing else to do, he began to wonder if it was so vitally essential to show her he was right, after all.

SALLY felt rotten enough the next morning. Happily, Duke came in late. He had been at the warehouse, personally checking the contents of every crate; not that he thought anybody could slip anything over on Wallick, but he had to be sure.

"Hope you had a good time with your friends from Washington," he told her cheerfully.

"I had a lousy time, thank you."

He looked at her in concern—the concern, she recognized, of an elder brother, a youngish uncle. . . . Well, that was all right. . . . But before he could speak the telephone rang.

"Hello," she said. . . . "Yes, this is Mr. Williams's office. . . . Could you give me the name?" She looked at Duke uncertainly. "He won't say who he is; he says he brings you greetings from your old friends in the pinochle club." . . . The code phrase that identified the organizer of the insurrection. Things were ready to pop, then.

He took the instrument from her.

"Hello," he said. "Glad to hear from all the boys of the club. But who is this speaking?"

"Luis Calvo. Remember? You knew me in Olorosa City."

Luis Calvo. Yes, Williams had known him; so had Avis Charlton.

"Just get in on the plane?" Williams asked him. "Where are you?"

"I came down by motor last night." Calvo laughed. "I'm not looking for publicity just now. I'm at Ramon's; can you come over? I don't want to be seen on the streets, but I've got a message from the Big Boss."

"All right. I'll come right over."

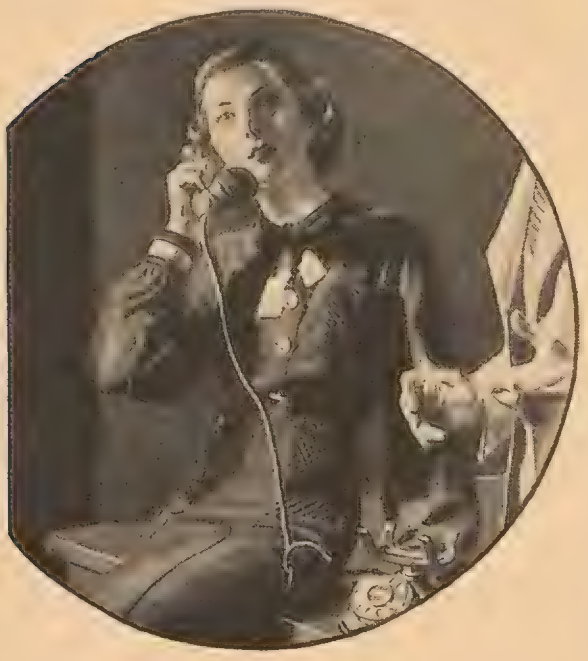
Calvo, of all people! It was a small world. . . . At least Olorosa was a small country; its governing class was smaller still. . . . He mustn't know, thought Williams, as he walked to Ramon's—he mustn't know that Avis is in town. Not that he'd have time to bother her if Ramon's got to run him across tonight; not that it would matter, now—except that it would hurt her to have all those old memories stirred up again. . . .

Calvo's aquiline Castilian face smiled at him across Ramon's table; Williams took the hand he held out. . . . Why not? He had always liked Calvo; the man had a charm that men as well as women could feel. And Calvo had no idea that Duke Williams had any reason for disliking him.

" Hello, Williams! All ready to go? Ramon's taking me over tonight; and tomorrow night the arms go over—"

" So soon? That doesn't leave you much time to organize."

" You don't need much organizing in the west; they're ready to go as soon as somebody launches the cry." That, Williams recognized, was the technical term, in Olorosa, for the announcement of a revolution. " And we're ready in the city—the Commander in Chief, the Vice-Minister of War, two regiments—at least so the Big Boss tells me. And he wants you to take the plane up to Miami this afternoon, to go over everything with him."



" Soden? What the devil is he doing in Miami? How does he dare—"

" Ask him," said Calvo with a shrug. " Meantime, Williams, how about a drink in memory of old days? . . . To the past and to the future!"

They talked, then, about the old days and the old friends. Calvo was keyed up—and no wonder, for if anything went wrong tonight he would be the first, and perhaps the last, casualty of the revolution. But there was no fear in him; tension only heightened his charm. And presently—

" By the way," he said, " Soden tells me that another old friend of mine is in New Capri—Mrs. Charlton. Do you know her? " Williams nodded, unable to trust his voice. " I thought," said Calvo, stretching like a cat, " I might call on her this evening, for old times' sake."

" Sure she wants to see you? " asked Williams, articulating carefully.

" Why not? " asked Calvo with a shrug. Of course; he didn't know.

" But if you're going across tonight, you won't have time—"

" Ramon leaves at midnight; with a fast boat, that gives him plenty of time to get away from the Olorosan coast before dawn. He'll spend the day at sea—fishing, if anybody asks him—and run in here after dark tomorrow, ready for the next job. Which leaves me plenty of time for a date."

Calvo's smile was faint, stealthy.

Williams wanted to tell Calvo he'd kill him if he went near Avis. But he couldn't do that; couldn't even call her up and tell her Calvo was in town. For he was afraid.

IN a room high up in the Minaret Hotel at Miami Beach, its windows open on the endless deep blue sea, sat Milton Soden — benevolence in his face, icy blink in his eyes. The general in headquarters, thought Williams, fifty miles behind the front; whatever happens, he's safe.

" How do you dare come down here now, Mr. Soden? "

" Miami isn't New Capri. I always come to the Minaret in February; why shouldn't I this time? Nobody but you and Wallick can connect me with this gunrunning. I've got more on Wallick than he'll ever have on me; and as for you "—Soden shrugged—" you're an officer and a gentleman."

" But if anything went wrong—not that it will, but if it did—"

" If it did, Williams, the officers and directors—and general counsel—of the Tropic Breezes Trading Corporation would be appalled at the misuse you've made of the job we gave you. You're being paid to take the rap—but don't forget that my clients very seldom have to take it."

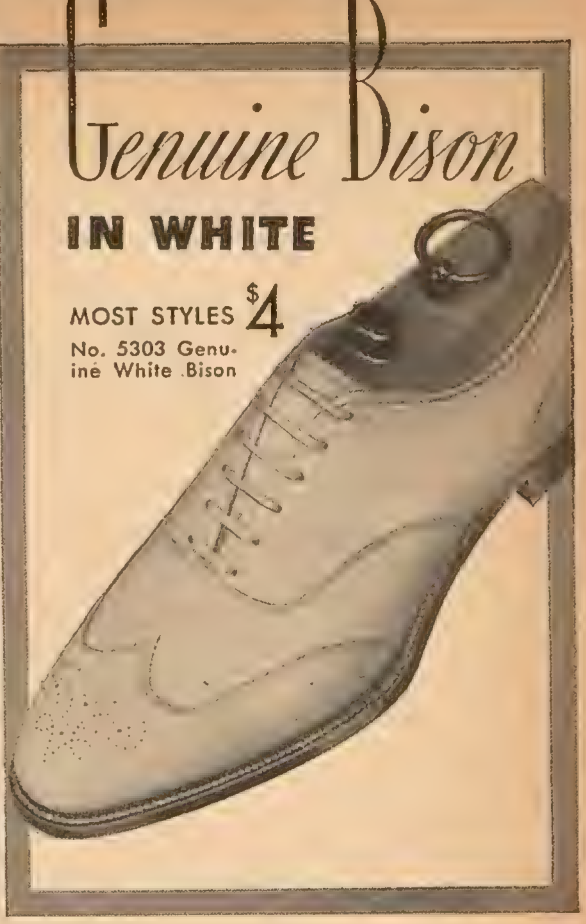
" You'd defend me if I got into trouble, when you're counsel for the company? "

" I'm counsel for lots of companies and lots of people a good deal more important than this two-by-four trading corporation. If, out of sympathy for a good man gone wrong, I defended you in spite of my connection with the company, it would only prove my bigheartedness. . . . But nobody's going to get into trouble if you've got things arranged right. Tell me—"

Williams told him in detail, and Soden nodded approval.

" That looks about as safe as you can make it," he agreed. " And it's time to go. Calvo goes over tonight. Give him twenty-four hours to make his contacts, and send the stuff over tomorrow night, as early as you can."

" We can't get it off till four or five in the morning. New Capri has a night life; people are chasing around in cars till pretty nearly dawn. My mob can clean out the warehouse in an hour; if they only get away before daylight it's time enough. But that doesn't leave Calvo much time—"



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"Calvo's a fast worker. And we've got to hurry; the Charlton claim bill is up in the Senate this afternoon. By the time some of those fellows get through talking, the lid will be off the Olorosan situation and we'll have to get into action. The bill will be beaten, of course—"

"What?" Williams exploded. "You'd let Mrs. Charlton down?"

"Let her down? Why, I'm the only man who's ever done anything for her! It doesn't matter, Williams; President Matanza's first act will be to pay her fifty thousand dollars. Best publicity he could get."

"But—it isn't so much the money," said Williams. She wouldn't need it if he got away with his gunrunning. "But she'd regard the passage of that bill as a sort of vindication of her husband. And all the people who've stood by her—that crowd at Mrs. Grandison's—"

"To blazes with them. A lot of old fossils who don't know that Theodore Roosevelt is dead. Retired officers—"

"Like me," said Williams. "I recognize that we service people have our ridiculous side, especially when we've had to retire. But, by God, you wouldn't trust yourself in my hands on this transaction if you didn't know that I'm a retired officer, of an army family!"

Soden grinned.

"Oh, you fellows have your good points. . . . But that bill hasn't got a chance to pass the Senate; you flatter me, if you think I could wangle that. Never mind; it fixes the public eye on Olorosa. You get the arms over tomorrow night, the rising breaks out next day, and everything moves according to plan. Matanza's here in Miami now, under cover, ready to fly over as soon as the city's in our hands. So now, young fellow, it's up to you. Or rather to this Ramon Vicente; you've done your part."

I'LL see that all goes well tomorrow night," Williams told him. "I'd like to go across with Ramon, take my chance with the rest of them. The manager of the trading company can't do that, of course, for the company's sake; but at least I can superintend the burglary of the warehouse—"

"Don't you do it!" Soden exploded. "Get yourself an ironclad alibi that night! Be seen playing roulette, or dancing at a night club! When your property's being burglarized, you can't risk being seen helping them. By the way, Mrs. Charlton's in New Capri, isn't she? Do you see much of her?"

"I've seen her two or three times. She keeps pretty much to herself."

"Very wise of her," Soden approved. "Though she won't have to after today—unless, by some cockeyed chance, this bill gets through the Senate and goes up for the President's signature. . . . And, by the way, how's Sally Phimister?"

"Fine. She turned out to be a first-rate secretary."

You can't tell what that fellow's thinking, Soden mused, from the way he looks. But if he hasn't been seeing Mrs. Charlton—

"I'm glad to hear that, Williams," he said earnestly. "And she's a charming girl, too. It was one of my bright ideas, sending her down there."

: : : : :

In the back room of the Senate Press Gallery a dozen men sat hunched over typewriters, busily knocking out what had once been the Charlton story, worth a couple of paragraphs inside the paper, but was now the Gutierrez story, destined for the front page. What happened in Olorosa was news to a nation whose investors held millions of dollars' worth of defaulted Olorosan bonds; and senator after senator had used the Charlton case as a text for declamation on the tyranny and incompetence of the man who now ruled Olorosa.

THE debate had not quite ended; a few morning newspapermen were still inside, in the gallery above the chair, listening to the long-winded repetitions of one of the Senate bores; but the evening-paper men had come out to get the story on the wires. It was all in but the decision, and they knew they could append that as a last line: "The bill was defeated, without a record vote." For while all this talk had done plenty of harm to President Gutierrez, nobody who knew the Senate supposed it had done any particular good to Avis Charlton.

The swinging glass doors of the gallery flew open suddenly; an excited young man looked into the workroom.

"Weatherford's up!" he announced, and a dozen men jumped up from their typewriters and hurried inside. When Senator Weatherford chose to speak on any subject, the story wasn't finished till he was through. He was the last of the great Senate orators, the only man who could still—sometimes—change votes by what he said and the way he said it.

Senator Weatherford, confessing that he had known little about the Charlton claim till this afternoon, had, he said, been listening attentively to his colleagues and, while impressed by their indictment of the government of Olorosa, had felt that they were straying from the subject. With the general iniquity of a foreign ruler the Senate had no concern; this was a specific refusal of justice. Consider John Charlton, a young man loyally consenting to serve his country without credentials.

Even before the chair called for the yeas and nays, some of the newspapermen were on their way back to their typewriters to append a last sentence to the story: "The bill was passed, without a record vote."

That evening the chief of the New York Record's Washington bureau sat thoughtfully perusing the story his Senate man had written. Olorosa

—Gutierrez. . . . He turned back to the bulky envelope that had come in by air mail from Miami. When he first read it, he had thought it was only an ingenious but implausible tale cooked up by a young man who wanted to spend a few more days in Florida at his employer's expense; but now— It was no longer a secret on Capitol Hill that Milton Soden had been pushing this Charlton claim, and with Soden you always looked for a motive. Till now, the story hadn't had enough news value to make it worth looking for a motive; but if Strang had stumbled on to it— The chief reached for a telegraph blank, wrote a message to Strang: "Stay there and chase it down."

. . . Which, Phil realized when he got the message, wasn't going to be any too easy. Suspicion had to be translated into libel-proof fact, especially if it might involve a man so astute and powerful as Soden.

But there was one man in New Capri—and he had a colleague in Miami—who had an immediate and legitimate interest in mere suspicion; who could help verify suspicion and call on the district attorney in case of need:

The Olorosan consul; Gutierrez's consul. And I only hope, thought Phil, that he knows American customs well enough to realize that if I tip him off, he's got to give me all the breaks on the story.

. . . .

Gertrude's telegram had come while Avis was at dinner; and now, after dinner, she sat on her balcony in the starlight, trying to realize that the long fight was over at last. The President still had to sign the bill, of course; but there was no reason why he shouldn't, now. She was glad—for Gertrude's sake, who had carried most of the burden; glad for the sake of her friends, who could feel that this was a sort of vindication of their ideas; glad for Jack Charlton's sake. But for herself, all it meant was that now she was free. That after all these impoverished years she was to get fifty thousand dollars meant nothing at all.

SOMEBODY turned in from the sidewalk, came up her outside stair, knocked at the door. The maid, who slept out, had gone home. Avis went to the door herself—and stood staring at the man outside.

"Why—it's Luis Calvo!"

He was a ghost from the past.

"I happened to be passing through town," he said lightly, "and hearing that an old friend was spending the winter here, I thought I might—"

"Come in, Luis," she said.

. . . . .

Till the last moment Duke Williams had thought he was going to be the only passenger on the morning plane to New Capri; but three other men barely made it—a dark young Latin who settled down in a corner by himself, and two men who looked to Duke like detectives. Some woman wintering in New Capri while her husband worked in the North had let her foot slip, no doubt, and these fellows were going to get evidence for a divorce.

He forgot them as the plane took off, reflecting on the things he had still to do; on Soden's ludicrous astonishment when he heard that the Charlton claim bill had passed, after all. Weatherford's intervention had been the sort of accident that the most careful planner could not foresee.

He was still absorbed in thought when he got off the plane; absently noticing that his Latin fellow passenger took a taxi to the Olorosan consulate, that the two detectives went off somewhere on foot. It couldn't reasonably have occurred to Duke Williams that the dark young man was the vice-consul from Miami; or that the detectives who had paid no attention to their fellow passengers had got their instructions before they got on the plane.

IN the office he found Sally looking a good deal more cheerful than she had looked yesterday. He ought to pay more attention to her—take her to dinner, or something.

"Isn't this great news about Avis's bill?" she said eagerly.

"It certainly is. I'd better call her up and congratulate her." And just to hear her voice— But all he heard was the maid's voice, telling him that Mrs. Charlton had gone out to the beach. He was too busy today to go and look for her—setting the records of the company's legitimate business in order. Not that he thought anything would go wrong tonight, but he wanted to have the company clear of all suspicion. Half a dozen times he telephoned—to Avis's apartment, to the hotel bathhouse, to Mora's—but never found her. . . . It was nine o'clock before he got out to dinner, alone. Afterward he called Avis once more—and heard her voice, strangely listless.

"Where have you been all day?" he demanded. "I've been calling you—"

"So I heard. I was out—alone. Thinking—though not thinking to much purpose."

"Suppose I come over and help you think. We've got plenty to think about now."

"Quite too much, Duke. I don't want to see you. Not yet."

"What's the matter? Now that your bill has passed, we needn't—"

"I didn't mean that. . . . Duke, we ought to be ashamed to look each other in the face. I know all about it—everything that's going on. Luis told me last night—Luis Calvo. I'm so sick of it all—"

"I'm coming out," he said grimly. "I've got to see you now."

How can Duke explain away his gunrunning connection to Avis's satisfaction? Won't that job prove an unsurmountable barrier between them? Can he afford to give it up—to keep it? What a dilemma! It is met, most surprisingly, however, in the next installment in Liberty.

WOMEN! BE SMART

Don't be victims of old-fashioned prudery and stupidity

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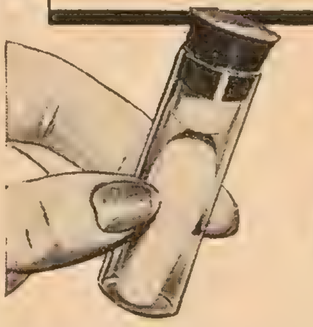

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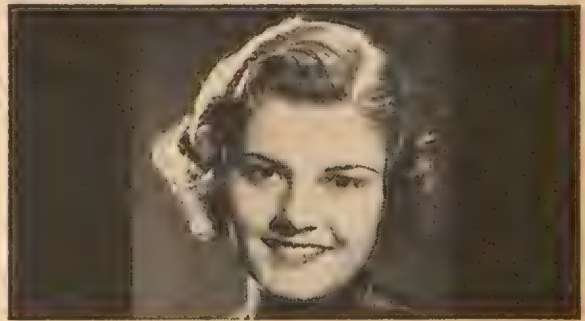

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Bojangles OF HARLEM

By FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

Meet Bill Robinson! Grandson of a slave, he's earned $1,000,000

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

BOJANGLES must be pretty proud of himself.

Bojangles, as everybody knows all the way from Harlem to Hollywood and points north and south, is Bill Robinson.

Bill is fifty-nine. Grandson of a Negro slave, he has earned a million dollars. He is the best liked man in Harlem. And he doesn't look a second beyond the middle thirties. During the usual nightclub season he dances three hours a night. He frequently will dance a half hour—and then, without straining for breath, do a song. In bed at seven or eight in the morning, he is up again before noon.

Bill Robinson has no special formula for all this. He finds just two items necessary for his daily existence. He eats four to five quarts of vanilla ice cream every day. And he drinks a great deal of water.

Bill even eats ice cream for breakfast, along with eight or so hot buttered muffins. For lunch, just ice cream. For dinner a steak, chops, or fried fish—and ice cream. Also hot biscuits dripping with butter. Although his toe-dancing is a hard daily routine, his weight sticks at 160 pounds.

Robinson is in Hollywood now to make two—maybe three—pictures for Twentieth Century-Fox. He took his wife, as he always does, with him, along with his chauffeur and two cars—one a Ford and the other a Duesenberg.

Bojangles was born in Richmond, Virginia, on May 25, 1878. His father worked in a steel plant. Both parents died when Bill was very young, and a grandmother, an ex-slave, attempted to raise him.

But Bill was a wild, harum-scarum youth. He went to three Richmond schools—for about a month each. But life itself was too exciting. "Lack of education never held me back much," admits Bill. "I sort of got on."

Robinson shelled peas, shined shoes, ran errands, did odd jobs. Even then the theater attracted him. At seven he played a pickaninny in an old Dixie melodrama. But he was soon back on the streets, trying to earn enough for three meals a day.

Then he began to drift, to live by his wits. "I buttoned around," he will tell you. "I hopped freights, got into scrapes, worked at anything—anything for three squares." But Bill always could dance, in a pinch. He never took a lesson in his life. The ability was there. "I danced the same as I do now forty years ago," he says. "Maybe not as well, but the steps were no different."

Bill taught the Weber and Fields music-hall girls how to dance. When Ruth Etting was a chorus girl in Chicago, he taught her tap steps. He was a cabaret star then.

"The first show where I had something important to do was a burlesque troupe called the Miss New York, Junior, company," he says. "I danced up and down Manhattan from the Bowery north as far as the lights went. I taught steps to a lot of stage folks—Fred Astaire and his sister, Adele; to the late Marilyn Miller and Will Rogers; in recent days to Ruby Keeler, Dorothy Stone, Eleanor Powell, and Shirley Temple."

Bill Robinson has been married for sixteen years. He has no children. "I'm still married to the same pretty lady," is the way he relates it.

The name Bojangles? It just happened. Robinson had been shooting craps with some pals on Lenox Avenue. When he emerged, the winner, he paused at the corner of 135th Street and burst into a frenzied buck and wing. One of the losers, Des Williams, watched enraptured. The abandon of the dance caught him and he shouted, "He's Bojangles!" And Bojangles—a meaningless word of ecstasy probably echoing back to the Congo—stuck.

The Robinsons have lived in the same seven-room apartment—the Dunbar, at 149th Street and Seventh Avenue in Harlem—for ten years. Mrs. Robinson has had a steadying influence on Bill, but she hasn't been able to make him save much. For seventeen years Bill has been a stage headliner. He has made a number of pictures. And he has earned a lot for private tap tutoring. But he just can't save. Charities take a great deal; and generosity takes its toll.

You have read of Shirley Temple's friendship for Bojangles. It's one of the rarely sweet things you hear about in Hollywood. "Mrs. Temple doesn't think any more of Shirley than I do," says Bill simply. "She's a sweet kid. Say, I've spent $150 talking to her by phone across country during the winter."

Bill is to play in another of her pictures while he is in Hollywood. He has been looking forward to his California stay. He always goes to the Hollywood Legion fights. He likes to play pool, too, and to go to ball games.

Bojangles has had the same chauffeur for five years. He is John Simmons. This time Bill took him to Hollywood.

"Mind, now," he warned John. "It's a nice, quiet town and they won't stand for anything. No cutting up. Harlem wants to be proud of you."

John's future still remains in the balance — but Harlem is mighty proud of Bojangles.

THE END

GIBBONS DEL RIO PRESSMAN COLBERT HORNBLOW LOY BELL BOW

WHY GLAMOUR-GIRLS DON'T MARRY GREAT LOVERS

—and vice versa. Some sprightly notes on a cryptic problem in sex attraction

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

THE *time* is a summer evening in the middle '20s. The *place* is the Cocoanut Grove in the Ambassador Hotel at Los Angeles. The *girl* is a flame—red slippers, red dress, red lips, and red, red hair.

A dance contest is on. Some of Hollywood's best known actresses are competing. But the flame wins the handclaps and the prize. Abe Lyman, the orchestra leader, leans over to catch the name. It is Clara Bow.

At a ringside table, I watch the dancers with the late Irving Thalberg and a beautiful woman as redheaded as the girl on the floor. Her name is as well known as Clara Bow's is unknown. It is Elinor Glyn. Her eyes never leave the girl's dancing loveliness.

Next day, crossing the Paramount lot, she sees the flame again. Turning to her companion, she says:

"That girl has *It!*"

The phrase caught on. So did the girl. Months, years passed. The flame became a conflagration. "It" boys from Hollywood, "It" boys from Broadway swarmed around. Some got their fingers burned. None got Clara Bow.

According to the poets and Mrs. Glyn, this original "It" girl should have married Buddy Rogers, the original "It" boy, and lived happily ever after.

Instead, Clara marries her cowboy secretary, and Buddy gets himself engaged to Mary Pickford.

Now, Mary is glamorous enough, heaven knows. But no one has ever dared to accuse her of being an "It" girl.

Rex Bell, Clara's husband, is a fine upstanding fellow, but he was in the movies several years without any one's mistaking him for Wallace Reid or Rudolph Valentino.

Something is wrong here. Perhaps it is Mrs. Glyn.

In justice to Elinor, she didn't exactly say that "It" should marry "It." But the word, as used by her, certainly implied a physical attraction strong enough to get *anybody*—and that anybody, one would expect, would be the person of the opposite sex who had the most "It" to give in return.

Yet, Jean Harlow, who succeeded, by something akin to divine right, to the abdicated Itship of Clara Bow, chose as her first Hollywood husband the cinema colony's gentlest soul, Paul Bern; and as her second, a man who *would* read in bed. Dolores Del Rio has been content for years to share her life with strictly un-Ittish Cedric Gibbons, dean of Hollywood art directors. Norma Shearer, who can be as flaming as they make them, chose quiet domesticity with a devoted husband whose cares brought him to an untimely death.

And the new stars, too!

Myrna Loy married quiet, bespectacled, highly intellectual Arthur Hornblow. Luise Rainer has turned from the "It" boys, who flocked around her after her triumph as Anna Held, to wed the propaganda playwright, Clifford Odets. Claudette Colbert is the year-old bride of the bronchoscopic Dr. Pressman.

The masculine story does not differ materially. Clark Gable in bachelor moments may play around with the glamour girls, but he married a mature woman ten years older than himself. And "It" man Gary Cooper, after being reportedly engaged first to Clara Bow and then to Lupe Velez, went to the altar with gentle, retiring, home-loving Sandra Shaw.

Three recently arrived Hollywood "It" men found that all the qualities they demand in a wife cannot be contained in one two-letter word: Randolph Scott, who shook off a pursuing posse of Hollywood cuties and came up with an impeccable du Pont; Fred Astaire, who brought to Hollywood his demurely social bride, the former Mrs. Eliphalet Nott Potter, 3d; and Fred MacMurray, who married the girl who used to sit behind him in the little old red schoolhouse back home.

What is true of Hollywood today was really true of Mrs. Glyn's day. Next to Clara Bow, I suppose the two most talked-about girls of the Glynny era were Peggy Hopkins Joyce and Gloria Swanson. I knew a few of Miss Joyce's husbands. They were invariably Itless. As for Gloria Swanson and her Swansoneers, one wouldn't call gruff, hearty Wally Beery an "It" man. Not in Wally's presence! Second husband Herbert Somborn was a great restaurateur and a great gentleman, but no Apollo. The Marquis de la Falaise was and is just a nice

BY FREDERICK L. COLLINS

ASTAIRE MRS. FRED MACMURRAY LAMONT ODETS RAINER COOPER SHAW

earnest little fellow trying to get along. Michael Farmer—well, maybe you saw him in his one attempt to do a Robert Taylor on the screen.

The usual explanation of why “It” avoids “It” in marriage is that actors and actresses—especially those cast in the grip-as-grip-can love dramas—get fed up on sex.

Well, it's an idea. But playing leading man to leading “It” girls didn't affect Gary Cooper that way in his bachelor days. He fell hard for Clara Bow, harder for Lupe Velez. Buddy Rogers played the field from Nancy Carroll to Mary Brian. The late John Gilbert not only found “It” girls attractive off the screen, but actually married three of them: Leatrice Joy, Ina Claire, and Virginia Bruce.

Clark Gable and Carole Lombard are having a grand time. So are Bill Powell and Jean Harlow. But no one on the inside in Hollywood believes that either pair will be rash enough to try marriage.

All of which proves nothing at all, except that there isn't much to the theory that—young or old—the boys who toy with the “It” business for a living are too bored to do a little experimenting with it in private life. All they seem to draw the line at is marrying it.

The girls seem to react the same way. Clara Bow's romance with ping-pong Harry Richman shook the night clubs of the world. Myrna Loy's friendship with Ramon Novarro was so close that it was widely believed that he was building his new home for her occupancy. Gloria Swanson has been playing hard extra-matrimonially with that British quintessence of Itness, Herbert Marshall.

“It” girls, like “It” men, play around with the “Its” of the other sex. Why do they so seldom marry each other?

A tenable theory is the one based on the almost inescapable jealousy which exists between specialists in the same line of work; especially the same line of theatrical work. If each party to an all-star marriage could be depended upon to stay put, there might be some hope of success. But when one fades in popularity before the other, or one shoots histrionically and financially ahead of the other, there is bound to be trouble.

FOR example, there are those who believe that Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., is a much better actor than Joan Crawford is an actress; but there weren't enough of them the first years of their married life to make an impression at the box office. Joan was amazingly successful. The pair ceased to be Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and wife, and became Joan Crawford and husband. Another “It”-marry-“It” union went on the legal rocks. The same thing happened to Ann Harding and Harry Bannister and to Frank Fay and Barbara Stanwyck.

I could give you dozens of similar examples of Hollywood couples who have been unable to clear the hurdle of professional jealousy. But even this obstacle could be surmounted, you say, if one of the parties to the marriage gave up his or her career, or at least thoroughly subordinated it.

It has been tried, and occasionally with success. The Fredric Marches are one example. The Warner Baxters are another. For seventeen years now, Warner has been happily married to the woman who was Winifred Bryson of the New York stage. As soon as practical after their marriage, she left the stage. And it is due to that latter fact, both she and he believe, that she is still Mrs. Warner Baxter.

There may be “It” girls in Hollywood who would be willing to do that much to make a success of marriage, but if there are, I haven't met them. I *know* there aren't any “It” men who would do it!

But more important even than professional jealousy as a bar to “It”-marry-“It” Hollywood unions is the regrettable fact that the “It” qualities visible on the screen often strangely vanish in off-screen life.

Photography is a trick. Make-up is another. Lighting is a third. The art of acting itself is fundamentally deceptive. And sometimes the actor or the actress, as well as the acting, turns out to be an illusion.

Very often the man directing the love scenes to which we throb has more real passion in him than either or both of the principal participants. The betting is about ten to one that he has more brains. It is the combination of the two that gets most girls.

That's why men like “Woody” Van Dyke and Rouben Mamoulian and Fritz Lang are currently among the most sought-after men in Hollywood. With the possible exception of Gable and Taylor, there isn't an actor in Hollywood that the average “It” girl wouldn't turn down for a date with any of the above-mentioned directorial trio.

Which brings up a fourth reason why “It” doesn't marry “It” in Hollywood: the competition.

THE general impression about our village seems to be that it is composed almost exclusively of actors and actresses. Nothing could be further from the truth. Of the fifty thousand people actually engaged in the production of motion pictures, less than ten per cent ever appear on the screen. And many of these unseen men and women of the picture colony earn salaries equal to those of the biggest stars.

The “It” girls and the “It” boys of Hollywood know all this. They know, too, that the prospects of a happy marriage with one of these powers behind the screen, as compared with a union with one of their own group, are far in excess of ninety to ten.

Marriages of this sort, in which some member of the ten per cent marries some member of the ninety per cent—a producer, a director, a writer, a technician, a publicity expert, an administration executive—frequently succeed where “It”-marry-“It” unions fail.

The fifth and final reason why “It” girls don't marry “It” men—and vice versa—is that you can't tell a darn thing about love anyhow.

In pictures, the beautiful girl invariably gets the handsome hero. We know that doesn't always happen in real life. In pictures, the boy who wins the girl is invariably the towering type; the girl is sized just right to fit the crook of his arm. In real life, the woman shaped like a nail chooses a man shaped like a tack. The two-ton bridegroom takes a pint-size bride.

In pictures, heroes and heroines have the same types of mind. In real life, the greasy grind takes up with the giggling cutie, and the lump who could never graduate ends by marrying the teacher.

There are few exceptions to these general rules. How many couples are there in our own circle about whom we are not tempted to say, “I don't see why he ever married *her!*” or “What did she ever see in *him?*”

Which is another way of saying that people marry to suit themselves, not us; and since even “It” girls and “It” men are people, it is not surprising that they exercise the same God-given prerogative. In pictures, they may have their lovers chosen for them, but in real life—more power to them!—they choose their own.

THE END

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 32

1—Arthur Brisbane.
2—Die, louse, pice.
3—May Robson.
4—Ontario.
5—Benjamin Disraeli, English statesman.
6—Braces.
7—David Belasco (1859-1931).
8—Ten dollars.
9—Danish bleu, Gorgonzola and Roquefort.
10—Alexandre Dumas the Elder, author of The Count of Monte Cristo, The Three Musketeers, etc.
11—Dr. Irving Langmuir.
12—German, the language of seventy-one per cent of the people.
13—At Amsterdam, Holland.
14—Alexander Pope (1688-1744).
15—Gordon Selfridge, once a bookkeeper in a Jackson, Michigan, creamery.
16—Sixty-four, there being four inches to a hand.
17—Discobolus.
18—The honey bear (sun bear or bruang).
19—The Queen of Sheba tested Solomon, 1 Kings 10:1-3—“And when the queen of Sheba heard of the fame of Solomon concerning the name of the Lord, she came to prove him with hard questions. . . . and when she was come to Solomon, she communed with him of all that was in her heart. And Solomon told her all her questions: there was not any thing hid from the king, which he told her not.”
20—Jack Oakie

YOU STILL CAN ENTER AND WIN!

ALPHA CONTEST

$2,500 IN CASH PRIZES!

START YOUR ENTRY TODAY

YOU MAY WIN $1,000

ARE you playing the Alpha game? Liberty is going to pay $2,500 in cash prizes to the winners of this contest. It's a fair field and no favors, and even though the game goes into its third week with this issue, you still can enter, and your chance to win is still excellent.

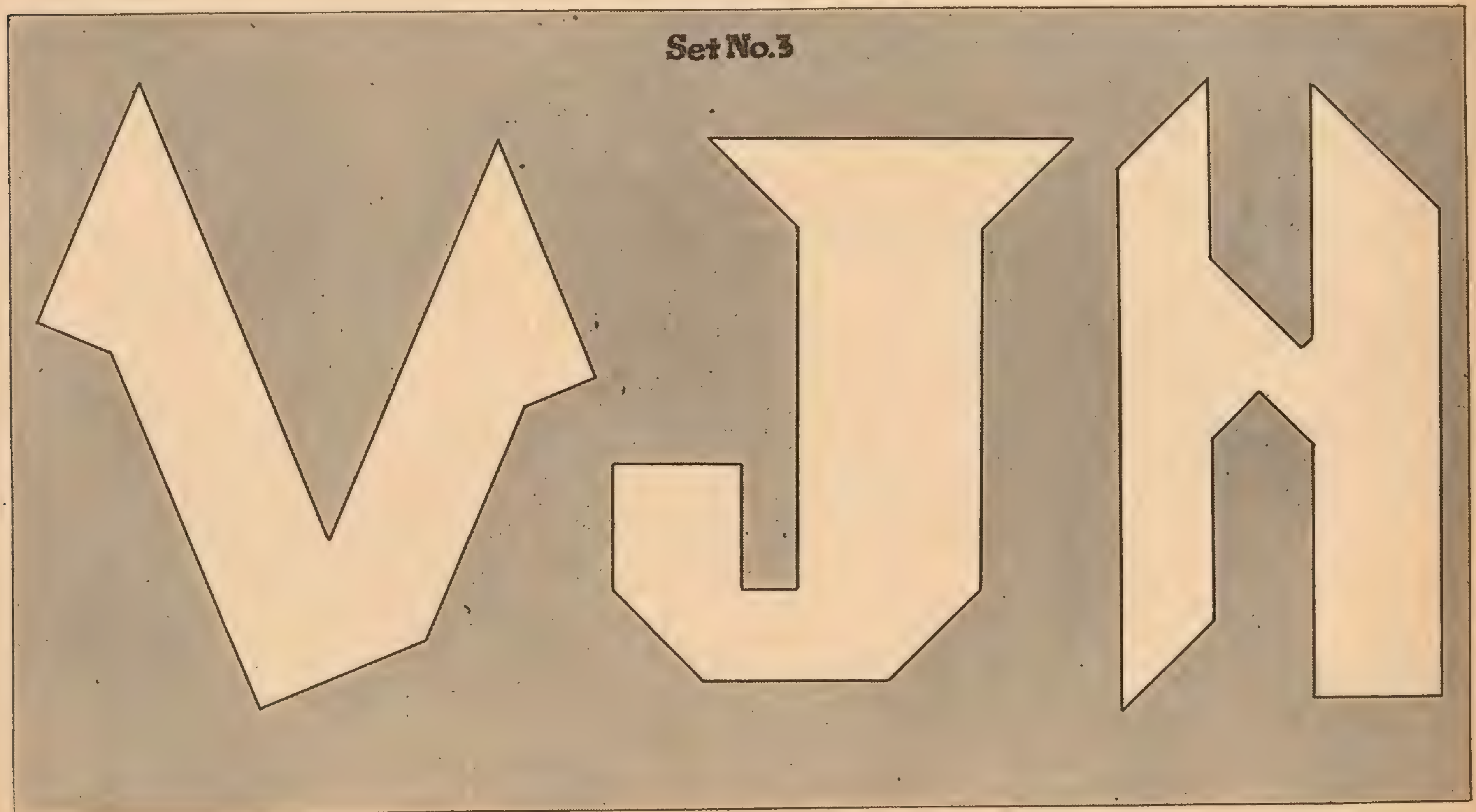
If you have not begun your entry, get started now by sending for the master set of geometric figures which are required in laying out your solutions. With them will be enclosed a reprint of the first two sets of contest outline letters so that you can bring your entry even with the field.

Think of the thrill of winning the first prize! What a boon Liberty's check for $1,000 would be! New equipment for your home possibly. An opportunity to clean the slate of burdensome indebtedness. A trip abroad. A new car. A nest egg for the future. One thousand dollars cash is a lot of money. And the other awards are well worth the winning, too. They must be paid! The money is waiting. Will you claim your share? It's an opportunity you can hardly afford to neglect.

FIRST PRIZE	$1,000
SECOND PRIZE	200
THIRD PRIZE	100
TEN PRIZES, Each $10	100
220 PRIZES, Each $5	1,100

THE RULES

1. Each week for eight weeks Liberty will publish three outlined letters of the alphabet formed by using the set of five triangles, one square, and one parallelogram which comprise the master set of Alpha Contest geometric figures. Every master figure is used just once in the formation of each letter.
2. The perfect solution for each outline letter will find all seven master figures so combined that they will leave no area uncovered and will not extend beyond the outline at any point. When you have a letter so solved, make dots at the corners of the master figures, remove the figures, and draw in their outlines. Your solution will then show the outlines of the seven master figures within the letter as illustrated in the sample letters W and L supplied with your master set.
3. Sets of the seven master figures are obtainable by written request to the contest address in Rule 7, enclosing ten cents in coin or stamps to cover cost of printing, handling, and mailing. When your master set has been used to solve all the letters in this contest, paste it upon the final letter before your entry is submitted. Each entry must include the master set used in its preparation.
4. Do not send in separate solutions. Mail them all at the same time, as a unit, at the end of the contest and include a statement of not more than fifty words telling why you have been interested in this contest.
5. The entry with the greatest number of correctly solved letters accompanied by the clearest, most interesting statement will be awarded the $1,000 first prize. On this basis, in the order of their excellence, the next best entries will receive awards according to the accompanying prize list. In the event of ties, duplicate awards will be paid.
6. All entries must be received on or before Wednesday, June 2, 1937, the closing date of this contest.
7. Address all entries by first-class mail to ALPHA CONTEST EDITOR, Liberty Magazine, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.
8. Any one may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.



Vox Pop

Swords Clash on Question: Are Teachers Radical?

New York, N. Y.—I enclose herewith a copy of an editorial appearing in the December 25 issue of the Iowa Legionaire, and a carbon of a letter I have written to the editor.—*Roscoe Peacock.*

From the editorial in the Iowa Legionaire:

> Roscoe Peacock, writing in Liberty [of October 10, 1936], charges that the National Education Association leans toward the left . . . in its broadcasts and policy generally. "Officers of the N. E. A. deny a socialistic attitude. But the record is damning," he concludes.
>
> Peacock commendably scores certain books written by Charles A. Beard and George S. Counts on education, but does not state the facts when he says that these men were the "fair-haired boys" at the N. E. A. convention at St. Louis; that they "made the principal addresses, received an ovation, and put over their pet resolutions with a bang."
>
> Beard and Counts spoke before the John Dewey Society, not at any formal N. E. A. session, and the resolutions to which Peacock rightly takes exception were adopted by that group, not by the N. E. A.
>
> Miss Agnes Samuelson of Iowa was president of the N. E. A. then. Can any one who knows of her fidelity to the American Legion Auxiliary and of the perfect co-operation between her organization and the Legion and the U. S. Office of Education on American Education Week imagine her permitting anything red to come out from under her gavel without a furious fight?
>
> Most of the talk and printed material about American schoolteachers being radical is poppycock. Iowa educators are fairly representative. Who can name a red among them?

From Mr. Peacock's letter to Frank Miles, editor of the Iowa Legionaire:

I was surprised that you permitted any such misstatements of fact as appear in this Legionaire article to be printed. It would seem that you would have had no trouble in obtaining the following information bearing on my claim (*a*) that Beard and Counts did speak before a formal session of the Division of Superintendence at St. Louis in February, 1936, and (*b*) that what I identified as excerpts from resolutions adopted were in fact those of the convention itself and not of the John Dewey Society.

In the April, 1936, issue of the Journal of the National Education Association, occupying the whole of page 105, is The School in an Age of Conflicts, by Charles A. Beard, and it is identified as "from an address before the Dept. of Superintendence, St. Louis, Missouri, February 25, 1936." As to Professor Counts, my authority was the magazine News Week, which covered the St. Louis convention. I quote the following from its editor's reply to my request for verification:

"Professor Counts gave two addresses at the same convention. One, at the same session as Dr. Beard's, was one of a series in the panel discussion on the Social Studies Curriculum. The other led in the discussion of a convention session devoted to the thesis Democracy and the Profession of Teaching."

As to the resolutions, my excerpts were copied from page 200 of the April issue of School Management, same being headed Resolutions Adopted at the Recent St. Louis Convention of the Department of Superintendence.

The clear implication of your claim that Professor Counts did not address the convention proper last February would seem to be that this preacher of revolution by force against our existing form of government was not in harmony with the attitude of the N. E. A. If so, I would call your attention to the program of this year's convention of the Division of Superintendence in New Orleans, as given in the January issue of School and Society:

"Address: The Prospect of American Democracy: George S. Counts, professor of education, Teachers College, Columbia University, Wednesday, February 24, 9 A. M."

A MASTERPIECE, BUT COWS CAN'T SWEAT

Burrel, Calif.—We are heartily in accord with whoever is responsible for having called Judy Van der Veer's story, Wedding Day, a "lovely little masterpiece of writing" (March 6 Liberty).

We read it and loved it as we were carried along by a writer who apparently knew all about her subject. And then, like another artist, Michelangelo, who long, long ago so painstakingly painted a navel on Adam, Judy had to go and stick her dainty foot right square through the middle of things with a sickening thud.

She should have learned better when she acquired her other data; Liberty's editors or proofreaders should have caught it, and didn't.

So, lest it happen again, we hasten this information. Highly bred Jersey or scrub, in travail or any other locality, Judy honey, *a cow simply can't sweat.*—*Howard J. Wilcox.*

[A great many of our alert and learned Vox Poppers wrote us on this bovine peculiarity—and several added the fact a cow sweats only through her nose.—Vox Pop Editor.]

"WHY THE JEW IS PERSECUTED"

Paterson, N. J.—Have just finished reading David Lloyd George's Why the Jew Is Persecuted (March 6 Liberty). After reading it very carefully, I *still* don't know why the Jew is, etc., etc. The article has nothing to do with the title. David tells us a lot about the Jews in the different countries where they are domiciled, and their patriotism, but doesn't tell us *why* they are persecuted.

Being of the Jewish faith, I'd still like to know Why the Jew Is Persecuted.—*J. L. Kahl.*

Los Angeles, Calif.—That was a very interesting article by Lloyd George.

Let's take the gloves off and call a spade a spade. Has the Jew been persecuted in the last several generations on account of his religion? The answer, from one who has been all over the world, is, No!—*John Baker.*

Miami, Fla.—The article, Why the Jew Is Persecuted, by Lloyd George, is why I bought your magazine. I expected a new and frank slant on "why the Jew is persecuted." I got history and bromides.—*C. G. Flint.*

"GET YOUR BODY READY—"

Long Island City, N. Y.—Mme. Sylvia's instructions as to how to "get your body ready for spring" (February 20 Liberty) comes as quite a shock to those who know anything about health and proper food to aid one to retain health—especially coming in a magazine owned and edited by one who knows as much about proper food as does Mr. Macfadden.

Therefore, having retired from practice many years ago, thus having no desire to profit from the possible results of many people who may be silly enough to try to follow Mme. Sylvia's rambling hodgepodge of advice, I am free to assert that any one who does even partly follow her food and drink suggestions, in a year or possibly less than that time will find a physician's services will be imperative.

Those fruit acids, morning, noon, and night, if followed, would land the strongest healthy person in hospital with astonishing speed.—*J. A. Whitcomb, Late a Physician.*

[Mme. Sylvia asks: Has Dr. Whitcomb read my article or gone on hearsay? For he has evidently missed most of it. Please refer him to the important points I made in my "hodgepodge of advice," to wit: that any one following my regimen should consult a doctor first; that my liquid diet was recommended for two days only; and that the fruit acids were to be balanced with soups, custards, gelatin, milk, and vegetable juices. Really, I am mystified at his ferocious attack.]

ERSKINE IS RIGHT ON DEBTS

Owensboro, Ky.—Not being an expert on international affairs, nor even on financial affairs locally, I cannot say that John Erskine's article entitled To Hell with These Debt-Settling Foreigners (March 6 Liberty) is fundamentally sound.

I can say, however, that his article so completely sets forth what ought to be the attitude of every person in this country that it should be printed in pamphlet form and sent to every person who has anything whatsoever to do with molding our international policy.

Right or wrong—and I believe it is right—Mr. Erskine's point of view surely is that of the vast majority of the citizens of our country.—*George S. Wilson, Jr.*

BLACKLEDGE MAKES PIKER OF MAN ON THE FLYING TRAPEZE

St. Louis, Mo.—It is a pity that Captain Blackledge was not born twins. If he were, one could have taken care of the war on the western front while the other was cavorting around in the Near East, and the whole merry frolic would have been settled in short order.

What was he doing during the Ethiopian War? And what is he doing during the present Spanish War? The way that man jumps about is nothing short of amazing. The man on the flying trapeze is a piker compared to him.

He will be a very busy person when the next war breaks. If he had J. Edgar Hoover's job, gangsters would pay their own transportation to Alcatraz and Leavenworth. They would realize the folly of their ways.—*M. H. E.*

LEAVENWORTH

CIVIL SERVICE JOB RACKET

Wichita, Kan.—I read the article Park Avenue Crime in California (March 6 Liberty) in which you state, "As fast as the smart boys think up rackets, we'll continue to expose them."

Will you?

Well, here is one for your book. The Civil Service job racket. I know, as I have been working it for a year. Taking money from a class of people who need it. Building up their hopes for a job. Promising them a position in six weeks to three months, or their money back.

These men work with the full approval of their sales managers and school.

I know. I was trained that way. But no money is ever given back. There is no time limit in the contract.

Most of the field men pass themselves off as government men, if they can get by with it.

Thousands of dollars a week milked from the poor people. The schools getting rich.

Just publish a request in Liberty asking all who were gypped to write you, and I'll bet you can't count the number who answer.—*One Who Knows.*

Swanee Taylor Taken Over the Bumps

Alameda, Calif.—After reading the article by Swanee Taylor in March 6 Liberty, I find I have to write this and get it off my chest. One reads many articles having errors, but it has never been my experience to find one showing such bias and lack of knowledge.

In the first place, Mr. Taylor states that pilots should be able to fly by "the seat of their pants." This absolutely cannot be done. You need not take my word for it. Many medical men in both army and civilian aviation have run experiments and have proved that no pilot can fly unless he has some outside visual reference to check his position by. I have even seen birds blindfolded, and their efforts at flying in this condition were pathetic. In fact, they literally went into a spin. In other words, if visibility is zero, you must fly by instruments or not at all. Mr. Taylor does a very good job of blind flying in a swivel chair. I would like to see how well he would do under a hooded cockpit in rough air.

I admit that pilots do take chances letting down through an overcast when they are not sure of their positions, and that beams are affected by rain and snow static as well as by bends, night and mountain effects, and multiple courses. Any one who knows anything about flying realizes this.

Mr. Taylor shows he knows nothing about the beam when he makes the elementary mistake of saying it is of the short-wave type. On the contrary, the beam is ultra-long wave, even longer than the conventional entertainment broadcast band.

Mr. Taylor also states that the air lines have their own weather stations. This is partially correct. The air lines do employ meteorologists, but they get all their data and most of their weather map from the government stations. Their function is merely to make up short-term forecasts and to advise pilots.

In short, why don't you get an air line pilot or official to write an article for you instead of publishing such drivel by a trick-mustached has-been from aviation's dark ages?

I hold a transport license, have flown ships from 600 to 15,000 pounds in weight, and have had many hours of instrument flying and radio-beam flying under air line conditions.

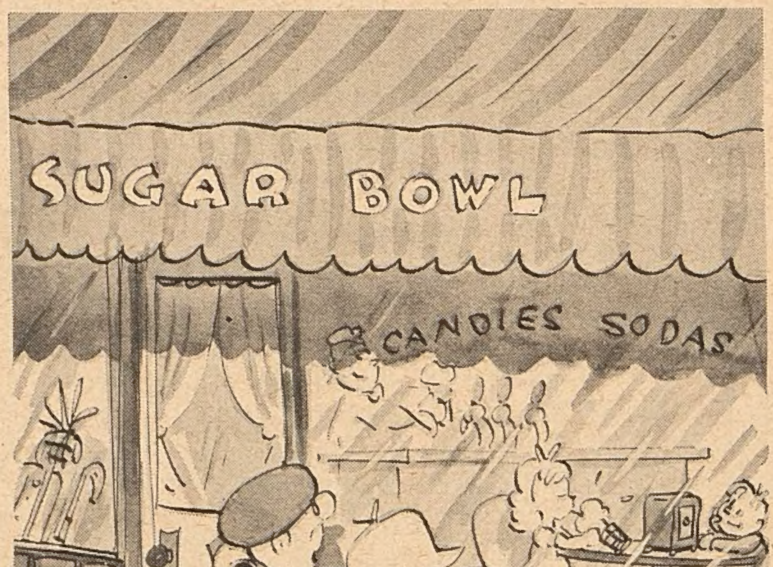
Give us fairer and squarer articles.—*C. H. Collins, Jr.*

JOE LOUIS'S "MY ALIBIS"

Wilkes-Barre, Pa.—After reading These Fighting Lessons Will Help Any Man, by Joe Louis (February 20 Liberty), I think the title should have been My Alibis.

He said he was not in shape and that he left his punch in the training camp. If he wasn't in shape he would never have stood up for twelve rounds and taken the licking he did! Louis had his punch, all right, but Schmeling could take it. And Schmeling will do it again should they meet.—*Tom Bevon.*

"HARDTACK"



"You'd think she'd be satisfied with wrecking two banks."

NEW GAME: YOU BREAK ME OR I BREAK YOU

Tacoma, Wash.—The main topic of today is old-age pension. You hear it wherever you are or wherever you go. We are not living in an old age, so why look for an old-age pension? This is a new age. Therefore a new-age pension is the only possible solution. We must get away from the gimme-gimme gang and make our own pension.

A few years ago one of the largest corporations in America refused to hire any one over twenty-five. It worked so well, other corporations followed suit, and now it has become a general rule. What have the old-timers done about it? Absolutely nothing.

Well, it's time to start doing things. A man who has reached the age of thirty should buy only from those over thirty, and those that have reached the age of forty should buy only from those who are over forty, and so on up the line.

It is the pressure of the dollar that counts nowadays. As the pen is mightier than the sword, so is the pressure of the dollar mightier than the machine gun or any other weapon. And when the old-timers put on the pressure, we will all have a job within thirty days, or every corporation will go broke.

It is simply a game of you break me or I break you.

Are you going to play?—*Art Blaney.*

TRUTH IS FUNNIER THAN FICTION

It Happened In

KURSUMLIJA, YUGOSLAVIA—A hungry unemployed man won a bet of twenty dinars (forty cents) by swallowing two Belgrade newspapers.

MEMPHIS, TENN.—Leon Roofener is almost certain he won't lose his Social Security number.

He has it tattooed on his left arm.

OAKLAND, CALIF.--Among other disagreements which Domingo and Adelaide Garcia allege as a basis for divorce is their inability to agree on the dates when they were married and separated.

HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.—A Seattle woman has written to Clark Gable offering to cut off her hair if he will have it made into a beard and wear it in his next picture.

FAIRMONT, W. VA.—James F. Gwynn discovered a reservoir of honey cached by a hive of bees behind his kitchen wall. Mr. Gwynn rigged up a pipe line from the hive to his breakfast table, and now flavors his hot cakes from a little honey spigot directly above his plate.

HOW THIS BOLSHEVISM WORKS

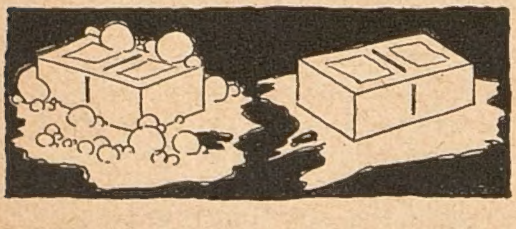
They say—

That the big soap factory at Novosibirsk, Siberia, was a great Soviet industrial achievement.

But—

" We find in the office of the manager samples of sixty different kinds of soap. Yet the factory delivers but one kind. The manager explains, 'It always sells. So why bother about making others?' But the housewives who buy it say, 'It simply melts in your hands. It does not lather at all.'

" In fact, this Communist soap is manufactured on the principle that in the general destitution anything will sell and people will ask for more. At best it contains but 50 per cent of fatty substance. The manufacture is defective. The devil take our 'Communist soap'! " From Soviet of Siberia, an official Communist Party paper, No. 260, 1934: a report after an examination of this big factory.



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The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any living person, it is purely accidental—a coincidence.

WHO WILL THE SIX NEW JUSTICES BE?

No half dozen men in the history of the United States probably will have as much influence on our national welfare as the men to be named to the highest court if President Roosevelt's court plan goes through.

Who will they be—senators, lawyers, business men, Democrats, Republicans? Strangely enough, there is nothing in the Constitution which says that members of the highest court *must* be lawyers.

NOR DOES IT BAR WOMEN.

The list of probabilities is headed by two outstanding senators. Who these two and the others are will be revealed in a keenly interesting and important article in Liberty next Wednesday.

WHAT A NINE-YEAR-OLD BRIDE IN TENNESSEE THINKS ABOUT

Unis Winstead and Charley Johns are married. The whole world knows that. But what does this little doll-cuddling child *think* about? What sort of environment is it that accepts these " kindergarten " marriages with silent approval? The world doesn't know that! But it will next week, when Edward Doherty's searching and sympathetic article appears in Liberty.

MORE REVELATIONS ABOUT GASTON B. MEANS—MASTER BAD MAN

Probably by this time you've read the first part of this startling new fact-serial which starts on page 7 of this issue. If not, turn back there now and commence reading the almost unbelievable inside story of America's most unique and baffling career of crime. Another thrilling installment in Liberty next week.

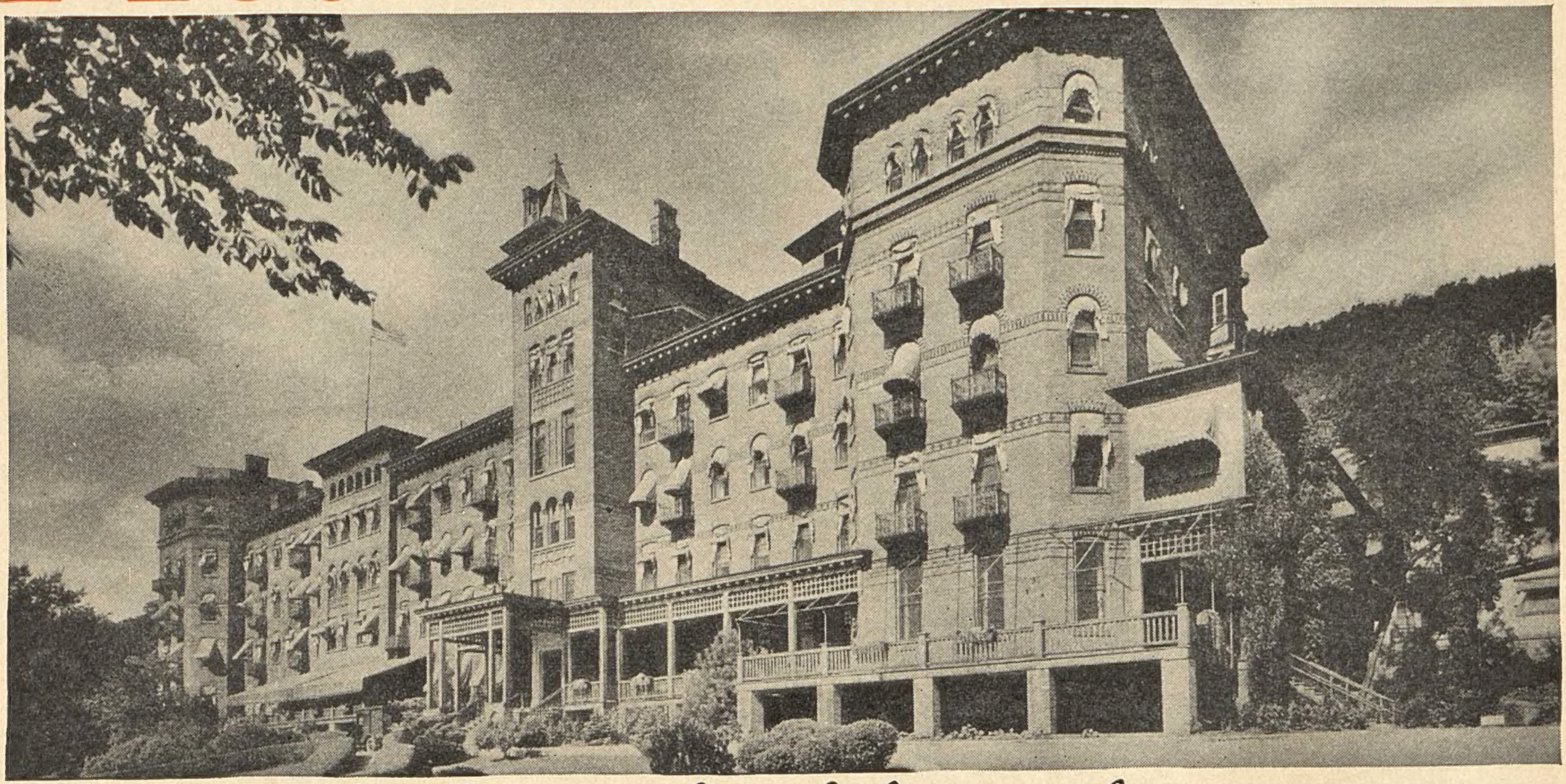
EDDIE SULLIVAN, famous columnist, inaugurates a new feature in Liberty in which he picks from the arts, professions, politics, sports, and outstanding world activities those personalities who are destined for stardom and fame in their various lines. And other stories and articles by Josephine Bentham, Robert Neal Leath, Llewellyn Hughes, C. T. Donnelly, and others.

NEXT WEEK IN Liberty ON SALE APRIL 14

Get Your Copy of Liberty on Wednesday

PHYSICAL CULTURE

Health Resort



...where building health is a happy game!

THIS great health resort, founded by Bernarr Macfadden, invites you to find again life's most precious possession—spirited youth. This resort at Dansville, N. Y., is patronized by boys and girls of all ages, from sixteen to eighty. If you have forgotten how to play they will teach you. All non-contagious diseases scared to death by physcultopathic measures. A beneficent, friendly institution. ¶ In addition to being the ideal health resort, the management of Physical Culture Hotel have gone to great lengths to make it a delightful and charming spot at which to spend a few days or weeks in rest and recreation. ¶ If you are seeking the ideal vacation resort or are generally run-down or have a specific health problem to solve, the chances are that Physical Culture Hotel can be of priceless service to you. By all means write for full information including views, moderate rate schedule and wonderful testimonials regarding some of the almost miraculous recoveries that have taken place here.

SPORTS AND AMUSEMENTS

Among the many facilities for personal enjoyment available at Physical Culture Hotel are a splendid swimming pool, tennis, golf, volley ball, dancing, mass singing and horseback riding. Everything possible is done to make your visit not only a wonderful adventure in health building but one of the happiest vacations you ever spent.

PHYSICAL CULTURE HOTEL
INCORPORATED
DANSVILLE NEW YORK

BENEFITED MUCH FROM NATURAL METHODS

EXTRACT FROM MRS. DOORE'S LETTER TO PHYSICAL CULTURE HOTEL

"Fifteen weeks ago I came to the Physical Culture Hotel suffering from a stubborn case of arthritis of some eight years duration. My difficulties were aggravated by an anemic condition.

At present thanks to the thorough and comprehensive treatment I have had here the arthritis symptoms are much improved and the anemia has decreased satisfactorily.

I am not completely cured yet but from the very real and definite benefits apparent I am convinced that natural methods of healing are the only logical answers to such chronic cases as mine. What the carefully regulated diet of fasting, sunbathing, skillful manipulation of stiffened joints and hydro-therapy have done for me they will do for others if they will give them a chance."—Mary B. Doore.

----------MAIL COUPON TODAY----------

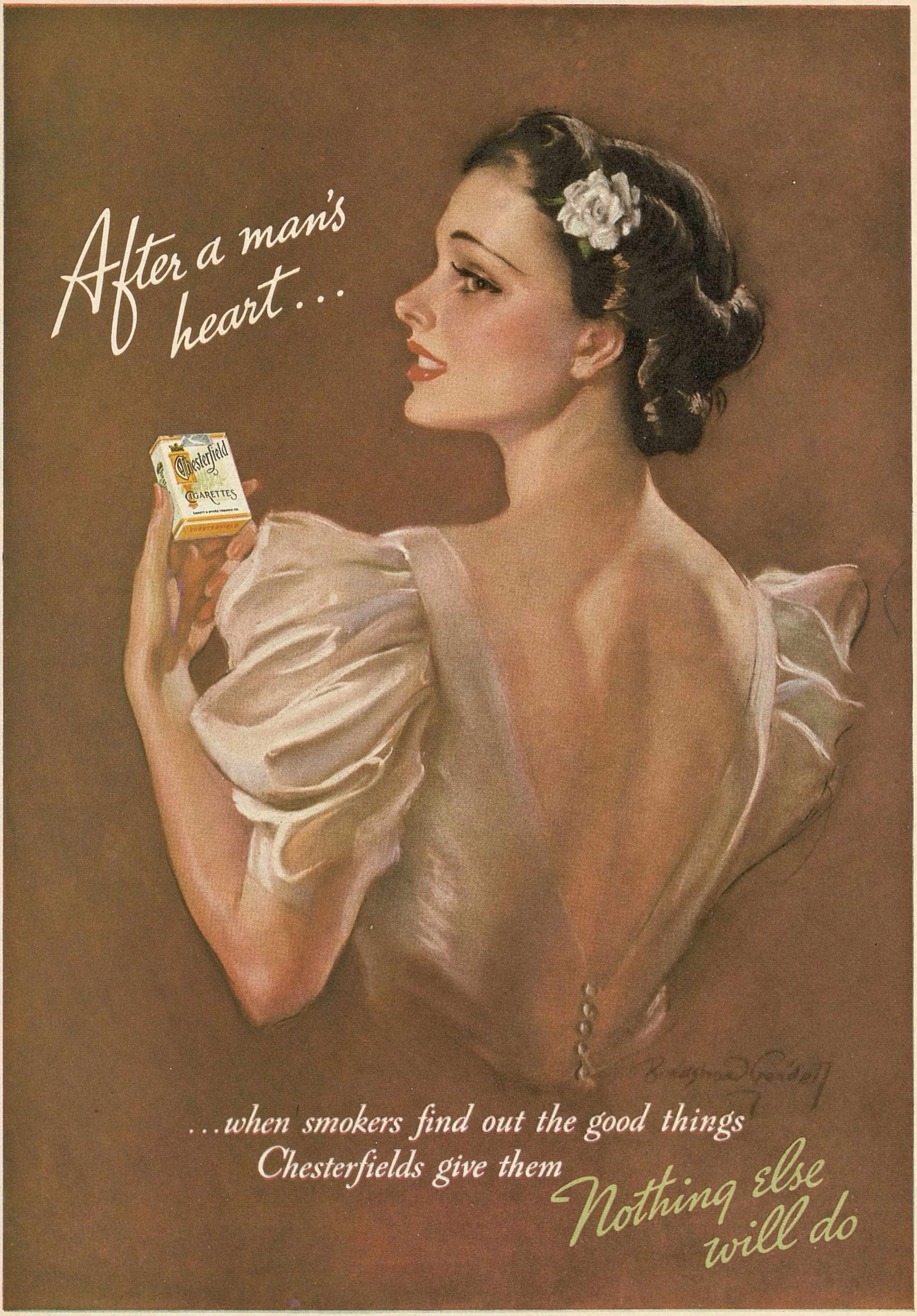
Physical Culture Hotel, Inc., Dept. L4-17
Dansville, New York.

Please send me full information including moderate rate schedule.

Name..

Street ....

Town.. State..............


After a man's heart . . .
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. . . when smokers find out the good things Chesterfields give them
Nothing else will do

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